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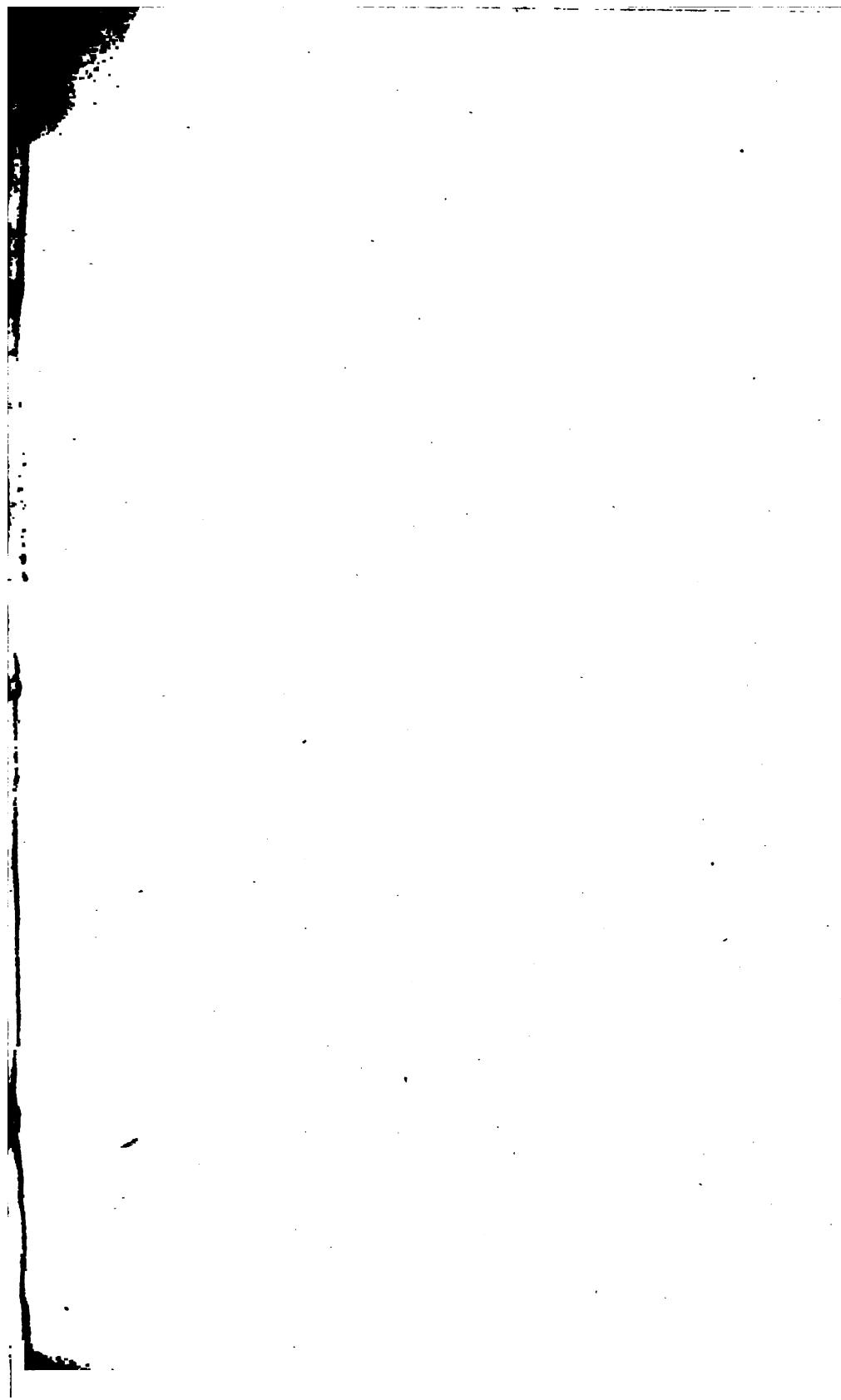
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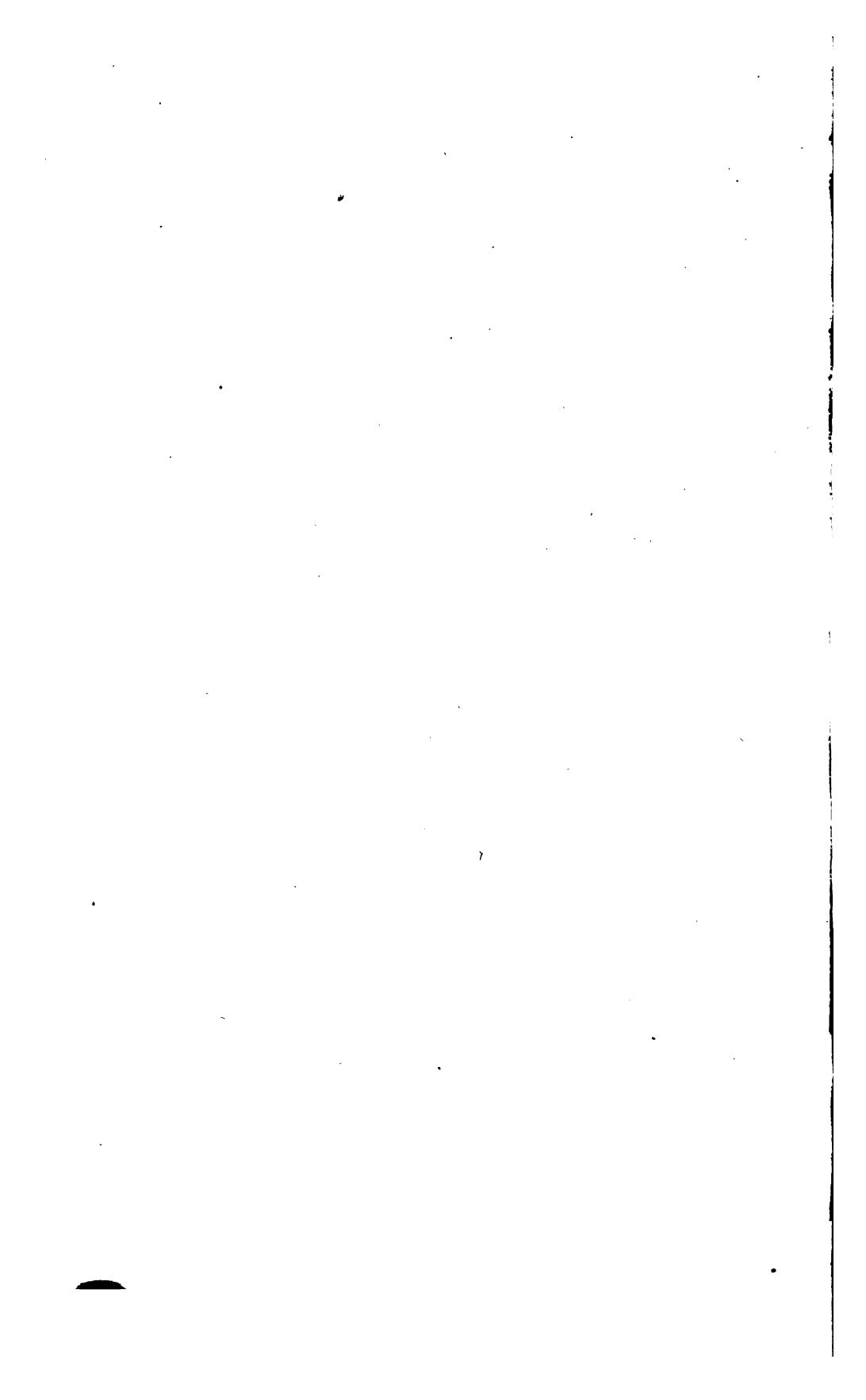
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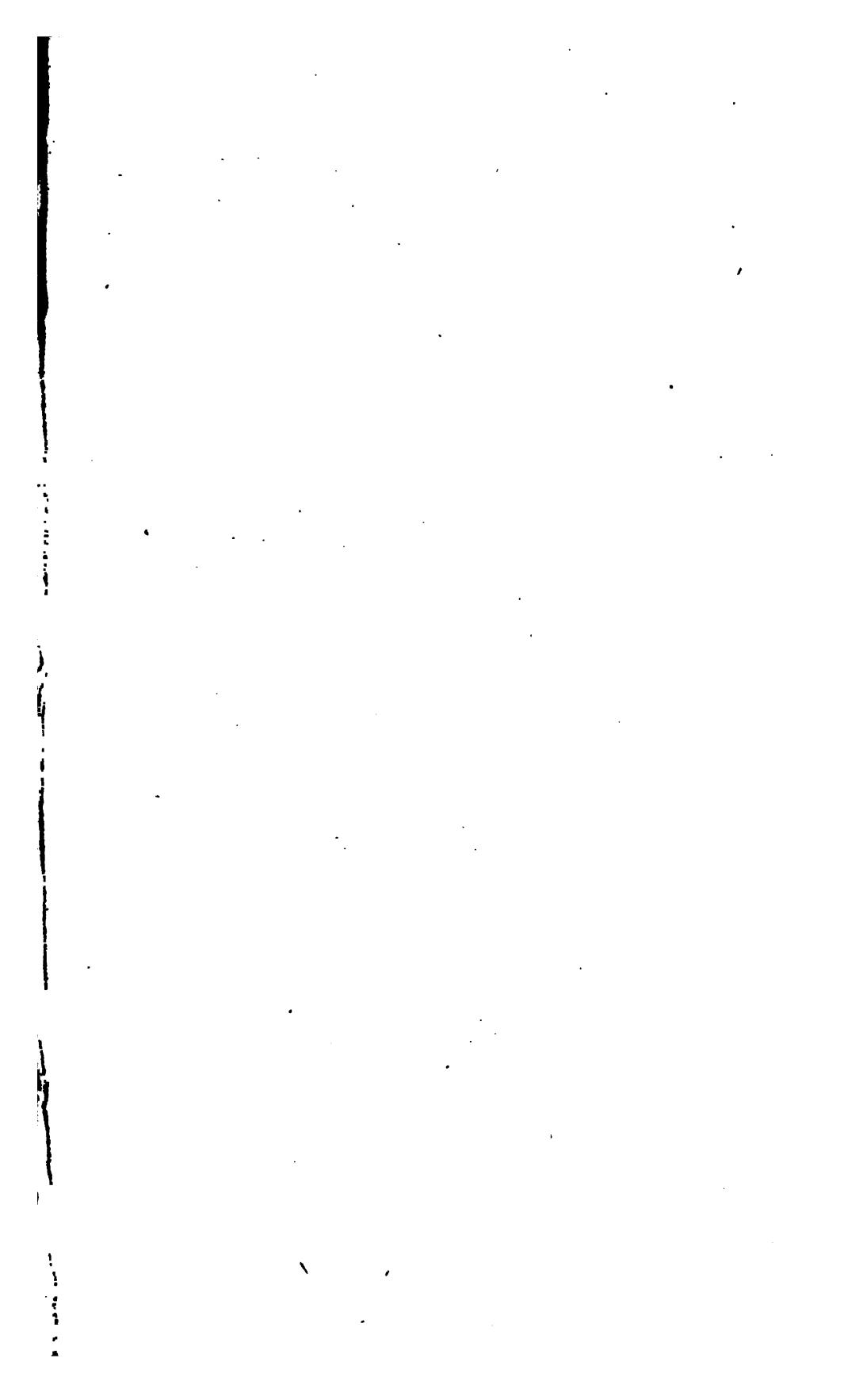
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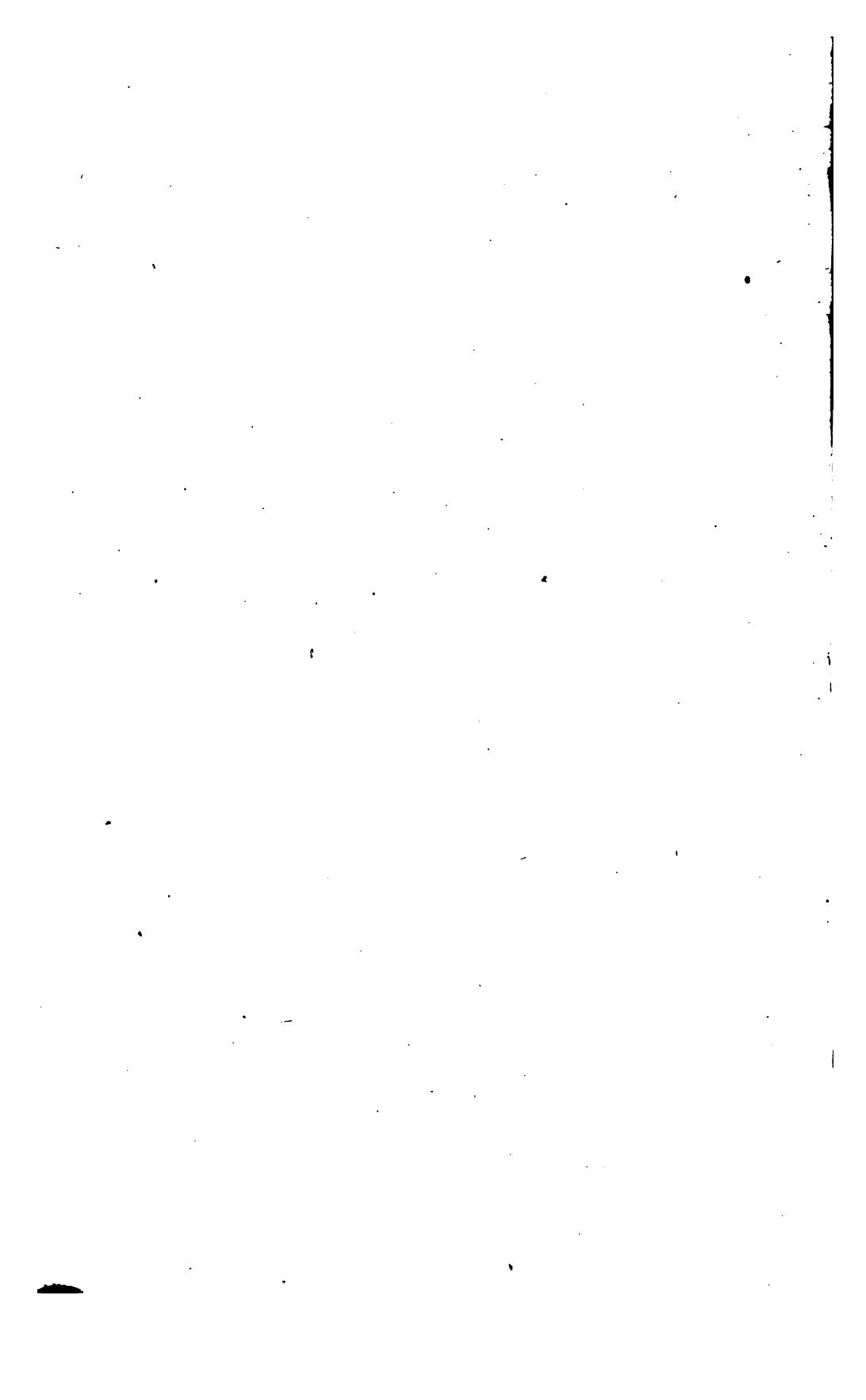


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N. A. CALKINS, EDITOR.

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"In every scene some moral let us teach;
And, if we can, at once both please and preach."—*Pope*.

"The education of our children is never out of my mind. Train them to virtue, habituate them to industry, activity, and spirit. Make them consider every vice as shameful and unmanly. Fire them with ambition to be useful. Make them disdain to be destitute of any useful knowledge"—*John Adams to his Wife*.

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THE STUDENT:

A FAMILY MISCELLANY, AND MONTHLY SCHOOL-READER

PRINCIPLES AND PURPOSES OF LIFE.*

BY JOHN MATHER AUSTIN.

THE young, who have the slightest understanding of the journey of life, who have been impressed with the perils to which they are exposed; the trials to be endured; the vicissitudes through which they must necessarily pass; the obstacles they must overcome; the deceptions and allurements they will have to detect and withstand, can not fail to acknowledge the wisdom of seeking for knowledge to enlighten and prepare for the exigencies which await the inexperienced traveler through this world's wayward scenes.

The commander of a ship does not venture on his voyage to sea without his compass, his chart, and a full supply of stores. How hazardous, how foolish the youth who launches away on the momentous voyage of life without compass, or chart, or any preparation which extends beyond the present moment. True, the ship destitute of all these essentials may leave the harbor in safety, with her gay pennons flying, her swelling sails filled with a favorable breeze, a smiling sun above, a smooth sea beneath, and all the outward indications of a prosperous voyage.

But follow her a few hours. The terrific storm-king spreads abroad his misty pinions, and goes forth in fury, plowing up the waters into mountain billows, and shrieking for his prey. The gloomy night settles down upon the bosom of the mighty deep, and spreads its dark pall over sea and sky. Muttering thunders stun the ear, and the lightning's vivid flash lights up the terrific scene, and reveals all its indescribable horrors.

Where now is the gay ship which ventured forth without needful preparation? Behold her, tossed to and fro by the angry waves. All on board are in alarm. The fierce wind drives her on, they know not whither. Hark to that fearful roar! It is the fatal breakers! Hard up the helm! Put the ship about! See, on every hand frowns the fatal lee-shore! Pull taut every rope; spread every sail!

It is in vain. Throw out the anchors! Haste! Strain every nerve! Alas! *It is all too late.* The danger can not be escaped. On drifts the fated craft. Now she mounts the crest of an angry wave, which hurries forward with its doomed burden. Now she dashes against the craggy points of massive rocks, and sinks into the raging deep. One loud, terrific wail is heard, and all is silent!

On the rising of the morrow's sun, the spectator beholds the beach and the neighboring waters strewn with broken masts, rent sails, and drifting fragments—all that remains of the proud ship which yesterday floated so gayly on the ocean waters.

Behold, O youth, a picture of the fate of those who rush upon the career of life, without forethought or preparation, and without the light of well-selected moral principles to guide them. All may appear fair and promising at the outset, and for a season. But before many years can elapse, the prospects of such youth must be overclouded; and ere long disappointment, overthrow, disgrace and ruin, will

* An extract from "Golden Steps for the Young." Published by Derby, Miller & Co., Auburn, N. Y.

be the closing scenes of a life commenced in so much blindness.

There is nothing more essential to the young than to accustom themselves to mature reflection and practical observation, in regard to the duties of life and the sources of human enjoyment. This is a task, however, which but a few of the youthful are inclined to undertake. The present!—its amusements, its gayeties, its fashions, absorb nearly all their thoughts.

I would not cast one unnecessary shadow on the pathway of the young; but they should be often reminded, that the season of youth, with its romance and light-heartedness, too soon departs! Spring, with its budding beauties and fragrant blossoms, does not continue all the year. It is speedily followed by the fervid summer, the mature and sober autumn, and the dreary snows of winter.

In order to have thriving and promising fields in summer, rich and abundant harvests in autumn, and bountiful supplies for comfort and repose in winter, "good seed" must be sown in the spring. So, also, if you would have the summer of life fruitful of prosperity, its autumn yield a rich and bountiful harvest, and the winter of old age made comfortable and peaceful, the good seed of pure habits and sound moral and religious principles must be carefully sown in the rich soil of the heart, in the budding spring-time of youth.

One of the first and most important rules of life which should be established by the young, is the constant cultivation of purity of heart. This is the great safeguard of the young. It is their brightest jewel—their most attractive ornament—the crowning glory of their character and being. It adds a captivating luster to all charms of whatever description; and without it all other excellencies are lost in perpetual darkness.

It should be a fixed rule, never to violate the dictates of purity either in action, language, or thought. Many imagine it is a matter of small moment what their thoughts may be, so long as in action they do not transgress the requirements of virtue. This, however, is a serious error. The outward action is but the expression of the inward thought. Wicked deeds

would never have birth were they not first prompted by wicked desires. Hence, if the young would have their words and deeds characterized by purity, they must see that their heart and thoughts are constantly pure.

Another of the fixed rules of conduct should be to *aim high* in all the *purposes* of life. The great obstacle to success with many of the young is, that they adopt no standard of action for their government; but allow themselves to float along the current of time like a mere straw on the surface of the waters, liable to be veered about by every puff of wind and whirling eddy.

If the current in which they float happens to waft them into the smooth waters and the calm sunshine of virtue and respectability, it is a matter of mere fortunate chance. If they are drawn into the dark stream of sin, they have but little power to resist, and are soon hurried into the surging rapids, and hurled over the boiling cataract of ruin!

Cherish self-respect. Have a deep regard for your own estimation of your own merits. Look with scorn and contempt upon low and vicious practices. Cultivate pride of character. Live for something beside *self*. Build with your own hands the monument that shall perpetuate your memory, when the dust has claimed your body. Do good. Live for others, if you would be embalmed in their recollections.

"Thousands of men breathe, move, and live; pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insect of yesterday.

"Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven."*

Among the fixed principles which you should establish for your government, by no means overlook *Honesty* and *Integrity*. The poet never uttered a truer word than that

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Honesty is approved and admired by God and man; by all in heaven, and by all on earth. Even the corrupt swindler, in his heart, respects an honest man, and stands abashed in his presence.

In all your actions, in all your dealings, let strict and rigid honesty guide you. Never be tempted to swerve from its dictates, even in the most trivial degree. There will be strong allurements to entice you from this. The appetite for gain; the vice of avarice, will often whisper that honesty may be violated to advantage. There will be times when it will seem that its dictates may be placed aside; that a little dishonesty will be greatly to your benefit. Believe not this syren song. This is the time you are in the most danger of being deceived to your serious injury.

I would have the young also cultivate and establish, as a fixed rule of life, a friendly and accommodating disposition. This is all-essential to make their days pleasant and happy. Other virtues will influence the world to respect you; but an affectionate disposition will cause those with whom you have intercourse to love you. Those who wish the friendship and good will of others, must themselves manifest a friendly disposition, and a spirit of kindness.

In all these things we see the wisdom of the Saviour's *golden rule*:—"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Be kind, accommodating, loving, and peaceful, in the whole current of your disposition, and the cup of your life will be sweetened with peace and joy.

I exhort the young to adopt the noble

motto of the coat-of-arms of the State of New York—"EXCELSIOR."

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
EXCELSIOR."

Let it be the aim of every youth to lift aloft this glorious banner, and soar *upward* to a surpassing excellency. Let them seek to *excel* in all things high and good. Let them never stoop to do an evil act, nor degrade themselves to commit a wrong. But in their principles, purposes, deeds, and words, let their great characteristics be *Truth, Goodness, and Usefulness.*

THIS ingenious poem, from the Louisville Journal, is one of the best of its kind we have ever seen. Though it may be read from top to bottom, or from bottom to top, we admire the pyramid most in ascending it.

THE PYRAMID

BY G. S. PERCIVAL.

[To be read ascendingly, descendingly, and co-descendingly.]

There
For aye
Commanding,
'Tis standing,
With Godlike air
Sublimely fair!
Its frame desiring,
Its height admiring,
Looks on it from afar,
Lo! every smiling star;
To raise the pile to Heaven,
These beauteous stones are given;
Each pray'r for truth's inspiring light,
Each manly struggle for the right,
Each aspiration for the holy,
Each kindly word to cheer the lowly,
Each strong temptation nobly overcome,
Each clamorous passion held in silence dumb,
As slow it riseth toward the upper Heaven,
Stone after stone unto the mass is given:
Its base upon the earth, its apex in the skies,
The good man's character a pyramid doth rise.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.—"The memories of childhood, the long, far-away days of boyhood, the mother's love and prayer, the ancient church and school-house, in all their green and hallowed associations, come upon the dark hour of sin and sorrow, as well as in the joyous time, like the passage of a pleasantly remembered dream, and cast a ray of their own purity and sweetness over it."

* Dr. Chalmers.



LAURA BRIDGMAN AND OLIVER CASWELL,
BLIND AND DEAF MUTES.

Laura Bridgman* was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the 21st of December, 1829. She is described as having been a very sprightly, pretty infant, with bright blue eyes, and in the possession of all her senses. During the first years of her existence, life seemed to be held by the feeblest tenure. When about two years of age, she was very sick with a violent fever. While this disease raged, her eyes and ears became inflamed, and she lost forever sight and hearing; and even her sense of smell was destroyed.

At the age of four her bodily health seemed restored; but what a situation was hers! The darkness and silence of the tomb surrounded her. No mother's smile called forth an answering smile. No father's voice taught her to imitate his sounds. To her, brothers and sisters dif-

fered from the dog and cat only in form and feeling. Their happy faces she could not behold. Their merry shouts fell upon the air in vain for her.

As soon as Laura could walk, she began to explore the room, and then the house. She followed her mother, and felt of her hands and arms, as she was occupied about the house; and often tried to repeat everything herself. She even learned to sew a little, and to knit. Her affections now began to expand, and seemed to be lavished upon the members of the family with peculiar force.

The means of communication with her were extremely limited. She could be told to go to a place only by being pushed, or to come to one by a sign of drawing her. To pat her on the head signified approbation; and on the back, disapprobation. She had a sign to express her idea of each member of the family. Drawing her hands down each side of her face alluded to the whiskers of one; twirling her

* We are chiefly indebted to an able report of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, Secretary of "The Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind," at Boston, for the interesting particulars which we here give concerning this remarkable girl.

hand round in imitation of a spinning-wheel, indicated another, and so on.

When Laura was seven years old, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, the successful director of the Asylum for the Blind, at Boston, heard of her situation, and went to see her. The parents readily consented to her going to the institution, under his care, where she was received in October, 1837. For a while she was much bewildered, and it was about two weeks before the attempt was made to give her a knowledge of arbitrary signs, by which she could interchange thoughts with others.

The first experiments in instructing her were made by taking articles in common use, such as spoons, knives, forks, keys, etc., and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and soon distinguished that the crooked lines in the word *spoon*, differed as much from the crooked lines in *key*, as the spoon differed from the key in form.

Detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were then put into her hands, and she soon observed that they were similar to those pasted on the articles. She showed her perception of this similarity by laying the label *key* upon the *key*, and the label *spoon* upon the spoon. When she had done this she was encouraged by the sign of approbation—patting on the head.

This same process was repeated with all the articles which she could handle, and she soon learned to place the proper labels upon them. After a while, instead of labels, the individual letters were given to her on detached bits of paper. These were at first arranged side by side, so as to spell *spoon*, *book*, *key*, etc.; then they were mixed up, and a sign made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express these words, and she did so.

Hitherto the process of instruction had been mechanical, and Laura had done only by imitation what others first did for her. But when she learned to arrange the letters into words, her intellect began to work, and the truth to flash upon her that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of any thing that was in her mind, and show it to another mind.

At once her countenance lighted up with a human expression. Her immortal spirit seemed to be eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits. The great obstacle was now overcome, and henceforward it chiefly required patient, persevering, and judicious efforts to crown the success.

It is difficult to form any just conception of the amount of labor bestowed upon Laura, to accomplish what has already been described. In communicating with her, spoken language could not be used, for she was destitute of hearing. Neither were the signs employed by deaf mutes of any use, for she could not see. When, therefore, a sign was made for her to do any thing, that action had to be performed by her teacher, while she felt the movements with her hands, and then imitated them.

The next step in the process of her instruction was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends; also a board, in which were square holes, into which she could set the types so that the letters on the end could alone be felt above the surface. Then, when an article was given her, the name of which she had learned, she would select the letters and arrange them in the board so as to spell the name. This process seemed to afford her much pleasure, and she was exercised in this way for several weeks, until her knowledge of words became comparatively extensive.

Now came the important step of teaching her how to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers. This she accomplished easily and speedily, for her intellect had begun to work in aid of her teacher. She had now been under instruction only about three months. During the first year of her instruction she learned to use the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes with great dexterity, and to spell out the words and sentences with which she was familiar, so rapidly that only those who were much accustomed to the language could follow with the eye the rapid motion of her fingers.

Having mastered the manual alphabet, and having learned to spell readily the

names of every thing within her reach, she was then taught words expressive of qualities, as hardness and softness. This was more difficult than to teach her names. Next she was taught expressions which relate to place, as *on*, *in*, *into*, etc. A ring was taken and placed *on* a box, then the words were spelled to her, and she repeated them from imitation.

After continuing this process for some time with different articles, placed on different objects, the same things were placed *in* the box, and the words "ring *in* a box" spelled to her. This seemed at first to puzzle her much, but at length she learned to distinguish the use of words of this class. She would spell *on*, then lay one hand *on* the other; then spell *in*, and inclose one hand within the other. Whenever the meaning of a word dawned upon her mind, a light spread over her countenance.

She easily acquired a knowledge and use of active verbs, as to walk, run, sew, shake; but it was a long time before any distinction could be made of mood and tense, and the use of auxiliary verbs. When she first commenced forming sentences, she would use the word expressive of the leading idea first, as *Bread, give, Laura; water, drink, Laura.*

At length an effort was made to teach her to write, and to show her that she might thus communicate her ideas to persons who were absent from her. She submitted to this process with mute amazement, carefully imitating every motion, and moving her pencil over and over again in the same track, until she could form the letter. But when at last the idea dawned upon her, that by this mysterious process she could make other people understand what she thought, her joy was boundless.

Never did a child apply more eagerly and joyfully to any task than she did to this; and in a few months she could make every letter distinctly, and separate words from each other. Her judgment of distances and of relations of places, is very accurate. She will rise from her seat, go straight toward a door, put out her hand just at the right time, and grasp the handle with precision. When she was eleven years of age, and had been in the institu-

tion two years, she had attained about the same command of language as common children three years old.

To such an extent has her sense of touch been cultivated, that her fingers may well be termed her eyes and ears, for indeed they serve her as very good substitutes for both. She recognizes her acquaintances in an instant by touching their hands or their dress. The memory of these sensations is very vivid, and she will readily recognize a person whom she has once thus touched. She has been known to recognize a person with whom she had simply shaken hands but once, after a lapse of six months.

From the account thus given of the plan pursued in teaching Laura Bridgman, some idea may be had of the great amount of patient, persevering effort it required on the part of her teachers to communicate ideas to her sense-locked mind. But she has been constantly improving since entering the institution at Boston. She has now acquired a sufficient command of language to enable her to write her thoughts quite intelligently.

Laura Bridgman is now in her twenty-third year, and is still under the care of Dr. Howe. Her insatiable thirst for knowledge is as strong as ever, and she is constantly striving to learn something new. In her deportment she is remarkably correct, and few persons evince a greater sense of propriety in regard to personal appearance. She is ever strictly conscientious, and manifests great respect for the rights of others.

Mrs. Emma C. Goodwin recently undertook to make Laura acquainted with Longfellow's poem entitled "Evangeline." This was done through the medium of the fingers, by using the manual alphabet and signs, while Laura felt each motion. Laborious as this was, and imperfect as such a translation must be of the beauties of the original, this blind girl was delighted with the story, and for days, talked about nothing else.

When the poem was finished, Mrs. Goodwin asked her if she did not wish to tell Mr. Longfellow some of her thoughts about his beautiful book. She clapped her hands with delight at this idea, and wrote

a note to the author, of which the following extract is the close :

"I am so much interested in thinking of Evangeline, who devoted all her time in doing so very much good to the sick and afflicted people during her life. I sympathize with her much in her affliction. I love her very dearly ; she is so lovely and sweet. She is one of Christ's very dear sisters.

"I enjoyed myself very much in reading about Evangeline and her most benevolent duties. I should love to meet her with my soul in heaven, when I die on the earth.

"From LAURA BRIDGMAN."

How gratifying must it be to the heart of the poet to have lighted for awhile, with the sunny creatures of his imagination, the dark night in which the spirit of this girl is bound. But if the poet has reason to rejoice at such noble triumphs of his muse, what must be the feelings of him to whom Laura is indebted for all that she is more than a human being merely in form !

Her mind must continue to dwell in darkness and stillness as profound as that of midnight. Of beautiful sights, sweet sounds, and pleasant odors, she has no conception. Nevertheless she appears happy, and never seems to repine at her lot. The immortal spirit implanted within her can not die ; and though imprisoned in the darkest dungeon, and its avenues with the outward world almost wholly cut off, still the skill and perseverance of man has opened a door through which may be enjoyed an intercourse with surrounding minds.

OLIVER CASWELL.

Like Laura Bridgman, this boy is a blind, deaf mute. At the age of four months he was attacked with the scarlet fever ; in four weeks he became deaf ; in a few weeks more blind, and in six months, dumb. On entering the institution at Boston, under the supervision of Dr. Howe, he manifested great eagerness to examine every thing he could feel or smell.

His signs were very expressive ; and the natural language of laughing, crying,

sighing, kissing, and embracing, was perfect. In teaching him the arbitrary signs, a process very similar to that by which Laura had been taught, was employed, though the finger language was introduced to him at once, in connection with the raised letters and the article.

Laura became very much interested in him. She would twine her fingers in among his and those of his teacher, so as to learn every motion. At one time, when he succeeded in imitating the motions made for him, Laura clapped him heartily on the back, and jumped up and down, so great was her joy. In half an hour, Oliver learned more than half a dozen letters, and seemed very much delighted with his success, and the approbation given him.

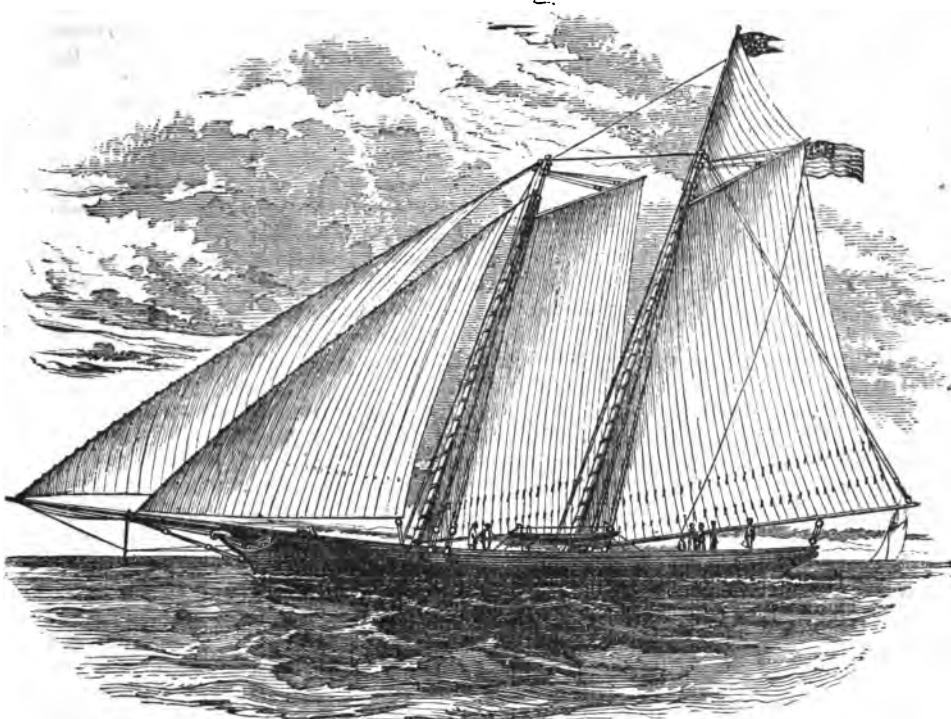
But it was quite evident that thus far he had merely been imitating the motions of his teacher, without any perception of the relation between the sign and the object. At length, when he did perceive this relation, it was not accompanied by that radiant flash of intelligence, and that glow of joy which marked the delightful moment when Laura first perceived it.

Oliver is now about twenty-four years of age. His natural ability is small, and his acquired knowledge is much more limited than that of Laura. He received no instruction until he was twelve years of age, consequently lost the most precious years for learning. Nevertheless, he has been taught to express his thoughts both by finger language, and by writing.

A most remarkable change has been effected in his disposition. When he entered the institution, he was often very willful, and sometimes showed outbursts of temper which were fearfully violent. Now he seldom exhibits any signs of temper. He even bears the teasing of other boys with gentleness and patience. This shows the effect which kind and gentle treatment has had upon his character.

Dr. Howe says of him, in relation to his temper, "It seems hardly possible that the gentle and affectionate youth, who loves all the household, and is beloved by all in return, should be the same who, a few years ago, scratched and bit, like a young savage, those who attempted to control him."

Descriptions of Vessels.—No. 3.



THE YACHT AMERICA.

THE yacht* America is here represented as she appeared when ready for the great sailing match at Cowes, England, on the 22d of August, 1851. On this occasion the starry flag of America met the flag of England in a contest of peace, for the mastery of the sea. It was a scene of no ordinary interest.

England excels all nations for yachts, or pleasure boats. Hundreds of her wealthy noblemen and merchants have yachts for pleasure sailing. Great encouragements are held out for their improvement. There has been organized a Royal Yacht Club, and every year a splendid silver cup is given as a prize to the winner in the sailing race. This race is open to

the yachts of all nations. During the exhibition of the World's Fair, the Earl of Wilton, Commodore of the Royal Yacht Club, tendered an invitation to our countrymen to come over and contend for the royal prize.

"In behalf of the New York Yacht Club, the invitation was accepted, and the yacht America was sent over under the command of the Commodore, John C. Stevens, and his associates, Colonels J. A. Hamilton and W. E. Stevens, to enter the lists and contend for the prize, which, as yet, had never been snatched from the hardy islanders of Albion.

"When the America quietly glided into British waters, she was right nobly received. She was the first American yacht seen on those waters, and the Earl of Wilton,

* Pronounced *Yot*. This form of sailing vessels belongs to, and stands at the head of the class termed "Schooner."

and others of the Royal Yacht Squadron, lost no time in giving their American brethren the right hand of friendship.

"On the 22d of last August, Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, was a place of intense interest, especially to England and America. On that day, the queen's cup was to be won by England against all the world, or lost for the first time in her proud history. This year witnessed another foe never seen before in such a race, and from some trials and reports circulated about the America's sailing qualities, it may be said, that when she unfurled her sails, as she now appears in our engraving, 'the boldest of Old England there, held his breath for a time.'

"Seventeen yachts entered the contest, but a hundred spread their sails together. It was a noble sight, such as can be seen in no other country. In a short space, the America passed every yacht in the squadron, and when it came to a place called 'The Needles,' it was asked by the queen, 'Who was first?' 'The America,' was the answer; 'Who is second?' 'There is no second,' was the next reply.

"The America came in the winner of the royal cup, and the trophy of that victory is now in America, in possession of the New York Yacht Club. When Commodore Stevens went away, he promised to the members of the club to bring back the royal cup, and nobly did he perform his promise. The America was visited by the queen in person, as a mark of the estimation in which she held it.

"In the contest for this cup, many Americans were afraid that the America would not get fair play, and Commodore Stevens had many warnings about the pilot. The Admiral of the Portsmouth station, however, furnished him with a pilot, and said he would be personally responsible for him; every thing was done fairly, openly, kindly, and courteously.

"On the 28th day of last August, the America beat the Titania, an iron yacht of R. Stephenson, C. E., in a contest for £100. The Titania was a lighter vessel than the America, but the victory was easily won, although the Titania was a fine sailer.

"The America was designed by Mr. George F. Steers, of New York city, and

built by W. H. Brown. She is 170 tons burthen, has a keel 82 feet long, and a deck 94 feet. Her greatest width is 22½ feet; her depth of hold is 9 feet 3 inches; her fore-mast is 97½ feet, and her main one 82 feet. Her bowsprit is hollow, and 32 feet long; her fore-gaff is 24 feet, and her main-gaff 28 feet. The main-boom, on which the foot of the main-sail is extended, is 58 feet.

"After the race with the Titania, the America was sold to an English nobleman. In some trials which had been made with the yacht Maria and the America, previous to the latter sailing for Europe, the former proved the victor; so that, although the America proved the fastest sailing yacht in Europe, a swifter is in America still.

"The peaceful triumphs of science and art, such as the victory of the yacht America over all those in the Royal Yacht Club, have delights for philanthropists, and it is much to be desired that war should cease forever on sea and land. At the present moment, the United States is, next to England, the greatest naval nation in the world, and in a very few years it will be the very greatest. In naval architecture it is the first, and sensible and noble-hearted men look with greater admiration upon the triumph of the America, and the trophies she has won, than standards taken in battle."

CULTIVATION OF PLANTS.*

BY EDWARD L. YOUNMANS.

WHEN a vegetable substance is burned, the mass of it disappears, taking the form of gases, and escaping into the air, and a small residue remains, termed *ashes*. Now when plants grow, they draw back again from the atmosphere all those gases which escape into it by combustion, and obtain from the soil only those mineral solids which form its ashes.

Thus the great bulk of vegetable matter is derived from the air, and as the atmosphere is uniform in composition, that

* From "Youmans' Class-Book of Chemistry," for the use of schools and popular reading, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

portion of the nutrition of plants which depends upon this source may go forward in all places with nearly equal facility. The air contains an exhaustless store of elements for the use of vegetation, and so far as it is concerned, all plants may be grown with equal success in all places.

But it is not so with the agencies of heat and light which radiate from the sun. In consequence of the globular figure of the earth, these fall unequally upon its different parts. At the equator, where the rays are perpendicular, the heat and light are most intense, while as we pass toward the poles, the rays strike the surface more obliquely, and the effect is diminished in intensity.

Now to these variations plants are adapted. Equatorial vegetation, requiring large quantities of heat and light, can not flourish in temperate climates, for although the atmosphere and soil may contain all the chemical elements necessary to its composition and nourishment, one of the conditions essential to its growth is wanting.

In addition to the part played by the atmosphere and climate, which may be regarded as independent of human control, there is a third condition of the growth of plants which relates to the composition of soils. If there is a want of elements derived from this source, growth is impossible; but if they are abundantly supplied, nutrition is rapid, and growth luxuriant. To ascertain and regulate the adaptations of soils to plants, to find out what elements are necessary for their development, and the most economical method of supplying them, is the great problem of Agriculture.

The source of the organic elements of vegetation—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen—is the air. This is proved by the slow and gradual accumulation of organic substances in the soil of forests and of meadows, where it could not have been added artificially. But in growing cultivated plants, we do not depend entirely upon this source.

A plant supplied with all the necessary inorganic substances, and *allowed sufficient time*, will extract the necessary gases from the air, and attain a vigorous development. But if it is desired to hasten the maturity

of a plant, as is frequently necessary in certain climates, or to stimulate it to excessive development, then organized substances, vegetable or animal, are added to the soil, which by decay and putrefaction generate large quantities of carbonic acid and ammonia in the immediate neighborhood of the roots, by which they are taken up, dissolved in water.

The inorganic elements of plants (ashes), though small in quantity, are nevertheless of the highest importance. Unlike the organic elements, which are the same in all plants, these vary in different varieties of vegetation. Consequently, as one kind of plant takes one mineral from the soil, and others take other kinds, the farmer finds it advantageous to cultivate in succession different varieties of plants upon the same ground.

If a soil yields good crops of one vegetable and not of another, it must be wanting in the characteristic mineral elements of the latter, which should then be supplied. And if any particular plant, cultivated or wild, flourishes in any given spot, an examination of its ashes indicates at once the capabilities of the soil, by showing what soluble salts it furnishes.

Although the ashes of certain plants are distinguished by the prevalence of certain bases, as those of potatoes and turnips by potash, and those of peas and beans by lime, yet to a certain extent one base may be substituted for another, as soda for potash, or magnesia for lime. This can only be done, however, by forcing nature, as it were, out of her regular course.

Decaying vegetable and animal substances applied to crops, act not only by supplying carbonic acid and ammonia, but also by furnishing such inorganic salts as the decomposing substance may happen to contain; hence, for any particular crop, as hay, grain, or potatoes, there is no manure so good as the same kind of vegetable in a state of decay, or its ashes, or the manure of animals fed upon it; but in the latter case, it is of the first importance to make use of the *whole* manure of the animal, as its liquid excretions, the part most liable to be lost, are by far the richest in soluble salts.

The great rule to be followed in this

branch of agriculture, is to *restore to the soil, in the shape of manure, exactly what it has lost in the crop*; as by this means alone the fertility of the soil can be maintained, and the vocation of the farmer be sustained upon a remunerative basis. By failing to heed this rule, millions of acres of the finest land in this country have been already so exhausted as not to be worth cultivating, and millions more are now undergoing the same ruinous process.

No one who contemplates for a moment the deplorable waste of manure which is so prevalent both in our cities and large towns, and also among the generality of farmers, can be at a loss to account for this gradual decline in the fruitfulness of land. Manure is the raw material which is to be worked up into sustenance for human beings; but in our seaboard cities it is thrown into the ocean, and in other cities it is cast into rivers and borne seaward, as if it possessed no value whatever. Every consideration, therefore, as well of public beneficence as of private thrift, demands that all fertilizers, every kind of manure, both liquid and solid, shall be saved with the most rigid economy. It is the farmer's motive power: with it he can do every thing, without it, nothing.

THE BLUE BIRD.

BY L. R. PEET.

SWEET herald of a joyous time,
Dear messenger of Spring—
Subduing pain—awakening hope—
Happy, yet sorrowing.

Thou singest of a joyous time—
Of leaves and fountains bright;
Of flowers that stay with balmy kiss
The vagrant zephyr's flight;

Of radiant morns that pale the stars,
Yet pale with brighter ray;
Renewing health, inspiring thought
Upon its heavenward way;

Of evenings fading into night
Like sleep, serenely blending,
Enticing us with viewless smile
To pleasures never-ending.

Of these thou sing'st, sweet messenger,

And we believe thy song.

For Hepe with Memory joins to bare
Our willing minds along.

Happy thou art, yet sorrowing;

Ay, thou hast sung before,

And earth is changed since thou wert here,
Thy home is home no more.

Oh, how like him, thou prophet bird,

Who, with a gushing soul,

Seeks man to raise from misery's den,
And speed him to his goal.

Refreshed from fountains ever bright,

He speaks of coming joy;

Happy, yet sorrowing he speaks
Of bliss without alloy.

And it will come, like coming Spring,

Yet not like Spring to pass away,
But e'er t' expand, until it bring

The "pure and perfect day."

Springfield, O.

SELF-EDUCATION.

LEARNING that is acquired at school is but the beginning of our education. It is the theory without the practice of the requirements and duties of life. It is after leaving school that we are to commence the most important part of education—self-education—the applying of what others have taught us—the carrying out of what others have begun for us, to our own self-improvement.

It is then, in reality, that true education begins, for whatever a man learns himself, he always knows better than that which he learns from others. Not that we should disregard the help or advice of others, for it becomes us to use all the aids and facilities we can command. But we should set ourselves at work upon ourselves, to be independent.

When we were young our food was provided for us; but even then we ate and digested it for ourselves; now we must not only do this, but we must earn it also—acquire it ourselves, and so in understanding and knowledge, become men.—*Selected.*

Coats of Arms, or State Seals.—No. 25.



GEORGIA.

On the Seal of the State of Georgia are represented three pillars supporting an arch, on which is engraved the word *CONSTITUTION*. The three pillars which support the *Constitution* are emblematical of the three departments of the state government—the Legislature, the Judiciary, and Executive. On the right of the first pillar stands a soldier, representing the aid of the military in defense of the Constitution.

In the foreground may be seen a representation of water, and in the distance, of mountains, indicating the features of the southeastern and northwestern boundaries of the state. Around the borders of the seal are the words, *STATE SEAL OF GEORGIA, 1799.*

Georgia was the last settled of the original thirteen states. The first settlement was made at Savannah, in 1733, by James Oglethorpe, with a party of 160 persons from England. It was named in honor of George II., who granted the territory to a company which was organized for the purpose of transporting, gratuitously, such

persons as were unable to earn a living in England.

The State of Georgia lies between Florida on the south, and Tennessee and North Carolina on the north, and extends from Alabama on the west to the Atlantic Ocean on the east. Its length from north to south is about 300 miles, its breadth nearly 250 miles, and it contains 62,000 square miles, with a population of about 906,000.

The climate and productions of Georgia are very similar to those of South Carolina, though comprising a greater variety, and including more of the tropical fruits, as figs, oranges, olives, lemons, etc. The great length of the state gives it a diversity of climate, so that wheat is raised in the northern part, and sugar-cane in the southern, while cotton, rice, tobacco, and Indian corn are grown between these extremes. The forests are chiefly of oak and pine.

This state is making much progress in manufactures. Large cotton-mills have been established at Columbus, Augusta,

and Graniteville; and other branches of this species of industry are springing up in various parts of the state. The Georgians are now doing their own carding, spinning, and weaving. Several large tanneries have also been erected, and soon they will manufacture their own boots and shoes, and harnesses.

The sea-coast is lined with a chain of islands, on which is produced the finest cotton in the world. It is known in the market as the "sea island staple." The length and fineness of its fiber causes it to bring great prices for the manufacture of some of the most costly fabrics. A few mines of copper and iron have been discovered in this state, yet little is done toward working them. Gold has, at times, been found there in considerable quantities.

Georgia has about 800 miles of railroad, and some 28 miles of navigation by canal. The state is divided into 95 counties. It has seven or eight colleges and seminaries, and some 200 academies, and about 1000 common schools. The capital of the state is Milledgeville, situated in the central portion of the state, on the Oconee River. The largest town is Savannah, situated on the south bank of the Savannah River, 18 miles from its mouth. It contains a population of 27,841.

The elections are held on the first Monday in October, and the legislature meets on the first Monday in November, once in two years. The governor is chosen for a term of two years, and has a salary of \$3,000.

EQUALITY OF DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WORLD.

BY DR. J. R. HOWARD.

At first view the Creator may seem to have been extremely partial in the distribution of natural advantages over the face of the globe which we inhabit. In some places, we find a rich soil, capable of producing in the greatest exuberance, and to the utmost perfection, all the varieties of the vegetable kingdom; while in others, it is almost entirely barren, and can not be made to produce sustenance for animal life.

In some places, we see the country broken, rocky, and poor; while in others, it is level and rich. In some places, mountains swell up with their steep and rugged sides, into the regions of eternal winter; while in others, alluvial bottoms and plains spread out level, or gently undulating, covered over with every variety of vegetation, in the perpetual verdure of tropical regions.

In some places, vast deserts spread out in desolating aspect, devoid of all vegetation; while in others, dense forests of gigantic growth extend over the country. In some places, perennial springs pour forth their cool, crystal waters, and transparent streams meander along; while in others, no water is seen to emerge from the earth, or flow along its surface.

In some places, vast continents extend; while in others, immense oceans spread out. In some places, eternal summer prevails; while in others, everlasting winter reigns. Thus we see it on the face of our globe.

But when we come to examine every thing closely, and to weigh and compare together the advantages and disadvantages of different parts of the world, we will find much less difference than we had anticipated; and that different regions, or sections of the world, are, at least, nearly on an equality.

Here, these rich, level lands produce in great luxuriance an immense quantity; while there, those poor, broken hills are filled with inexhaustible supplies of iron ore, the most useful of all minerals—rich in mineral wealth. Here, on this alluvial soil, inexhaustible in depth, and where the most luxuriant vegetation springs forth almost spontaneously, the poisonous miasma exhales, and spreads disease and death; while there, in that less favored soil, reigns health, and cheerfulness, and happiness.

Thus we might continue in our comparisons and antitheses, but these will suffice to show that equal distribution of His gifts, which an all-wise, beneficent, and impartial Creator has made. Truly may we exclaim with the Psalmist: "How wonderful are thy works, O Lord God! In wisdom hast thou created and made them all!"

Youth's Department.

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, to fix
The generous purpose, and the noble thought.

THE BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

BY MARY A. SQUIRE.

IT is very common nowadays, for little girls to make parties on their birth-days, and invite their young friends. Well, on the close of a bright spring day, while the west was yet dyed with the last deep lines of the setting sun, little Mary Elwood ran gayly into the parlor, her clear voice ringing sweetly with—“Mother, Oh! Mother, I have just thought that to-morrow is my birth-day; I shall be ten to-morrow; and there are some I should like to invite, if it will please you, to spend the day with me.”

Her mother, who had till then sat busily plying her needle, looked up, and kindly smiled, as she said—“I am quite willing, my sweet little Mary, that you should invite your friends to enjoy the day with you, but why do you say *some*? Whom do you wish for your guests?”

Mary.—Why, Susan Ellis, Clara Lee, and then there are those sweet little twins, Ellen and Ella, though they are only eight, you know how I have ever loved *them*, mother.

Mother.—But you have not mentioned Fanny Picket, and those little girls across the way, Lydia and Sarah Fulsome—why not invite them?

Mary.—I suppose Fanny *will* feel slighted, but she is so jealous if we do not listen to all that she says, and approve of all that she does, that no one *can* like her.

Mother.—My child, speak not thus; we *can* and *should* love *all*; if Fanny is jealous, it is a sad thing truly, but I fear it is owing to her having been so much neglected already. As I have told

you before, her mother died when she was but an infant, leaving her to the care of strangers, so you see that she has not had a kind mother to tell her of her faults, as you have; and if you wish her to be more pleasant, you must invite her with the rest, treat her as kindly, overlook her failings, notice her good acts, and I am sure you will find much, *very* much in her to love; and the more you try to increase her happiness, the better you will love her.

Mary.—Well, mother, I will invite *her*; but the girls will all laugh so to see Lydia and Sarah Fulsome here; why, they were never to a party in their lives, and they are older than I am, too; how awkward they would act.

Mother.—In this, I can not agree with you, for their mother has taken much pains with their manners. I think them quite lady-like.

Mary.—But, mother, I heard Mrs. Fulsome say only a few days since, their shoes were too poor for them to wear to Sabbath School, and I am sure she would not allow them to come here.

Mother.—Suppose, Mary, they had two or three pair of shoes each, and you had none; what think you, would be your wish?

Mary.—I *might* wish they would divide with me.

Mother.—Well, you know the golden rule, which says, “as you would that others should do unto you, do ye even so to them.”

Mary.—Yes, mother, I know now what you mean; and I will go right over

to-night—but perhaps their mother will be too proud to receive them as a gift.

Mother.—No, I think not; she seemed very grateful, when I gave her that coat for little “Willie,” and by a large tear that gathered in her dark, full eye, said more than words *could* express. But go to rest now, dear, and in the morning you will be fresh to perform your work of love; so, good-night.



Morning came. Mary's guests were all invited, and a more cheerful group never met. Those *shoes* fitted so nicely; and *Fanny*, too, was so happy as they tripped lightly along over the grass-covered mounds, stopping anon to pluck the wild flowers, with which they graced Mary's table, so neatly filled with choice viands.

Fanny said, that as May flowers ever yielded to her the sweetest perfume, she knew of no better way to reward Mary's kindness, than to call her their *May Flower*.

To this they all agreed; and on the next Sabbath they were seen walking in one happy band to Sabbath School.

Mary never forgot her *tenth birth-day*.

It was then she found a new flower, which ever after bloomed in her pathway. Would you know its name, my young readers, and where it grows?

Its name is Happiness, and you will find it on the “Highway of usefulness.” *Be useful then, and be happy.*

LOVE, THE SUNLIGHT OF THE HEART.

BY MRS. E. M. GUTHRIE.

LUCY wandered alone to enjoy the sweet spring time. Alone, did I say? No, not alone;—forgive me, soft zephyrs, and dancing rills, bright flowers, and joyous birds, forgive me! She was not alone, for were ye not with her?

Pleasant were her smiles, for happy were her thoughts as she gathered the dew-gemmed violets. Onward she went, now joining the bird in his sweet carol, and anon blending her laugh with the mirth of the dashing stream, yet ever beautifully smiling, like her meek companions, the flowers.

At length she paused, and a sadness subdued her gayest smiles. Why was this, Lucy? Why sorrowful upon such a morning? Hath mournful thoughts found their way to thy young heart?

Alas, yes. Though Lucy saw all nature alive with joy, and vocal with praise, echoes of the past murmured in undertones, “earth is a vale of tears.” But a gentle whisper seemed to question, “Wherefore a vale of tears?”

Then another whisper, that she fancied was borne on the breeze from the silvery clouds, but which came from a gentle monitor within, announced, “It is because your eyes are closed to life's sunny side.”

Gloriously the morning air vibrated with the song of the robin; radiantly glanced the plumage of the lark; as with piercing music he soared on his sunny path; and gracefully the dove bathed her white wings in the liquid light, while the bee hastened from flower to flower,

with a dash of mirth in its busy hum, for it rejoiced in the genial rays that nestled in each nook of the cheerful scene.

Sunlight, blessed sunlight! often seeking out the lurking-places of woe, thou art no mocker, but a messenger of hope to "this vale of tears," and a fitting symbol of God's universal goodness!

Thus thought Lucy, for a flood of richer sunlight than that which played over the emerald fields illuminated her young heart—it was the sunlight of love. She had voluntarily assumed a sublime task; a task which was to give her skill in looking upon the characters and conduct of others in the calm light of charity.

When she reached home, she found her younger brothers disputing about their play. "Ah, little brothers," thought she, "your eyes are now closed to life's sunny side." She was not long in settling the disturbance, and bright were the smiles of affection that crowned with success this first effort.

Mark Bailey and George Sibley stood on the sidewalk loudly discussing the demerits of Arthur Stanley, a schoolmate. Lucy could not avoid hearing them through the open window, as she dusted the furniture in her mother's parlor.

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins; I will see what it will do for Arthur," she whispered to herself; and then, in a low voice, she asked, from the window, "Boys, do you remember how generously Arthur conducted toward poor widow Fay, when she fell on the ice, with her basket of eggs, while ruder boys stood laughing at her mishap?"

Mark and George, like many other boys, cherished no actual ill-will, but from an unfortunate habit found it more convenient to speak of the foibles than the good qualities of their associates. But this remark from Lucy struck them as exceedingly strange, for only the day before, Arthur's carelessness had nearly

ruined a beautiful book belonging to her, by upsetting an inkstand.

The boys both willingly admitted his kindness to the poor widow, and George complimented him for his kindness toward smaller children. And Mark added, "He is the only boy in school that can settle all difficulties, without a harsh word to any one."

Thus, by a single suggestion, Lucy had thrown a halo of light around Arthur's character, and transformed the slandered boy into the "noblest fellow in school."

Though thus far successful, when Lucy thought of Delia Sabry, the poor seamstress, whom she was to meet that day, her courage slightly faltered. Miss Sabry was an orphan without a home, and very sensitive, yet exposed to the rudeness of an unthinking world.

"Has life a sunny side for her?" mused the gentle girl. "Yes, a fountain of thought wells deep within her soul, and from thence I will endeavor to call up delightful memories, inspiring hopes; and the sunlight of love shall dispel her woes."

Her untiring ingenuity lighted even Delia's sad face with smiles.

Evening brought holy moments to our young adventurer, who was seeking a world of rose-tints for all; for smiles, kind words, warm impulses, and *real* pleasures, were revealed to her as the roses of eternal fragrance that sometimes blossom in "this vale of tears."

Thus she continued from day to day, true to her beautiful resolve, and often she remembered gratefully the glad whispers that first suggested the study of the delicate but peerless art of finding, back of darkest clouds, rays of unwavering sunshine.



HOWEVER little we may have to do, let us do that little well.

Nothing begets confidence sooner than punctuality.

Deride not the unfortunate.



BIRD OF PARADISE.

THIS bird is a native of Australia, and the East India Islands. Its name was probably given it from its beautiful plumage, and the fact that it is usually seen upon the wing. The bright hues of its plumage will vie with the most gaudy colors of the peacock. In beauty, it probably exceeds all the feathered inhabitants of the spicy woods of its native country.

The body is covered with long feathers, usually of a brown color, tinged with hues of gold. The most remarkable feature of this bird is the light and voluminous plumage of the tail. When this appendage of the male bird is spread and standing erect, it assumes the form

of a lyre, as represented by the figure in the lower portion of the above engraving. Hence it is sometimes called the Lyre Bird.

When the natives prepared specimens of this bird, they removed its legs. Hence it was once supposed by Europeans, that they were destitute of limbs, and that they supported themselves entirely on their airy plumes. The limited locality of the Bird of Paradise, and the character of the people who inhabit its native region, have prevented naturalists from obtaining much knowledge of its habits.

The extraordinary development of its feathery appendage is well known; but

of the purpose which this serves, no plausible account has been given. Its feathers are much prized by the inhabitants, and some are imported into Europe. But none of these birds have ever been brought alive, either to Europe or this country.

THE WORLD IS BRIGHT.

BY MISS E. V. C.

The world is bright;
For a sunny light
Sleeps now on the gentle hills;
And joyous notes
From a thousand throats
The wavy ether fills.

With a merry hum
The insects come;
And a murmur from the stream,
With a mingled sound
Is echoing round,
Like the music of a dream.

Now whispering low,
The zephyrs go,
Wooing the blossoms blue;
They lowly nod
To the verdant sod,
Receiving a kiss of dew.

The bright clouds lie
In the azure sky,
Bright in the noontide ray;
Or glance in the brook
With a merry look,
Then speed on their airy way.

The lambkins leap,
Or quiet sleep,
Where gleams but a twilight shade;
And cattle roam
From their village home,
To feed on the verdant glade.

To the bright hillside,
Where the streamlets glide,
O come, love, come away;
Where rays of green,
With the silver sheen,
On the dancing ripples play.

Come, come to the woods,
Where the bursting buds
Breathe fragrance on the air;
Where bright-eyed flowers
In the wild-wood bowers
Such forms of beauty wear.

All, all is love
In the fields or grove,
On the hillside, in the dell:
Fold, beauteous Spring,
Thy spreading wing,
And ne'er to us say farewell.

TASTE FOR STUDY.

NOTHING is of greater importance to the intellectual welfare of the young, than a taste for study; and yet, too often, this is wanting. Nevertheless, in most cases, it can be acquired, if proper motives and influences are brought before the mind.

But what these motives should be, and how the influence may be exerted, are questions which ought to receive much reflection from those who have any thing to do in the instruction of the young. And the subject is deserving of vastly more attention and careful study than most are apt to give it.

The following incident, which is related by Dr. Adam Clarke, of himself, will illustrate the influence of kindness and encouragement on a dull boy:

"A stranger, who was itinerating as a teacher, called upon my father, and requested permission to examine some of the boys. I was among the number. My father, by way of relieving the feelings of the man, said—'That boy is very slow at learning; I fear you will not be able to do much with him.'

"My heart sank. I would have given the world to have been as some boys around me. The man spoke with kindness, gave me some directions, and, laying his hand upon my head, observed—'This lad will make a good scholar yet.'

"I felt his kindness. It raised my spirits; the possibility of being able to

learn was, in this moment, and for the first time, impressed upon my mind. A ray of hope sprang within me; in that hope I lived and labored; it seemed to create power; my lessons were all committed to memory with ease, and I could have doubled the effort had it been required."

From that period Adam never looked back, and never paused. The same quickness of perception and tenacity of memory, discoverable from the first dawning of intelligence, as applied to other things, now accompanied his pursuit of learning. He was no longer like the animal tampering around the same spot, in consequence of the chain by which it is bound; he became like the racer; there was progress in every movement; he sped over the course with prodigious swiftness, and he felt the pleasure of it himself.

In a work entitled, "Self-Formation," is related an incident which shows how simple and varied are the avenues through which the youthful mind may be stimulated to intellectual pursuits, and a taste for study created.

"There was a portrait in the house of some remote relative of my family; a man, it seems, who had filled a legal appointment of some dignity. One day, as I was passing with a lady, the picture struck me. I asked her who he was.

"'O,' she told me, 'that is one of your great uncles; see what a great man he is, in his robes of office!'—'And why,' then I asked, 'was he great, and how came he to be so?'

"She replied, 'because he was fond of study, just as you should be. Look at all those books by his side; he was always reading, and reading, and reading, till he had learned all that he wanted to know; and so he became a great man; and so may you, too, if you are only as fond of books as he was.'

"Nothing more was said; the good lady supposed, doubtless, that her encouragement went to waste, that her admonition was thrown away upon the

wind; but it was not so. The seed fell on good ground, and brought forth fruit an hundred-fold.

"As soon as I was left alone, I began to think of what I had heard; of the great man, of his fine flowing robes, and his means of greatness. What a fine thing if I could mind my books, and be as great as he was. I thought that I would try it.

"Half a dozen times a day, as often as I saw the picture, it stirred my spirit. I became zealous about my studies, and my zeal soon softened itself into pleasure."



LABORATORY OF THE CHEMIST.

OUR young readers have probably heard of a chemist's laboratory, and many of them may have wondered what kind of a place it is. Well, after telling you what a chemist is, we will try to describe his laboratory.

A chemist is one who studies, examines, and compares the works of nature, and learns of what the earth, air, water, and all things are composed; and how all living things grow and are supported.

He can tell how the fire burns, what becomes of the wood and coal. He can tell how the plant grows, and where it obtains the materials to increase its size; also how fish breathe in the water, and why they die when taken out. He

can tell why bread "rises," and "becomes light;" and how the eating of food sustains and nourishes our bodies. These, and a thousand other interesting and useful facts, the chemist learns.

The chemist's laboratory is his workshop. This is the place where he analyzes, or takes apart air, water, plants, minerals, rocks, and an innumerable number of other substances, and learns what materials are united in each.

In the engraving at the head of this article may be seen a chemist in his laboratory. He has on a cap and gown, and is using a retort. A *retort* is a globe-like vessel made of glass, and having a long spout-like neck. In the above engraving the chemist has placed a retort in a ring, supported by an iron stand, over a lamp in which alcohol is burning.

By this arrangement heat is communicated to the liquid within the retort, and a portion of it is driven out in the form of vapor or gas, through the spout, into the glass jar which stands near. For instance; if a mixture of alcohol and water be placed in the retort, as the alcohol is converted into vapor by a less degree of heat than water, it would all pass out through the spout, and leave the water in the retort. In this manner the chemist is able to separate many substances.

Other retorts, and jars, and mortars, and books, may be seen about his laboratory. And by the use of these the chemist is able to perform many interesting experiments, and to learn many valuable facts in nature.

Give him a lump of sugar, and by the aid of his apparatus he will separate it into three simple substances, and show you that it is composed of oxygen, carbon, and hydrogen. Give him a piece of limestone or marble, he will pound it up in his mortar, and then with his retorts, jars, etc., show you that it is composed of oxygen, carbon, and calcium.

He will fill a jar with oxygen, and on

suspending within it a coil of fine wire of iron, the wire will burn up very rapidly, giving bright and beautiful flashes of light. By filling another jar with carbonic acid, and placing a lighted candle in it, the flame immediately goes out. This shows that carbonic acid gas is destructive to animal life; for animals can not live where flame or combustion is not supported.

Carbonic acid is the same gas that is thrown from the lungs when breathing; and this mixes with and soon poisons the air in a room crowded with people, and thus renders such a place very unhealthy unless a constant supply of pure air is admitted from without.

These are only two or three of the thousands of interesting experiments which the chemist can perform, and of the multitude of important facts which he learns. The study of chemistry* is not only very interesting, but is one of the most useful and important that can engage our attention, when presented in a practical manner.

This science is intimately connected with our existence and health, and with the everyday occurrences of life. It is of great value to the farmer, and in fact to every one. The study is now beginning to receive much attention in schools, and we hope it will soon become one of the branches of education taught in every school in our land.

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.—An Indian chieftain during the early settlement of New England, invited a minister to settle as a missionary among the tribe, and to induce him to do so, the Sagamore said, "You shall be to us as one who stands by a running water, filling many vessels."

* Some of our readers may desire to know what work on chemistry will teach them more about this interesting science; to such, we reply, that for imparting a practical knowledge on this subject, either as a class-book for schools, or to the general reader, we know of no work so well adapted as "Youmans' Class-Book of Chemistry."

[The following poem is a truthful recital of an incident which occurred in the summer of 1851.]

“LITTLE JOHN.”

BY ABBY ALLIN.

I HEARD a soft tap at the door,
And opened to the childlike call :
A little boy, with eager look,
Stood waiting for me in the hall

“They call me little John,” said he ;
“A lady bid me come to you,
And tell you her papa was dead ;
He died a month and more ago.”

“Who is this lady, and her name ?
Tell me, will you, all you know ?”
“She lives a long way off from here ;
Her father died a month ago !

“She’s very good, and very kind,
She gave me all these clothes you see ;
I have no parents—both are dead ;
Uncle and Aunt take care of me !

“She bade me call and give to you
The message that I told just now ;
To tell you her papa was dead ;
He died a month and more ago !”

In vain I strove for something more
By which I could the riddle read ;
“Her father died a month agone ;
She bid me tell you, he was dead !”

Those little words were all I gained ;
I gazed with interest on the lad ;
He seemed so earnest, yet so strange,
I surely thought the child was mad ;

And yet the story that he told,
Gathered the tear-drops to my eye ;
It brought back all the woe I felt,
When I, too, saw a father die.

Some heart, it seemed, like mine had bled,
Some friend had lost a father’s care ;
What though I know not all the tale ;
’Twas meet I should her sorrow share.

Those simple words were quite enough,
Her father dead ? What bitter woe !
Did the boy know it, when he spake ;
No other tale could move me so ?

Her father dead ! O may our God,
The great “ All Father,” kind and good,
Shed down His Spirit to sustain,
And be to her, her daily food !

O may she lean on Him for help,
And trust for guidance to His arm,
Seek comfort on His sheltering breast,
And rest secure from every harm.

The anguish that she suffereth now,
His mercy shall ere long dispel ;
In hopeful trust, her heart confess,
“ O God, “ Thou doest all things well.”
Pomfret, Conn.

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FAMILIAR THINGS.

THERE is a truth that travel brings,
A truth of homely birth ;
We dwell among familiar things,
And little know their worth.
The emigrant in distant lands,
The sailor on the sea,
For all that round us silent stands,
Haye deeper hearts than we.

We dwell among familiar things ;
And daily, with dull sight,
We touch a thousand secret springs
Of sorrow and delight ;
Delight and reverential bliss
To those who exiled far,
Stretch dreaming arms to clasp and kiss
Each little household star.

We dwell among familiar things ;
We know them by their use ;
And, by their many minist’rings,
Their value we deduce :
Forgetful each has had an eye,
And each can speak, though dumb ;
And, of the ghostly days gone by,
Strange witness might become.

We dwell among familiar things ;
But should it be our lot
To sever all the binding strings
That form the household knot ;
To wander upon alien mold,
And cross the restless foam,
How clearly should we then behold
The deities of Home !

Selected.

For Children.

"To aid the mind's development, and watch
The dawn of little thoughts."



Uncle Maynard's Stories.—No. 5

HOW MY CARELESSNESS PUNISHED ME.

OUR schoolmistress took care to have as many nails driven into the wall of the entry as there were children in school. Upon these, the girls were to hang their bonnets and shawls, and the boys their hats.

Most of us remembered the order; and it was not only convenient, but quite pleasing to see a row of bonnets and shawls on one side, and a row of hats on the other.

However, I used to be very forgetful and careless about it, sometimes. Frequently I threw my hat on the bench near, or upon the floor, as it happened. Several times the boys brought it in from the play-ground, so thoughtless was I about taking care of it.

Our teacher noticed it, and as many times requested me to go and hang it up in its place.

I remember she used often to say, "Maynard, I fear some accident may yet befall your neglected hat, you are so careless of it." But I thought little of what she said, and cared less.

One fine summer noonday, while playing under a large shade tree by the roadside, I threw off my hat. When the school-bell rang, I hastened with the rest of the boys, leaving it under the tree.

At recess, in the afternoon, I did not find my hat in its place, and went back into the school-room, whining out to my teacher that some one had carried off my hat.

"Where did you leave it?" she asked.

"I hung it on my nail," said I, thinking I had done so.

"Are you sure you hung it there?

Did you wear it during the intermission?" inquired my teacher.

"Yes."

"Did you hang it upon the nail in the entry when you came in?"

I was about to say yes, in reply, when one of the boys came rushing into the school-room, with a palm-leaf hat in his hand, completely ruined.

"We found the pigs running off with it, when we went out," said he, "and we could hardly get it away from them."

I was shocked. There was my new hat, all munched over by the pigs, and so completely spoiled that it did not look like ever having been in the shape of a hat.

"Is that your hat, Maynard?" asked my teacher.

I went to it, and hardly knew it. But when I saw a fragment of the bright-green ribbon, which made a band for it, and a piece of the binding which my mother sewed upon it, that it should last well, I was obliged to reply that it was my hat.

"And how could the pigs have got into the entry and pulled it down from the nail?" said she.

Then I remembered the whole, and had to tell her again, in addition to the many times I had already told her, that "I forgot it."

She told me to go out and see if I could wash it, and get it fit to wear home.

I took it to the brook, but when I attempted to wash it, it came into so many pieces that there was nothing left worth keeping, but the piece of green ribbon.

I put that in my pocket when the bell rang, and went in, behind the rest.

You may imagine what were my feelings when I saw a hat on every nail in the entry but my own.

My teacher said not a word. I took my seat, but could not study. When my class was called out to spell, I did not go.

My teacher came to me and asked if I had my lesson. I told her I had not. She saw how bad I felt, and said she did not wonder I could not study.

As she turned away, I saw a tear glisten in her eye. Then my heart was touched. How I felt when I thought that she pitied me.

I thought of all she had told me about being careless. I thought how kindly she had talked to me in the whole of my misfortune. Then I dropped my head on the desk before me, and cried. I could not help it.

When school was out for the day, I started home, bareheaded. Some of the boys laughed at me; but others seemed to feel quite sorry, and even went so far as to lend me their hats by turns, going bareheaded themselves.

When I went to my mother without any hat, my mortification was greater than I can tell you. When she asked me where my hat was, I could show her nothing of it but the piece of green ribbon.

She, perceiving how bad I felt about it, gave me some money, and I walked, with my best hat on, a long mile and a-half to the store, and bought me a new one.

The next morning, as my teacher came into the school-house, she smiled

when she saw my new hat, the first one carefully hung up in the entry.

I always remembered the spoiled hat; and even to this day, I have not only a place for my hat, but a place for all my clothes and books; and when I put them away, I try to put them in their proper places.



SICK OF BEING PUNISHED.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

KATE.—I wish I could go to some other school, Mary, for I do not like to be punished.

Mary.—No one likes to be punished. But, Kate, when one likes to do wrong, one must expect to pay for it. Did the teacher hurt you much?

Kate.—No, I was so mad I did not care for it; if she had nearly broken my head I should not have cried a tear.

Mary.—I take care not to do wrong, and so do not get punished.

Kate.—Well, I am not so sly, and always get found out.

Mary.—I should think you would grow tired of doing wrong, for it must be easier to do right than wrong.

Kate.—I am not so sure of that. I like to have my own way, once in a while.

Mary.—If your own way is wrong, and brings you into trouble, I should think you would give it up, and get a better way.

Kate.—Why, do you believe I could always act right, as you do?

Mary.—Certainly. Don't you think I could act wrong as you do, if I tried to do so? Do you think your little kitten will scratch me, if I take her up?

Kate.—No, indeed! She scratched me once, and I soon taught her better. I should like to see her scratch anybody now.

Mary.—How did you cure her so completely?

Kate.—I beat her soundly, and would not give her any thing to eat for a whole day. [Mary begins to laugh, and Kate says] What are you laughing at, Mary? I do not see any thing to laugh at.

Mary.—Nor did the kitten. And yet it is rather funny that the kitten left off doing wrong after being punished only once, and you can not after being punished a dozen times.

Kate.—Yes, but the kitten isn't a girl.

Mary.—I know she is not, and that makes me wonder the more, for she ought not to be expected to do as well as an intelligent girl. Now confess, Kate, that you can do right if you choose to do so. You know you can, and I wish you would, for my sake.

Kate.—Why for *your* sake, when I have to take all the punishment?

Mary.—I really believe that every time you are punished, I suffer more than you do. I love you, Kate, and can not bear to see you suffer.

Kate.—You are a dear one, Mary, and there's no denying it. Now I'll tell you what I mean to do, for I am desperate—

Mary.—Don't say so.

Kate.—Hear me out, Mary. I am desperately sick of being punished, and not a little ashamed to be worse than my kitten, and so you see, I am going—

Mary.—Where, dear Kate? Not to leave the school, I hope?

Kate.—No, but to *love* it, and try to be as good as you are, you little philosopher. There [*kissing her*], there, let me seal my promise with a kiss, and when you see me doing wrong again, just say kitty, kitty, kitty, and I shall take the hint! Little did I think when I punished my kitten, that the blows were to fall so directly on my own head.—

Common School Journal.

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LEARN TO GOVERN YOUR THOUGHTS.

In many schools there are two rooms; one for the large scholars, and another for the smaller ones. When the small scholars have learned to spell, read, and to study lessons, they are usually sent into the room with the larger pupils.

Henry Foster attended one of these schools. He was only six years of age, and went to the room where the small children were.

One day, when he had been there several weeks, his teacher told him that she would examine him the next day, and see if he could go into the other school-room.

He hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry, when he heard this. He thought the teacher of the larger scholars was very strict, and he had heard that they were not allowed to whisper, nor laugh, nor play, but were always required to learn their lessons well.

That night the small children were dismissed first; so Henry waited to see the older scholars come out, for he wanted to know whether they were happy or not, and whether their teacher was kind.

Soon the door of the school-room opened, and the large girls came out first. They all turned round and bade their teacher "good-night," and appeared smiling and very happy.

Then the large boys came out, and the teacher spoke very kindly to them. Henry now thought that the teacher must be a kind man.

On his way home the boys told him a great deal about their teacher, and that they all liked him very much.

The next day he was examined. He could spell and read well, for a boy of his age, and he answered many questions in geography and arithmetic.

It was decided that Henry should go into the room with the larger scholars. He was placed in the lowest class there.

When he went into the class, he was thinking how different it was from the one he had just been in. And how different the teacher spoke, and how the class was seated.

All this time he should have been thinking of what the teacher was saying. Because he did not listen, he did not know where his next lesson was.

He was so much delighted with his new place, that he did not think of his lesson until he had been at home some time. Then he remembered that his new teacher told the class that each pupil must learn the lesson at home, for the next day.

So Henry went into his little room to study, but when he got there he could not remember where the lesson was. What should he do! He could not learn his lesson, and he began to think he must go to school the next day with

out knowing it. This made him feel very bad.

Now he remembered that he was thinking of something else when the teacher gave out the lesson. He recollects, too, what his mother had often told him about governing his thoughts.

The next day came, and Henry went to school with a sad heart, for he well knew that he should feel ashamed to appear in his new class without a lesson. But it did him much good, and taught him something he never forgot.

After this he governed his thoughts. If a fly came across his book, or a butterfly or bee flew against the window, or if he heard a noise in the street, he did not leave his lesson, but kept on studying.

When he had a lesson to learn he remembered that he must not think of any thing else at the time, if he wished to get it well. Thus he soon learned to govern his thoughts, and became one of the first scholars in his class.

TO LITTLE EMMA.

THE rose that blossoms by the way,
And lends its fragrance to the air,
Is not so pure and lovely a sight,
As childhood bowed in humble prayer.

The bird that leaves her downy nest,
And flits on morning's earliest wing,
Does not more sweetly warble forth
Than gladsome children when they sing.

Be thine that pure and lovely sight,
And thine that sweet and happy song;
Be active in whate'er is right,
And always shun whate'er is wrong.

Athol, Mass.

Young men, if you would rise, work!

THE BOY AND THE BRICKS.

A boy hearing his father say, "'twas a poor rule that would not work both ways," said, "If father applies this rule about his work, I will test it in my play."

So setting up a row of bricks, three or four inches apart, he tipped over the first, which, striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, which overturned the fourth, and so on through the whole course, until all the bricks lay prostrate.

"Well," said the boy, "each brick has knocked down his neighbor which stood next to him; I only tipped one. Now I will raise one, and see if he will raise his neighbor. I will see if raising one will raise all the rest."

He looked in vain to see them rise.

"Here, father," said he, "is a poor rule; 'twill not work both ways. They knocked each other down, but will not raise each other up."

"My son," said the father, "bricks and mankind are alike, made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but not disposed to help each other up."

"When men fall, they love company; but when they rise, they love to stand alone, like yonder brick, and see others prostrate, and below them."—*Selected.*

BE MANLY.—"Cherish a love for justice, truth, self-control, benevolence. Swerve not from the right for any present advantage. In all circumstances show thyself manly in unflinching rectitude."

OUR MUSEUM.

FOR the information of those who, with this month, examine *Our Museum* for the first time, we will briefly state its objects, and the character of its intended collections. Its curiosities are *mental*, and composed of gems of knowledge, embracing both the literary productions of the present day, and relics of antiquity, as found in philosophy, science, history, and anecdotes. Among its variety may be seen enigmas, puzzles, queries, and pebbles of things uncommon, picked up along the shores of reading, and interspersed with wit and humor.

That others may aid us in presenting monthly a new and interesting collection, we cordially invite all those who visit *Our Museum*, to send us contributions for this repository.

RADIATING SENTENCES.—The following ingenious combination of letters into Radiating Sentences was furnished by S. D. S., of Chattanooga, Tennessee.

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Read in any direction from the letter **R.**

SYMBOLIC.—An English paper thus chronicles the death of a printer: “He was the * of his profession, the type of honesty, the ! of all; and although the ~~type~~ of death has put a . to his existence, every § of his life was without a ||.”

I. H. S. These letters are seen in Catholic and Episcopal churches, and in the prayer-books of these sects. They are abbreviations of the Latin phrase *Jesus Hominum Salvator*, which signifies, “Jesus, the Saviour of Men.” Some may ask why the letter *I* is used, instead of *J*. Because formerly there was no letter *J* in the Roman Alphabet; then *I* was used where *J* now is. Many of our readers can probably remember having seen the name *JOHN*, spelled *IOHN*.

EXCUSE for a Pupil's Absence from School.—The following excuse was sent to a teacher in Ireland, “Cepatomtogoataturin.” Translation.—Kept at home to go a taturing.

WEATHER SAYINGS.—The following are some of the couplet-sayings, relating to the weather, which are common in England, and also in some portions of this country:

- “An evening red, and next morning gray,
Are sure signs of a beautiful day.”
- “If the moon shows a silver shield,
Be not afraid to reap your field.”
- “If the cock goes crowing to bed,
He will rise with a watery head.”
- “When the peacock loudly bawls,
We shall soon have rain and squalls.”
- “When the glow-worm lights her lamp,
Sure then the air is damp.”
- “A rainbow in the morning,
Gives the traveler warning;
But a rainbow at night
Is the traveler's delight.”

D. V. is an abbreviation of the Latin phrase *Deo Volente*, signifying, “God willing.” These letters are sometimes used by clergymen in writing notices to be read from the desk on the Sabbath. They are usually found in a connection similar to the following: “There will be preaching in this house at 7 o'clock this evening, (D. V.)”

In a country parish of Maine resided a learned pastor. His church had a worthy and active deacon, who was always called by the honorable name of “Deacon Varnum.” On one occasion this learned divine arranged to exchange with a neighboring clergyman, who, it seems, was not familiar with Latin abbreviations. Before leav-

ing home, the former wrote the notices which he wished given out on the Sabbath, and left them to be read by the clergyman who was to supply his place. Accordingly, at the close of the services, the good brother proceeded as follows:—“There will be the usual weekly prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, (D. V.)” “D. V.” repeated the clergyman, hesitatingly—“I suppose that means at *Deacon Varnum's*.”

RED CLOUDS.—Why are the clouds tinged with red, at sunset?

Because the red rays of sunlight are bent the least by the atmosphere, or, as philosophers say, “are less refrangible” than the other colors; hence this color remains longest above the horizon, and is the last that rests upon the clouds.

ARITHMETICAL CURIOSITY.—Multiply the numbers 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 9 by 9, and the product will be all 1s; multiply the same by 18, and it will contain only 2s; multiply it by 27, and it will give all 3s in the answer. The other digits may be obtained by using greater multiples of 9.

If a third of six be three,

What will a fourth of twenty be?

What is the difference between twice twenty-five and twice five and twenty?

Answers to the enigmas in The Student for March and April.

Pythagoras invented the Multiplication Table. *An education* is what every one should obtain.

True education—to know thyself, is what every person might well be proud to possess.

ENIGMAS.

FROM J. T. Q., of Columbus, Ind.

I am composed of fourteen letters.

My 2, 5, 13, 4, 5, 7, is one of the Presidents of the U. S.

My 14, 5, 6, 10, is a bird—an emblem of innocence.

My 5, 13, 1, 5, 13, is a garden vegetable.

My 9, 5, 3, is a plant.

My 11, 12, 8, 10, is one half of a poor widow's contribution.

My whole is what every person should do.

From Master J. E. G., of Blawenburgh, N. J.

I am composed of twenty-four letters.

My 16, 10, 2, 18, 4, 11, is a musical instrument.

My 24, 7, 19, 21, 3, 13, is the name of a boy.

My 16, 22, 13, 1, is an article of dress.

My 12, 3, 7, 18, 4, 3, is a flower.

My 9, 15, 3, 6, is an article of food.

My 23, 17, 8, 14, 18, 22, is used by tailors.

My 5, 10, 9, 15, is a coin.

My 20, 4, 11, 8, is a kind of wood.

My whole is a design of The Student.

Record of Events.

SPACE ANNIHILATED, AND TIME BEATEN.—A few days since the operator in the telegraph office in New York held a conversation with the operator in New Orleans. Usually, in telegraphing to places several hundred miles distant from each other, the messages are re-telgraphed at some office on the way, as it is difficult to hold direct communication over very great distances. But on the occasion above alluded to, the intercourse was direct between this city and New Orleans. Thus persons conversed with each other who were 1590 miles apart.

Owing to the difference in longitude between these two cities, dispatches sent from New York were received in New Orleans *one hour before their date*. Messages were started from the office here, and after having passed over a distance of 1500 miles, the replies came back over the same distance, and arrived at the office in this city with a date one hour earlier in the day than that on which the message was first sent out, notwithstanding a distance of 8,000 miles had been passed over in the mean time.

CONSTANTINOPLE, with its suburbs, is estimated to contain 975,000 inhabitants. Of these about 47,000 are slaves, and 42,000 of the slaves are females, most of whom are black, and perform the duties of house servants.

MADAME OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT will give three concerts in New York, previous to her departure for Europe. These will take place on the evenings of the 18th, 21st, and 24th of May. Every one will be glad to learn that the Nightingale is to sing again before her flight from our shores.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN has again opened its rooms at 663 Broadway for its 27th annual exhibition. The catalogue contains a list of 471 paintings.

RAISING TEA IN AMERICA.—Dr. Junius Smith, of Greenville, S. C., has been engaged for a few years past in experiments for cultivating the tea plant in this country. Thus far he is highly satisfied with the results of his experiments, and has recently obtained a fresh supply of tea nuts from China.

WESTERN RIVER STEAMBOATS.—It is estimated that the total number of steamboats now

running on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers exceeds 600.

INDIANS.—There are now supposed to be about 400,000 Indians in the territories belonging to the United States.

PROF. SATTLER'S COSMORAMAS, consisting of landscapes and sea views, taken from nature by Prof. Sattler, of Vienna, and now open every day from 8 A.M. till 10 P.M., at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street. The present collection exhibits views in various parts of Europe, Turkey, Asia Minor, the Holy Land, and Egypt, also of the Great Horse Shoe Fall of Niagara. They are painted with great beauty and accuracy.

DR. THOMAS DICK, the eminent Christian Philosopher is still living. He is now over eighty years old, and enjoys a good degree of vigor.

THE YACHT AMERICA sailed to the Mediterranean last February. She was to visit Alexandria, in Egypt.

CUVIER PRIZE.—This prize, which was instituted by the French Academy of Sciences, for the best work on Zoology or Geology, has at length been granted. At a late meeting of that body it was awarded to Prof. Agassiz, for his work on Fossil Fishes.

RECENT DEATHS.

THOMAS MOORE, the Irish Poet, died at his residence—Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, England—on the 26th of February last, at the age of 72 years. This event has long been expected, for during the last few years he has been very feeble in mind as well as body.

JOHN FRAZEE, the sculptor, died in New Bedford, Mass., in March last, at the age of sixty years.



For Clergymen.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

WE most heartily commend the following article, from *The Traveler*, of Boston, Mass., to the attention of parents and teachers, and especially to the latter class. If all would heed and practice its suggestions, there would be little cause to complain of dull, monotonous routine in school instruction.

Man is a bundle of habits, some good, others bad. The collecting and binding up of this bundle is termed Education. That part of it which is accomplished in the school-room, consists in

forming right habits of acquiring and using ideas. One important feature of good education, is the ability to use each item of learning as the key to some unlocked treasure of science. Hence the mind should be excited by frequent practice, to trace the connection existing between the different departments of learning and the busy external world; it should be trained to use its acquisitions of strength and information, as the means of progress in practical knowledge, or wisdom.

For instance, the pupil in mathematics should not only accustom himself to analyze problems, but also to combine the principles which he has mastered in new forms, or seek for their application in connection with other subjects. Every page of the text-book may be accompanied by the corresponding page of practical life and nature. The world is full of apparatus, and to enlarge the ability to use it, that faculty which we term ingenuity in some, should be a leading object of education.

By an able teacher, the furnace, or stove, designed only to warm the school-room, is made to illustrate more philosophy and chemistry, than is usually seen by scholars in committing to memory all the lessons of an octavo on these subjects. In this business, the instructor soon finds it necessary only to point the way, and the learners gladly go out in search after the practical illustrations of their ideas.

Teachers should constantly strive to lead young minds into the habits of investigation. The forces of nature are in constant play around us; and, as we are born with senses for perceiving them, and with intellectual faculties for comprehending their laws, our happiness will be immeasurably heightened by the ability to study them successfully. As soon as a principle is learned from a book, it should be sought after in its varied connection with common objects.

Could students be led to realize how intimately their lessons are related to the serious business of life, school would at once lose its dullness and monotony: each one would become busy in seeking out the valuable uses of what he had there learned. The plastered ceiling, the papered wall, and the flies that walk thereon; the cunning spider, and his web so silently and yet quickly renewed when destroyed; the stove, its funnel, and the wire by which it is fastened, all these and many other common things, might be made to serve as aids in explaining what books alone

but imperfectly teach. The school manuals would no longer be supposed to contain all, or even a portion, of what may be learned concerning the subjects of which they treat. The ideas of arithmetic and grammar would cease to be inseparably connected with the blue-covered volumes, once regularly stowed away in the satchel every morning and evening.

Every teacher may derive great benefit from occasionally removing all text-books from the hands of his scholars for a part of the day, and thus test his own and their ability to reconstruct the sciences which they have studied. The first

experiment of this kind would probably reveal many deficiencies never before suspected; but the final result would be an increased interest in study, and a more thorough knowledge of fundamental principles.

In conclusion, we would suggest that a *right habit of thinking* is more essential to a man, than any amount of facts or rules, stored in a mind incapable of bringing them into use. Hence, it should be the aim of teacher and pupil, to secure the faculty of making all scientific knowledge a present aid in performing the labors of this noble, yet accountable state of existence.

Editor's Table.

A WORD TO OUR PATRONS.

WITH the number for the present month The Student enters upon its *fifth* volume; and we are happy in the assurance, from the extensive patronage which has been extended to us, that our efforts to please and instruct the young have met with a cordial approbation. Teachers and parents have cheerfully aided in extending the circulation of our Family Miscellany, and for this kind encouragement we return our thanks, and would gladly add much more, if our remaining space would permit it.

However, it is perhaps as well as it is, for you who have read the work during the past year know its value, while those who see it now for the first time will be able to judge something of its merit from the present number, in connection with the prospectus.

Persons receiving this number, who are not subscribers, or whose subscriptions may have expired, are respectfully requested to show it to their friends, and send us subscriptions for the new volume.

EDITORIAL COURTESY.—We have already been placed under many obligations to our editorial brethren, for the very cordial reception they have heretofore extended toward us, and we trust our continued efforts for improvement may enable us to still merit that approbation. And as this number is the commencement of a new

volume, we would be especially thankful if they would give it a careful examination, and then tell their readers what they now think of it.

Our editorial brethren have frequently expressed their commendation of The Student by copying from its columns; with this we are pleased, but, gentlemen, *do please give us credit* for original articles. Doubtless the instances of neglect to do so, have arisen mostly from not knowing which were, and which were not original articles in our columns, since the practice is so common in magazines to place the word *original* over all those written for the work. This we do not do. Nevertheless, *all* articles that appear in our columns, which are not credited as having been copied from something else, or marked at the end, thus—*Selected*, were written for The Student. Where no name or initial appears in connection with an original article, it is understood to have been prepared by the editor.

HYMENEAL.—We are happy to learn that our friend and former associate, in conducting The Student—Mr. S. E. Paine—took a matrimonial associate on the 8th day of April, last. We wish him abundant happiness, and hope his joys may long continue.

DRAWINGS.—The pupils of Oak Street School, Norristown, Pa., M. D. Aaron, teacher, have sent us some specimens of drawing and mapping. The “Old Mill,” by F. Krause, aged 15 years,

is one of the finest specimens we have received in many months. Well might it suggest,

"Ah, don't you remember the mill, Ben Bolt?"

Teachers desiring specimens of drawing from schools in this city, also from some in different parts of the country, may obtain them by mail, on sending us stamps to pay the postage. Our object in thus furnishing a medium for the exchange of drawings between schools is simply to increase the interest of the young in this department of education, and to enable them to compare their own efforts with the productions of others.

Literary Notices.

THE HYDROPATHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA; A system of Hydropathy and Hygiene. In eight parts: I., Outline of Anatomy; II., Physiology of the Human Body; III., Hygienic agencies, and the preservation of health; IV., Dietetic and Hydropathic Cookery; V., Theory and Practice of Water Treatment; VI., Special Pathology and Hydro-Therapeutics, including the nature, causes, symptoms, and treatment of all known diseases; VII., Application to surgical diseases; VIII., Application of Hydropathy to midwifery and the nursery. Designed as a guide to families and students, and as a text-book for physicians. By R. T. Trall, M.D. 12mo; in two volumes, of about 500 pages each, amply illustrated. Price \$1.25 a volume. Published by Messrs. Fowlers & Wells, New York.

Without any parade of technical terms, this work is strictly scientific, and remarkably comprehensive, including the cause, symptoms, nature, and treatment of all diseases. Its language is plain and simple, and there is such a vein of common sense and practical instruction pervading the book, that it is eminently adapted to the wants of all for whom it was designed. It can hardly fail to become popular with all classes, whether believers in hydropathy or not. It is worth more to a family than all the "guides to health" ever published; and were its sensible advice followed, enough could be saved in doctor's fees, in less than six months, to pay for half a dozen volumes.

HAND-BOOK OF UNIVERSAL BIOGRAPHY. By Parke Godwin. Large 12mo; 821 pages. Published by George P. Putnam, No. 10 Park Place (formerly 155 Broadway). New York. Price \$2.00.

This is the fourth volume of Putnam's Home Cyclopaedia. It introduces the reader to the acquaintance of the men of every age and country, who have claim to historical notice. It has been prepared with much ability and research, and indicates a wide range and familiarity with history. Like the other volumes of this valuable series, it is a choice addition for any library. Those who wish to procure a Biographical Dictionary, can probably find none which has been brought down so near the present day, as this.

PUTNAM'S SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY, for Travelers and the Fireside. 12mo; of about 250 pages each. Price 25 cents a volume. George P. Putnam, New York.

The distinctive characteristics of this series, are a regular periodical issue of books that are worth reading and

preserving, which are mailable like magazines, and a large amount of reading for a small price. The form and size of the type render them well suited for reading while traveling. This enterprise is one which should meet with universal approbation. A better class of books has now been provided without increase of prices, and we trust they will soon take the place of the trashy novels which have so flooded steamboats and railroad cars for a few years past.

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SURENNE'S DICTIONARY OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES. In two parts, French and English, and English and French. With a vocabulary of proper names. Abridged for the use of schools and for general reference. 1 volume, 18mo; 556 pages. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The success of Mr. Suregne's "Standard Pronouncing Dictionary of the French and English Languages," has induced the publishers to issue an abridgment, which would contain all the words in the larger work that are now in use, except those used only technically, and at the same time to be of a form convenient for the student or traveler, and afforded at a cheaper price. This work is admirably adapted for these purposes, and is probably superior to any other now before the public. Price \$1.

HOME IS HOME. A Domestic Tale. 12mo; 300 pages. Published by D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway, New York.

An interesting story, teaching the pleasure and happiness of making home a place of kindness, affection, and confiding sincerity. Its author and scenes are English.

THE PHONOGRAPHIC TEACHER; being an Inductive Exposition of Phonography, intended as a school book, and to afford complete and thorough instruction to those who have not the assistance of an oral teacher. By E. Webster. 12mo; 112 pages; price 40 cents. Published by Fowlers & Wells, New York, 1852.

Phonography has been before the public about fifteen years; during which time many changes and improvements have been made, but it is now generally believed by those who best understand the subject, that the system has at length been brought as near perfection as the art can well approximate. The work now before us presents the system as it stands and is taught at the present time by the most experienced phonographers. And we believe that no better work has ever been published on this subject. It is admirably adapted to the wants of those who desire to obtain a knowledge of this system of rapid writing.

TALLIS'S SCRIPTURE NATURAL HISTORY FOR YOUTH, parts 11 and 12 have been received. The illustrations are beautifully executed.

Original.

FIRST DAY OF MAY IN NEW YORK.*

Allegro.

W. B. Bradbury.

1. First of May, clear the way, Bas-kets, barrows, trun-dles, Take good care, mind the ware,
 2. Now we start, mind the cart, Shovels, bedclothes, bedding, On we go, soft and slow,
 3. Now we've got to the spot, Bellows, bu-reau, set - tee, Rope un-tie, mind your eye,
 4. Hark! what noise, girls and boys, Hauling all things o - ver, All astounded, heed confounded,

A little faster.

Bet - ty, where's the bun-dles? Pots and ket - tles, bro - ken vict-uals, Fea - ther beds,
 Like a beg - gar's wedding. Joint-ed stools, do - mes - tic tools, Chairs un-backed,
 Pray be care - ful, Bet - ty. Look what's there, bro - ken ware, Bot - tles smashed,
 Sa - vase as a ro - ver. Such a clash - ing, and a smash - ing, Rip - ping, split - ting,

*Accelerato.**Faster and faster to the end.*

plas - ter heads, Look-ing - glass - es, tow mat-trass - es, Spoons and la - dles, ba - bies' cra - dles,
 ta - bles cracked, Grid-iron black, spit and jack, Tram-mel hooks, mus - ty books,
 chi - na crashed, Pick - less spoiled, car - pets soiled, Sideboards scratched, cups un - matched,
 pul - ling, hit - ting, Ba - bies cry - ing, wo - men fly - ing, All a - bout, in a rout,

Cups and sau - cers, salts and cas - tors, Hur - ry scurry, grave and gay, All must trudge the First of May.
 Old po - ta - toes, ven - ti - la - tors, Hur - ry scurry, grave and gay, All must trudge the First of May.
 Em-py casks, bro - ken flasks, Hur - ry scurry, grave and gay, Go you must the First of May.
 Wits quite ha - zy, rav - ing cra - zy, Hur - ry scurry, grave and gay, Such a bed-lam, First of May.

As fast as the words can be articulated.

Hur - ry, All must trudge the First of May.
 Hur - ry, All must trudge the First of May.
 Hur - ry, Go you must the First of May.
 Hur - ry, Such a bed-lam, First of May.

* It is the practice in the city of New York to rent houses by the year, and to take possession on the first day of May. Hence a general moving occurs on that day, and the scenes then witnessed are portrayed in this song.

THE STUDENT:

THE KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

GR^EAT though man is, intellectually, still all the knowledge which he possesses is as vanity, compared to the great mysterious unknown—that which he does not know. He makes the lightning his messenger, and sends words of hope, love, or fear to distant places on its fiery wings. He takes iron from the mine and wood from the forest; of the one he makes his steed, and the other his driver, and away he roars on the iron track faster than the eagle cleaves the air. He throws his bridge¹ over the sea; and his iron cords² span the yawning chasm, where Niagara's water runs dark and deep.

The ocean billows are smoothed by the wheel of his steamship; he pierces through the Alps with the chisel and drill; he makes his pathway³ under great rivers, and walks dry-shod beneath the keels of huge ships. All this he does, and much more, by the force of his splendid mind—that constructive faculty implanted in him by his great Creator. But great though man is intellectually, and vast though the powers of his mind are, to comprehend and plan; extensive as is his knowledge of things in earth, water, air, and sky, still all this but teaches him that he knows nothing in comparison with that which is far beyond his ken.

The astronomer hath constructed his telescope six feet in diameter, and with it he beholdeth clearly five hundred times farther than he can with his naked eye; with it he hath made many discoveries in the starry heavens, for he can tell the height of the mountains and the depth of the valleys in the moon.

He hath counted other systems besides our own solar corner of the universe; but these things only impress more strongly upon his mind the simple fact, “he is but a babe in knowledge.”

He sees double, triple, and quadruple

stars; one red, another blue, and crowned with revolving rings, and another oscillating like a pendulum; and viewing these immensities, the conclusion is forced upon his mind, that this earth, in the universe of worlds, is like a cork on the great ocean, and himself like a beautiful butterfly which dances in the warm sunbeam.

It may be acknowledged that man can know but little of those immensities which are so far removed from the sphere in which he dwells, but it is different with those things which are brought under his strict observation. The knowledge which man has accumulated in all the generations of his existence, forms but a small mound in comparison with the unknown.

No machine hath yet been built which can cleave the air like the swallow, or dwell amid the storm of the ocean like the “Petrel.”⁴ No steam or other engine ever constructed, can give out such an amount of power every day, with three pounds of fuel, as the human machine, which, in a full grown man, consumes only three pounds of food.

In apparently very simple things we know comparatively little. Who can detect that influence in a bank note which carries disease and death from an infected person to another, hundreds of miles distant? Plagues and fearful diseases are carried on the wings of the wind, but no chemist, by the most refined analysis, has been able to detect the subtle destroyer, which tells man “*he dwells in a cottage of clay, and is crushed before the moth.*”

We enter the flowery garden, and one sense tells us there are substances floating in the atmosphere which have been cast off by the rustling rose and geranium, to give pleasure to the mind; but those substances can not be seen by the eye, heard by the ear, nor felt by the hands; they are too fine for the scale of the chemist. His

weight and measure are yet far too coarse to weigh an atom, or circumscribe its dimensions; and here may lie some of the secrets of those substances which, for want of a better term, chemists give the name of "isomeric compounds."

In the organic cell of the loftiest and lowliest known existences, there is a world beyond the search of the most powerful microscope that has yet been constructed. If there is an overpowering sense of man's ignorance derived from an examination of the immensities of the universe, as strong a sense of our ignorance is derived from the contemplation of a single molecule of matter, or the universe of a drop of water.

It is not to be supposed, however, that because many things are now hidden and secret to us, they will always remain so. There is a limit to the mental grasp of man; beyond it he can not go, but the world is full of wonders yet to be discovered. Nature hath already revealed many of her secrets, and she will tell us many more.

The qualities of a great and good discoverer and inventor, are, a good judgment, common sense, reflection, industry, observation, and arrangement. Newton was pre-eminently distinguished for those qualities; and by the falling of an apple, his observing mind took up that which, to all others had, since the world began, excited no curious emotion; and it led to the discovery of that law which binds the sweet influences of the Pleiades, guides the planets in their course in the stellar heavens.

Every man, who has the least ambition to extend the borders of our knowledge—and oh what a field there is before us still—should observe, reflect, arrange, and gather up facts, for science is but a collection of well-arranged truths.—*Scientific American.*

[1 The steamships which bear thousands safely over the Atlantic, have been aptly termed the "bridge of the ocean." 2 A suspension bridge supported by "cords of iron" wire extends across Niagara River, about one mile below the Falls. It is 800 feet long, 8 feet wide, and 230 feet above the river. 3 In London there is a tunnel extending *under* the river Thames. There are several tunnels in the United States, also in Europe, where railroads pass through mountains; but the largest tunnel in the world is on the Huddersfield and Manchester Railroad, in England. It is more than three miles in length, and 625 feet below the surface. 4 The Petrel is sometimes seen in stormy weather, a thousand miles from land; it is supposed to be capable of flying eight hundred miles in a day. 5 Isomeric compounds are those substances which are composed of exactly the same ingredients, in the same proportions, yet ex-

hibit different natures, as spirits of turpentine, oil of lemongrass, and oil of black pepper. Each of these contains thirty parts of carbon, and four parts of hydrogen. It is supposed that their different properties are produced by the particles combining in a different form.]—ED. STUDENT.

THE TIME TO DIE.

• WHEN would I die? When I no more
Am useful on this mortal shore;
When I no more shall feel or know
The joy to soothe another's woe;
When all my work on earth is done,
Then would I greet my spirit's home.

When would I die? I have no choice,
In Autumn's wail, or Spring's glad voice;
If I my Saviour's presence feel
When death's cold chill shall o'er me steal,
Then I would say, "Thy will be done,"
And greet with joy my spirit's home.

When would I die? When God shall will;
When through His mercy I fulfill
The mission He appoints for me,
While wafting o'er life's changeful sea;
When I the welcome goal have won,
Then would I greet my spirit's home.

When would I die? I can not say,
In winter bleak, or summer gay;
When life's brief day is in its prime,
Or when its sun shall low decline;
If through earth's pilgrimage I share
Our Father's watchful love and care.

When would I die? 'Tis naught to me;
To God I yield my destiny.
But through His grace, while here I stay,
I'll try to walk in wisdom's way;
Then, when the parting hour shall come,
With joy I'll greet my spirit's home.

Selected.

THE BIBLE.

The following excellent lines, said to have been found in Lord Byron's Bible, after his death, are supposed by many to have been written by him. Byron was not the author of them; they were composed by WALTER SCOTT.

WITHIN this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries;
Oh! happiest they of human race
To whom our God has given grace
To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way:
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.



THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE was born in Dublin, Ireland, on the 28th of May, 1780. His history is but a little more than a history of his writings. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. At the age of fourteen he wrote poetry, which was published in a magazine of his native city. The wild times of the Irish rebellion coming on, young Moore became interested in politics, and for awhile its subjects were the themes of his muse.

In his twentieth year he abandoned politics, and went to London to study law, at the Middle Temple, and also to publish his translations of *Anacreon*. In 1803 he accepted a clerkship in the Bermuda Islands, and took advantage of the occasion to make a hasty visit to the United States. On his return to England he published "Sketches of Travel and Society beyond the Atlantic." This was a *melange* of prose and verse, and may be regarded as the origin of those strains of satire upon Americans, their society and habits, which found imitators in the Hamiltons and Trollopes of more recent times.

About 1807 Moore was married to Miss

Dyke, a lady of strong sense and character, as well as great beauty and amiability. None of their children are now living. It was about the time of his marriage that he made his first acquaintance with the two poets, Byron and Campbell.

In 1812 Moore determined to write an Oriental³ poem. Accordingly, he obtained an introduction to the Messrs. Longman, who were then publishers in London, and by contract with them he was to receive three thousand guineas for the poem, not one word of which was yet written. He now retired to Mayfield Cottage, a quiet place in Derbyshire, and after a long and hard struggle with his coquettish muse, for nearly four years, he came forth with "Lalla Rookh."

During the period in which Moore was engaged in writing this poem, he published both the "Irish" and the "Sacred Melodies." These are probably the productions by which his fame will longest claim remembrance. Moore's melodies are happy in their ideas, and beautiful illustrations, and perfect in lyrical workmanship, yet some may regard it as questionable

whether they possess sufficient profoundity and earnestness to perpetuate the fame of their author. Mere beauty fades, in words as well as in matter; it is *mind*, and its noblest productions, that endure through all time.

Lalla Rookh was published in 1817, and such was the approbation it received, that it rapidly ran through several editions. The last of Moore's principal poetical works appeared in 1823, and is entitled the "Loves of the Angels." But this poem is now far oftener alluded to than read. Its words tickle like falling fountains, and its fancy floats about one like perfume, yet the whole is dreamy, lulling, and enervating.

Moore's later productions were chiefly prose, including biographies of Fitzgerald, Byron, and Sheridan, and the "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of Religion." The Epicurean is the last of his prose works, and has probably obtained a greater sale than any of the others. But during the period in which these were written the author produced many short pieces of prose and verse.

Of Moore's talents as a writer, it has been said, "He exhausts attention by being inexhaustible. His variety cloyes. The graceful ease and genial spirit which he indulges in every sentiment, prevents him from giving their full force to the masses of things. He wants intensity, strength, and grandeur. His mind glances over the surface of things. His serious descriptions are apt to run into flowery tenderness. If we follow him through the history of his various writings, we shall find him more superficial than profound, more tender than pathetic, and more graceful than energetic."

Another writer says of him, "As a song writer, he was doubtless unrivaled. His versification is exquisitely finished, harmonious, and musically toned. In grace of thought and diction, in easy, fluent wit, in melody, in brilliancy of fancy, in warmth of sentiment, and even in simplicity, no one has been superior to Moore; but in grandeur of conception, power of thought, and, above all, in unity of purpose, and a high aim, he was singularly deficient."

The easy, flowing verses of Thomas Moore were not produced without mental labor. It was his custom on returning from a dinner party, or an evening *soiree*,³ to sit down in his library and put on paper half a score or more of the scintillations that collision with other minds had enkindled in his. Such undeveloped ideas formed the chrysalis of many of his poetic productions.

To expand this chrysalis, and clothe these naked fancies with winged words, was a work of persevering industry. Few people have any idea of what the industry required for such efforts is. They know not how deeply language has to be ransacked, how often turned over, how untiringly rejected, and recalled with some new combination. Often Moore would finish only two lines in a day.

Thomas Moore led a long life, and, in many respects, a pleasant one. He was courted and flattered in society, and fluttered from one *coterie*⁴ to another. He was a lover of pleasure, and of intellectual and social refinement. His nature was to enjoy, and to amuse and be amused, rather than to struggle in a high and holy aim, with a lofty and ennobling purpose in life.

During the last twenty years the poet chiefly confined himself to his lovely country seat, Slopertown Cottage, near Devizes, England. But for several years he has been almost unknown to the world, lingering in half-slumbering unconsciousness, his intelligence gone, and his fanciful mind shrouded in mental darkness. He died on the 26th of last February, at nearly the age of seventy-two. One of his own familiar stanzas may be applied, with a slight alteration, to his departure:

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs mute on Tara's walls,
For ah ! that soul is dead."

But he has left us a rich legacy of song, "Hark ! 'tis the breeze of twilight calling;" "The last rose of summer," and "Oft in the stilly night," will long awaken sweet emotions, while in remembrance they "bring the light of other days."

[¹ *Mélange* (pronounced mélāñzh'), a mixture. ² *Oriental*, Eastern; pertaining to scenes in Asia. ³ *Soirées* (pronounced swá-rá'), an evening party of ladies and gentlemen for conversation. ⁴ *Coterie* (ko-te-ree'), a meeting for literary intercourse.]

EMPIRE OF JAPAN.

MARCO POLO, a celebrated Venetian traveler, first made known in Europe the existence of Japan. It was afterward visited by Mendez Pinto, a Portuguese, who was cast on its shores by a storm, in 1542. This mysterious country has long baffled the curiosity of foreigners, because the government of Japan is less favorable to intercourse with other nations, than that of any other country on the globe, even China not excepted.

The Dutch are the only Europeans who have the privilege of trading with the inhabitants, and they are permitted to visit only one port, that of Nangasaki. Foreigners are not allowed to settle in the country, and very seldom to even visit any place except the sea-port; hence, comparatively little is known of its internal history.

The Empire of Japan consists of three large islands—Niphon, Keooseoo, and Skokf—the superficial extent of which is estimated at 90,000 square miles. It also includes several islands of smaller dimensions. Niphon is the principal, and has a length of about nine hundred miles, and is one hundred miles in breadth. Its great capital—the city of Jeddo—has a population of more than a million and a half. The palace of the emperor is situated at Miyako, about forty miles from the sea. Including its gardens, courts, and outbuildings, it is fifteen miles in circumference, and forms a sort of miniature city.

The whole empire is divided into seven principal districts, which are subdivided into seventy provinces. The population amounts to upward of 30,000,000. It is one of the richest countries in the world, and abounds with gold, silver, and copper. The religion is Buddhist, and the government is hereditary and despotic. The revenue and forces of the empire are immense.

The climate of the country varies extremely from north to south. Rains are abundant all the year round, but especially so in the month of June and July. Violent storms and earthquakes have often been experienced. Many suppose that in

no part of the world is agriculture carried to a higher degree of perfection than in Japan. It is said that the whole country is cultivated like a garden. The raising of rice is the principal object, but wheat, barley, buckwheat, rye, beans, millet, and potatoes, are also cultivated. Turnips, carrots, melons, and cucumbers grow spontaneously.

The orchards are stocked with the fruits of southern Europe, such as oranges, lemons, figs, pears, peaches, cherries, grapes, and chestnuts. Apples are not supposed to be common among their fruits. Ginger and pepper are the principal spice-plants. The mulberry, laurel, camphor, and the shrub-tree are quite common, but the most remarkable of all is the Varnish-tree, the juice of which is used by the inhabitants to varnish their furniture.



MONGOLIAN RACE.

In their physical character, the people of Japan resemble the Chinese. Like them they belong to the Mongolian race. Their complexion is yellowish; their hair is black, straight, and shining; their heads are large, oblong, and flattened at the sides, with low foreheads, small, sunken eyes, broad, flat cheek-bones, and thick noses.

In capacity and industry the Japanese are probably superior to any other of the Asiatic nations. In literature they have made considerable progress. They study medicine, astronomy, history, poetry, and several of the natural sciences; and also possess a taste for drawing, engraving, and music.

In their manufactures and the mechanic arts, they have attained great skill. But much of this knowledge they obtained

from Europeans. They can make telescopes, thermometers, and clocks. Mr. Meyler saw a clock made as a present to the emperor in 1827, which was five feet long and three feet high. It exhibited a varied landscape and a golden sun. When striking, a bird flapped its wings, a mouse issued from a cave and climbed a mountain, and a tortoise "hastened slowly" to point the hour upon the dial.

The lacquer-ware manufactured by them is superior to that of any other country, hence the term "Japan-ware" is generally applied to it. Their copper, iron, and steel, are celebrated for purity. The manufacture of silk fabrics is also carried on by them.

The inhabitants of Japan are divided into eight classes—princes, nobles, priests, soldiers, civil officers, merchants, artizans, and laborers. All these positions and pursuits are hereditary. The son succeeds to the occupation of his father, and no amount of merit can elevate him above the class in which he was born. Woman, there, occupies a higher station than is allowed her by any other Oriental nation. She is the companion of man, and presides on all occasions of social festivity. Playing the guitar is a part of her education.

Their houses are of wood, colored white, and never exceed two stories in height. They have neither tables, beds, nor chairs, but sit and lie on carpets and mats. The language of the Japanese has some affinity to the Chinese, though it appears to have been a compound of that and other languages, derived from the various nations that first peopled these islands. Their alphabet has forty-seven letters, which are written in different forms. One form is used exclusively by the men, and another by the women.

Our government contemplates sending an expedition to Japan for the purpose of opening a commercial intercourse between that empire and the United States. President Fillmore has written a letter to the emperor, and submitted it to the Senate for approval. The mission of this Japan expedition is to be one of peace, as may be seen from the following extract from the president's letter:

"I send you this letter by an envoy of my own appointment, an officer of high

rank in his country, who is no missionary of religion. He goes by my command to bear to you my greeting and good wishes, and to promote friendship and commerce between the two countries.

"You know that the United States of America now extend from sea to sea; that the great countries of Oregon and California are parts of the United States; and that from these countries, which are rich in gold, and silver, and precious stones, our steamers can reach your happy land in less than twenty days.

"Many of our ships will now pass in every year, and some perhaps every week between California and China; these ships must pass along the coast of your empire; storms and winds may cause them to be wrecked on your shores, and we ask and expect, from your friendship and your greatness, kindness for our men, and protection for our property. We wish that our people may be permitted to trade with your people, but we shall not authorize them to break any law of your empire.

"Our object is friendly commercial intercourse, and nothing more. You may have productions which we would be glad to buy, and we have productions which might suit your people.

"Your empire contains a great abundance of coal; this is an article which our steamers, in going from California to China, must use. They would be glad that a harbor in your empire would be appointed, to which coal might be brought, and where they might always be able to purchase it."

RELATION BETWEEN ANIMALS AND PLANTS.*

BY EDWARD L. YOUMANS.

THE act of respiration in animals completes that wonderful circle of organic life, in which mineral matter is taken up by plants, organized and transferred to animals, by which its organization is destroyed, and its elements returned again to the inorganic world. From the simplest materials—two gases (carbonic acid and ammonia), and one liquid (water), containing dissolved a few salts—that arch-chem-

* From "Youmans' Class-Book of Chemistry."

ist, the sun, through the agency of light and heat, creates the vast world of organization.

Green vegetables constitute the laboratory in which this combining and constructive process is driven forward; and the substances produced, although simple in composition, exhibit the infinite resources of nature in the endless variety of their properties.

The plant having fulfilled its grand office, in a series of formative changes which result in organization, the animal, which is formed entirely from matter thus organized, exhibits a series of completely inverse phenomena. By the all-destroying activity of oxygen, operating through the respiratory mechanism, the work of the plant is undone, the great function of the animal being performed through the breaking up of vital affinities, and the reduction of organized compounds to that condition of simplicity in which they are fitted again to serve for the nutrition of plants.

In all their peculiar actions and effects, plants and animals have a relation of distinct antagonism. Their movements take place in contrary directions, and by different and hostile forces. The French chemists contrast the opposing actions, in a very clear and pleasing way, as follows:

THE VEGETABLE

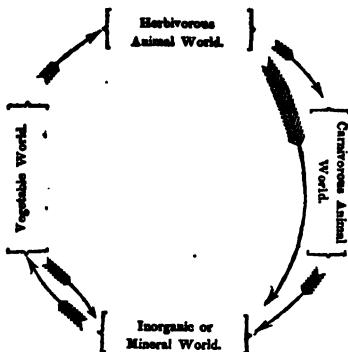
Produces the neutral nitrogenized substances, fatty substances, sugar, starch, and gum.
Decomposes carbonic acid, water, and ammoniacal salts.
Dissengages oxygen.
Absorbs heat and electricity.
Is an apparatus of deoxidation.
Is stationary.

THE ANIMAL

Consumes the neutral nitrogenized substances, fatty substances, sugar, starch, and gum.
Produces carbonic acid, water, and ammoniacal salts.
Absorbs oxygen.
Produces heat and electricity.
Is an apparatus of oxidation.
Is locomotive.

The relations of the several departments of organic nature to each other, and to the inorganic world, may perhaps be made clear by the aid of a diagram. The direction of the arrows indicates the course of matter. From the inorganic world, directly or indirectly, all living things originate, and to it they all return. From the mineral world, matter can pass only to the vegetable kingdom. A part of this returns by natural decay to the inorganic world, while another portion is consumed by herbivorous animals, and forms the fab-

ric of their bodies. Some of the herbivorous animals die, are decomposed, and



fall back into inorganic nature, while others are devoured by carnivorous animals, and converted into their structure. The carnivora in their turn perish, rot, and are dissolved, like the rest, into gases and earthly elements.

Such is the mysterious round of organization of which this globe is the scene. It consists of an eternal cycle—an ever-recurring series of changes, in which destruction is co-ordinate with creation, and the contest between life and death is a drawn-battle.

It has been inferred, from geological considerations, that the present harmonious adjustment between the two great orders of organized beings has not existed from the period of their first advent upon the globe. At the time of the deposit of the coal, there is no evidence of the existence of land, or air-breathing animals, upon the earth: their remains are not to be found, either in this or any of the preceding geological formations. But vegetation at this time had made great progress, as the existence of the coal-beds proves.

It is supposed that the excessive growth of vegetation which then took place, and the total absence of air-breathing animals, are to be accounted for by the same fact—namely, a vastly larger proportion of carbonic acid in the atmosphere than exists in it now. If such were the case, the higher animals certainly could not live, while the condition must have been favorable for a luxuriant development of plants.

But when the atmosphere was partially

purged of its poisonous element, by the withdrawal of that portion of its carbon which was deposited in the earth as coal, the cold-blooded *reptiles* made their appearance upon the earth; which, from their sluggish circulation and imperfect respiration, may live without inconvenience in an atmosphere highly charged with impurities. As the growth of vegetation continued, which is shown by later deposits of brown coal (lignite), the atmosphere gradually became more pure, and was at length fitted for the reception of the higher warm-blooded animals.

But to whatever extent the earth's atmosphere may have been subject to mutation in the earlier epochs of its history, we have the clearest evidence that, in relation to plants and animals, its constitution is now of the most stable nature. Its permanence depends upon a great principle of self-adjustment, which springs from the relations of the two worlds of organization; so that no fatal disturbance can occur, unless the present order of things is subverted by a direct intervention of the Almighty Will.

CAMPHOR.

THIS well-known substance is a vegetable gum, which is obtained from a tree found in Japan and China. It exists in every part of the tree, in the roots, stems, branches, and leaves. The gum is obtained by cutting these into pieces sufficiently small to be thrown into an iron vessel, and boiled with water.

This iron vessel has an earthen-ware cover, which is lined with straw. As the water boils the camphor rises with the steam, and condenses on the straw, in small, grayish crystals. These are picked off, and constitute what is called crude, or rough camphor, and resembles moist sugar. In this crude state the gum is brought to Europe, where it is refined and prepared for use.

The process of refining camphor consists in placing the crude substance in thin glass globes, with a little lime and bone-black, or charcoal, and then exposing it to heat by placing the globes in boiling water

or a heated oven. By this means the camphor evaporates, and collects again upon the upper part of the vessel. When this process is completed, the glass is cracked by pouring cold water upon it while hot, and the cake of camphor is removed.

Camphor, when thus refined, is in round cakes, convex on one side, and concave on the other, and generally with a hole in the center. Each cake weighs about two pounds. These are wrapped in strong, blue paper, and about two hundred and fifty cakes, or five hundred pounds, are packed in one vessel. In this condition it is exported, and appears in market. The principal camphor refineries are in England, Germany, and Venice.

From the camphor tree found in Borneo and Sumatra, the gum is not obtained by distillation, as described above. It exists in a solid state, with camphor oil, in that part of the tree which corresponds with the place for the pith. If the tree is tapped when young, nothing but oil flows out, but in time a portion of this oil assumes the solid form of a gum.

The camphor oil is extracted by making an incision into the heart of the tree. When the oil has thus been obtained, if it be suspected that camphor gum exists in the cavity of the heart, the tree is felled and cut into logs about six feet in length, which are then split, and the camphor gum taken out. Sometimes pieces are found a foot and a half in length, and nearly as large as a man's arm.

The camphor tree grows spontaneously in its native forest, and is among the tallest trees found there. Some have been known to exist which would measure five or six feet in diameter. A tree of a moderate size will yield about eleven pounds of gum, while a very large one may produce twice that quantity. The camphor obtained from the interior of the tree is called Maylay, or "head camphor." There is an inferior article procured by scraping the wood which surrounds the cavity in the heart of the tree, which is called "foot camphor."

The Borneo and Sumatra camphor is nearly white like chalk, but it has the same smell and taste as that from Japan and

China. It is also less volatile and transparent than that obtained by distillation. The Borneo camphor is esteemed so highly, even in the market of Japan, that two hundred pounds of the gum obtained in the latter country have been given in exchange for one hundred pounds of the former. The camphor oil is prized very highly in the East. It is not sent to Europe as an article of commerce.

Camphor is so volatile, that by exposure to the air it is entirely volatilized, or lost in vapor, and leaves no residuum. It floats on water, but will not dissolve in it, except in a very small quantity. A singular effect takes place when small shavings of camphor are thrown on the surface of perfectly clean water. The pieces begin to move rapidly, some turning round on their center, and others moving from place to place. The cause of these motions has not been explained.

Experiments, well adapted to develop several ideas, may be made with camphor. For instance, a small portion placed in water will show its sparing solubility in that liquid. Another portion may be

placed in alcohol, and it will be almost immediately dissolved. If small pieces of it be placed in a spoon, and held over the flame of a candle, it first melts, then rapidly volatilizes, thus showing its fusibility and volatility. If brought in contact with the flame, it burns with a bright, smoky blaze, and thus exhibits its inflammability.

Camphor has a very strong and aromatic smell, and a warm, pungent taste. On account of this strong odor, it is much used for preserving clothes and cabinets from moths and insects. Few insects can endure its odor, and though it does not destroy them, yet they dislike it so much that they will not frequent the situations where it is placed.

From its strong smell the idea has arisen that it will prevent the taking of infectious diseases. Frequently it is carried by persons under this supposition. But this is believed to be more hurtful than beneficial, as its effects on the system, though at first stimulating, become at length depressing, thereby rendering the disease feared more liable to be taken.

Manufacture of Iron.—Vol. 1.

ITS USES AND APPLICATIONS.

BY DR. J. R. HOWARD.

IRON has been well called the most useful of all metals; and hence it is more generally diffused throughout the world than any other. There is hardly any region of the earth in which it is not found. And in some places the supply exists in such abundance that it seems inexhaustible. This is a most wise provision in the Creator, and an evidence of His beneficence and regard for the wants and necessities of man.

This metal is not only abundant, but it exists in those situations where it least interferes with the cultivation of the soil, and where the means for changing it into a form fit for use are usually convenient.

Not only is iron the most useful, but it

is really the most valuable of all metals, if its value be estimated by its utility. Some may call gold and silver the most valuable, because they are the most precious metals; but their value is only representative in character, and not real in utility, like iron. Apart from their representative value they can hardly be compared with iron for real utility. As to their real and necessary uses, the world could do without gold and silver as easily as without the luxuries of life; but it is not so with iron.

Iron is necessary, in some of its forms, to almost every employment of life. There is hardly a single branch of business that could proceed without it. The mechanic

could not dispense with it, for it forms the most necessary part of all his tools. The farmer could not do without it, for it constitutes an essential part of almost every utensil which he uses.

The manufacturer is compelled to have it, in order to produce his fabrics from the raw material. Without its aid the surgeon can not perform his operations; nor the dentist work upon the teeth. The lady can not do her cutting and sewing without its assistance; for her scissors and needle are made from it. And even the writer now generally uses it in the pen that he wields.

In some shape, iron enters into almost every thing that is made or used. It forms nails, locks, latches, bolts and bars. It is found on the roof, in the floor, and on the doors of almost every house. Without its aid, what would the ship, or steam-boat, or railway car, be or do? It not only constitutes a large proportion of the material from which the car is constructed, but it forms its track, and guides its course.

The various kinds of implements made from it are almost without number. It holds together the saddle on which we ride, forms a part of the bridle, and protects the hoofs of our steed. It strengthens the carriages in which we ride, and forms the springs which add so much to our comfort. We even wear it about our person in the form of buckles and buttons.

Such are some of the various uses of iron. And we now design to describe, in succeeding numbers of *The Student*, the processes by which this metal is changed from the ore, or the state in which it is found in nature, into the forms ready for use.



MUSICAL EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

IN visiting the school at Schwalbach, the first room we came to was that of the girls, who were all learning astronomy. A strange preparation, thought I, for the after-life of a Nassau female. Who would think that the walking masses one meets every day in the fields and lanes, would be able to tell whether the earth moved round the sun, or the sun round the earth, or if

the moon were any bigger than their own reaping-hooks?

We asked the master to allow us to hear them sing. Great was the delight of the little maidens when this request was made known. There was an universal brightening of faces and shuffling of leaves; the pedagogue took down an old violin from a peg where it hung, and accompanied their sweet voices in a pretty, simple air, which they sung in parts, and from the notes.

The next room was full of little boys between six and eight years of age. They sang a hymn for us, the simple words of which were very touching. As I stood behind one dear little fellow, hardly higher than the table, I understood how it was that the Germans were a nation of musicians, and that, in listening to the rude songs of the peasants at their work, the ear is never shocked by the drawling, untaught style of the same class of people in our country.

From the time they are able to lisp, they are made to sing by note. My little friend in the ragged blouse, and all the other children, had the music, as well as the words they were singing, in their hands, written on sheets of paper. They followed the time as correctly as possible, marking with their little fingers on the page the crotchets, quavers, rests, etc.

At Leipsic, during my observations at the window one evening, I saw a group of little boys playing in the grass-plot outside. They were all poor, and a few stockingless, and were engaged in some uproarious game, when in the middle of it, the little urchins burst into the most harmonious melody, each taking his part, soprano, tenor, bass, etc., with exquisite correctness. I saw them jump up, and linking each other's arms in true schoolboy fashion, sally down the street, vociferating their song in such time and tune, that, but for my initiation into the mystery at the Schwalbach school, I should have stared at them as so many little wonders.—*Souvenirs of a Summer in Germany.*

—♦—
“Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
Our griefs, when divided, are hushed into peace.”

Coats of Arms, or State Seals.—No. 26.



MISSOURI.

THE Coat of Arms of the State of Missouri are represented on a circular escutcheon, divided by a perpendicular line into two equal portions. On the right side, on a red field, is the grizzly bear of Missouri, walking cautiously. Above this device, and separated from it, is an azure field, on which is represented a silver crescent. On the left of the escutcheon, on a white field, are the Arms of the United States.

For the crest a silvery star appears above the shield, representing the State of Missouri. The supporters consist of a grizzly bear on each side of the escutcheon, in the posture of an attack, standing on a scroll, inscribed with the motto, *salus populi, suprema lex esto*—“The public safety is the supreme law.” Under the scroll are the numeral letters, *M.DCCC.XX*, the date of the admission of Missouri into the Union. Around the border of the seal are the words, **THE GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI.**

The State of Missouri lies north of Arkansas, south of the Iowa, and between

Illinois on the east and the Indian Territory on the west. The Mississippi River forms its eastern boundary, and the Missouri River passes through the central portion of the state, and bounds it on the northwest. The state is about 300 miles in length, from north to south, and 280 miles in breadth. It contains 67,380 square miles.

Missouri was settled at St. Genevieve, about the year 1763, by French from New Orleans. In 1764 a settlement was made where St. Louis now stands. This territory was originally a portion of Louisiana, as purchased by the United States in 1803. It was admitted into the Union as a state in 1821.

The state has generally a surface delightfully rolling and variegated, sometimes rising into picturesque hills, and then stretching far away into the sea of prairie, occasionally interspersed with shady groves and sparkling streamlets. This state can not be called mountainous. The climate is serene and temperate, and well suited to out-door employment.

Missouri is rich in minerals. About fifty miles southwest of St. Genevieve are situated the celebrated Iron Mountains. They are composed of micaceous oxide of iron, and yield about eighty per cent. of pure metal. One of these mountains rises 350 feet above the surrounding plain, and is a mile and a half across its summit. Five miles south of this is another pyramidal mountain, known as the Pilot Knob. It is 300 feet high, and a mile and a half in circumference at its base.

Washington County is a bed of metallic treasures. It contains lead, copper, copperas, iron, black lead, chalk, brimstone, cornelian, and other precious stones; also free-stone, grind-stone, and burr-stone. The products of this state consist of tobacco, cotton, hemp, corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, and the grasses. Large quantities of horses, mules, horned cattle, sheep, and hogs are raised annually for exportation.

Some of the inhabitants have a singular mode of yoking their oxen. It is done by tying a straight piece of wood against the lower part of the horns. They say that this process saves the whole power of the animal; while in using the yoke bound to the neck, and drawn back to the shoulders, the strength of the head and neck is lost. In many parts of this state rocks and stones are so rare that the inhabitants call small stones rocks, and it is common to hear them speak of throwing rocks at birds.

Missouri is divided into 101 counties, and contains a population of 682,044 inhabitants. Its capital is Jefferson City, situated on the south bank of the Missouri River, and has a population of about 4,000. St. Louis is the largest city in the state, and the commercial emporium of the West. It is situated on the Mississippi River, 18 miles below its junction with the Missouri, and about 1,200 miles above New Orleans. The population is about 83,000.

No inland city is better located for an extensive commerce. Already its trade amounts to nearly one half as much as the whole foreign commerce of the United States. About 1,000 flat-boats arrive there annually; and the aggregate tonnage of the steamboats which ply between this city and other river towns, amounts to 500,000

tons. Its inhabitants, though the largest number are Americans, comprise men of all nations.

This state has done but little for the support of education, but as it increases in population it is probable that the means for intellectual improvement will receive more attention. There are about 20,000 white adults in the state, who are unable to read or write. The elections of Missouri are held the first Monday in August, and the Legislature meets the last Monday in December, once in two years. The governor is chosen for four years, and has a salary of \$2,000.

THE CROP OF ACORNS.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THERE came a man in days of old
To hire a piece of land for gold,
And urged his suit in accents meek;
“*One crop alone* is all I seek;
That harvest o'er, my claim I'll yield,
And to its lord resign the field.”

The owner some misgivings felt,
And coldly with the stranger dealt,
But found his last objection fail,
And honeyed eloquence prevail:
So took the proffered price in hand,
And for *one crop* leased out the land.
The wily tenant sneered with pride,
And sowed the spot with acorns wide.
At first like tiny shoots they grew,
Then broad and wide their branches threw,
But long before those oaks sublime,
Aspiring reached their forest prime,
The cheated landlord moldering lay,
Forgotten, with his kindred clay.
O ye, whose years unfolding fair
Are fresh with youth, and free from care,
Should vice or indolence desire
The garden of your souls to hire,
No parley hold—reject the suit,
Nor let one seed the soil pollute.

My child, their first approach beware;
With firmness break the insidious snare,
Lest as the acorns grew and thronged
Into a sun-excluding grove,
Thy sins, a dark o'ershadowing tree,
Shut out the light of heaven from thee.

Selected.

Youth's Department.

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, to fix
The generous purpose, and the noble thought.

RULES OF CONDUCT.

LETTER TO A BOY ON LEAVING HOME FOR SCHOOL.

THE following letter is copied from a paper called "The Child's Friend." Though addressed to one who was going far from home to attend school, it contains good rules of conduct and advice for others.

Boys and girls feel happiest when they act right; and they love to have their parents pleased with what they do. Now here are some rules to tell you how to act right, and if you will remember to follow them, you can please your parents, and make yourselves happy by being good children.

MY DEAR SON:—You are now eleven years old, and, to-morrow morning, are to leave home for school. If you should get into trouble, you will not be able to ask your parents, nor your brothers or sisters, what to do. You will have to judge and act for yourself. I shall be very anxious about you, and anxious, above all, that you should always do what is right.

You will often be tempted in ways which I can not foresee; but there are certain rules of conduct which it will always be important for you to follow. I shall now write them down, with the request that you will read them over every Sunday morning, and consider how far you have followed them.

Let nothing tempt you to tell an untruth. To tell a lie is generally as mean and cowardly as it is wicked. If you have done any thing wrong, no matter how severe the punishment, never

try to conceal it by a lie. Tell the truth, and the whole truth, no matter what the consequences.

I do not mean that you should tell tales of others. Be silent about the faults of others; but never tell an untruth to hide your own. Keep an open heart, so that you need not be ashamed to look others full in the face. And, that you may not be tempted to tell a lie, try never to do what you would be ashamed to have known.

Be disinterested. Be always willing to give up a pleasure for the sake of another's advantage. If the question is whether you or a companion shall enjoy something, and only one can have it, give it to him. A greedy and grasping boy, always afraid lest he should not have his share, always thinking of how much he can get, and looking with envy on those who have what he wants, is a very miserable creature.

Especially be generous toward those who are not as well off as yourself, toward those that are younger or weaker, or who, without any fault of theirs, are overlooked and neglected.

Do not associate with bad boys, and never let any one persuade you to do wrong. In any matter of mere pleasure, be ready to give up your share to any one who is anxious to have it. Be generous, and kind, and considerate toward others.

In regard to your studies, I want you to form three habits.

First—*When you study, study as hard as you can.* Do the most you can in the shortest space of time.

Secondly—*Whatever you learn, learn thoroughly: be it little or much, learn it thoroughly.*

Thirdly—*If you have several lessons to get, learn the hardest first.* If possible, begin the day with learning the hardest lesson. You will feel better and brighter for it all the day, and every thing else will be comparatively easy. These three rules may seem very simple to you; but I would rather have you follow them, till they become habits, than possess all the mines of California.

Your mother has given you a Bible, which I hope you will read for her sake, as well as your own. One other thing I want you to do. Every morning, when you wake, think of God, who has preserved you through the night, and begin the day with asking His blessing and guidance. And at night, when you go to bed, think whether you have done any thing wrong; and, if so, ask the forgiveness of God, and seek His help, that you may do better in time to come.

There will not be a night or morning when your parents will not pray that God will bless their absent boy. And when you pray to Him, think of those who love you, and whom you have left behind, at home.

I might give you a great many more rules, and I might make these much longer, and more particular; but I give only a few, in order that you may better remember and follow them. There can be none more important to you; and if you really try to follow them, I shall not be much concerned about other things.

One thing more. *Whether you do right or wrong, is to depend mainly on yourself.* I ask you to read over these rules at certain regular times, in order that you may know whether you are following them or not. You need not talk about them to others. This is something for yourself. I want you

to form the habit of doing right, without talking about it, and whether others do it or not. Do it because it is right, because it will gratify your parents, and above all, because it is what God would have you do.

Remember that He always beholds you; that He will help you, if you sincerely seek His help; and that, if you do what He approves, it is of very little consequence whether you have the praise or blame of your companions.

That He who is over us all may bless and keep you is the earnest prayer, my dear child, of

Your affectionate father,

E. P.

FUN NOT CONFINED TO MAN.

THE following interesting paragraph, from a work entitled "Passions of Animals," shows that man is not the only creature that enjoys amusement:

Many small birds chase each other about in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in an eccentric manner, and throws somersets. The Americans call it the mad bird, on account of these singularities. The crane expands its wings, runs round in circles, leaps, and throwing little stones and pieces of wood in the air, endeavors to catch them again, and pretends to avoid them, as if afraid.

Water-birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water, with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing an abundant spray around. Deer often engage in a sham battle, or a trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery.

All animals that pretend violence in their play, stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the orang-outang, in wrestling with his

keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him.

Some animals carry out in play the semblance of catching their prey; young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewed by the autumn wind; they crouch and steal forward ready for the spring, the body quivering, and the tail vibrating with emotion; they bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another.

Young lambs collect together on the little hillocks and eminences in their pastures, racing and sporting with each other in the most interesting manner.

Birds of the pie kind, like monkeys, are full of mischief, play, and mimicry. There is a story told of a tame magpie, that was seen busily employed in a garden, gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air, throwing them in a hole about eighteen inches deep, made to receive a post. After dropping each stone, it cried "currack!" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in this hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

BY E. P. HALL.

Keep your temper—one short word
Hearts with agony has stirred;
Ties that years could not have riven,
Scattered to the winds of heaven.

Keep your temper—glances speak,
Bounding pulse and blanching cheek;
Yea, a thought not yet expressed,
May create a wounded breast.

Keep your temper—smiles of love
Come, like angels, from above,
Whisper welcome to our ears,
Like the music of the spheres.

Keep your temper—gentle minds
Are the treasures—he who finds
Hath the "fairest of the fair"—
Fortune's ruling voice is there.



HOME IN THE COUNTRY.

HERE is a picture of a home in the country. It is a warm, sunny day in June. The old man, whom you see sitting by the tree, has been walking out in his fields to look at the growing grain, and is now resting himself in the cooling shade.

Near him sits a faithful dog, that is always ready to accompany his kind master. Between his shady resting-place and the house, there flows a lovely brook, which is crossed by a narrow foot-bridge. The water is not deep, and cattle and horses can walk through it.

The house is surrounded by trees, shrubbery, and flowers, and abundantly furnished with the comforts of life. It has long been the home of this good old man, and he loves it more than any other spot on earth.

His children have grown up, and are all settled in life. One son went to the far west, bought him a farm, and now has a comfortable and happy home of his own. Another learned the carpenter's trade, and went to live in a village, a few miles distant.

One daughter was married to a clergyman, and now resides with her husband in a distant city. A son still lives at home, and takes care of his aged parents.

Before the door are a couple of boys.

One of them is rolling his hoop. These are the grandchildren of the old man. They are the sons of his daughter who resides in the city, and have now come into the country to remain during the hot weather of summer.

They are very happy when the time comes for them to go and "visit grand-ma," and "grand-pa," as they call them. They love the country dearly. There they wander by the winding brook, sometimes sailing their little boats on its bosom, and at others trying to catch the sparkling trout that glide through its waters.

Who does not love the country in summer? But to know all its delights one must be there. There he can behold the bright, spreading sky, the tall trees, the fields of grain and grass, and the lovely flowers.

We pity children who must stay all summer, shut up by the brick walls of a city. How their young spirits would rejoice, and the glow of health beam on their cheeks, could they but ramble free in the country, and listen to the songs of birds, and go out among the fresh flowers.

Thousands of our young readers live in the country, and can enjoy its pure air, and beautiful landscapes. Some of them ramble over the wide prairie; some climb the lofty mountains. They can hear singing birds, and listen to the refreshing sounds of the streamlet as it ripples over its stony bed.

There are many enjoyments for the young in the country, that children of cities know but little about. Yet we sometimes see boys and girls who have always lived in the country, that seem to hardly find any beauty in flowers, or pleasure in the babbling brook, or delight in the songs of birds. Perhaps this is because no one has taught them to love these beauties of nature.

How is it with you, my little reader? Do you love the blue-bird, the robin, the swallow, the sparrow, and all the pretty singing birds? Do you love the playful

lambs, the gentle cow, the faithful dog, the fond cat, and the noble horse? Do you love the flowers, the meadow lawns, the pastures, the fields of waving grain, the shady grove, the purling brook, the clear blue sky, the hill, the valley, and all the works of God?

If you love these, you must be happy. We love them, and the boys and girls who are fond of such things. If you like the country, we think you will be pleased with the following verses, which we have selected for those who love the works of nature.

THE COUNTRY.

"I LOVE the country and the fields,
Where I may widely stray; .
I love to sit beside the brook,
When sunbeams o'er it play.

"And when the summer sky is bright,
Beneath some pleasant shade
I love to go and sit alone—
I do not feel afraid.

"There is one pleasant little spot
Which more than all I prize,
A grassy bank beneath a tree,
Which cool and sheltered lies.

"And near me, dancing o'er the stones,
A little brook runs by,
Where shadows from the summer leaves
Half veil the azure sky.

"And still I do not feel alone,
Though no one else is near,
For little birds with cheerful songs
Delight my listening ear.

"And butterflies with golden wings
Upon the flowers alight,
And million insects sport and play,
Rejoicing in the light.

"The birds and flowers, like pleasant friends
Seem fondly gathering near;
I see their kind and gentle looks,
Their cheerful voices hear.

"I can not feel alone, for He
Who made the earth so fair,
The God my eyes can not behold,
I know and feel is there."



THE RUFF.

BIRDS of this genus belong to the sand-piper family; a class of birds that wade in the margin of streams and lakes, and frequent marshy places. The ruff is an inhabitant of Europe. During the approach of cold weather in autumn, it migrates from its northern summer haunts to a warmer climate, and returns again in spring.

This bird is about one foot long, and of great variety of colors. Sometimes a hundred may be caught without finding any two with the same color and marks. It is only the male bird that possesses the collar around the neck. And he does not acquire that ornament till the second season. Before that period it is difficult to distinguish the male from the female.

This collar is composed of long feathers, strong, and thickly set, which may be bristled up in a moment when the bird is angry, or is preparing for a combat. At the time of molting, which takes place about the end of June, these feathers are shed, but the ruff appears again the following spring.

The male bird is called the Ruff, and the female the Reeve. Some naturalists have given them the name of "Combatant," because of their fighting char-

acter. The propensity to fight belongs chiefly to the male, and is manifested most during the season of building nests.

These birds usually take up their abode in marshes, where they build their nests and rear their young. As soon as they arrive at the place for their summer abode, each male selects a dry or grassy spot in the marsh, about which he runs round and round until it is trodden bare, apparently trying to attract a reeve to take possession with him.

It frequently happens that there are more ruffs than reeves, and as soon as the female birds arrive in the vicinity of these chosen spots, the anger and jealousy of each male bird is highly aroused, and a general fight ensues. Sometimes these contests are of long continuance. When at length victory has been decided, the females remain the companions of the conquerors.

During these affrays the reeves usually retire from the battle-ground, but remain so near that their cries may be heard by the combatants, and these increase the ardor of the rivals. Bird-catchers watch their movements, and during these battles ensnare them in great numbers.

The meat of the ruff is highly prized

as a delicious article of food. When these birds have been captured alive, they are usually shut up for about two weeks, and fed on boiled wheat, and bread and milk, mixed with hemp-seed. By this means they soon become very fat.

The reeves build their nests early in May. These are made in small holes in the ground, among green grass, or near the margin of a morass. They lay four eggs, which are of an ashy-white color, marked with brown spots.

SPRING RAINS.

BY MRS. E. M. GUTHRIE.

PATTER, patter, falls the rain,
On the fields of springing grain;
Patter, patter, on the trees,
Bending graceful to the breeze;
Patter on the humble flowers,
Ever grateful for the showers.
Whisper, whisper, to the rose,
As the soft wind gently blows;
Dimple, dimple, on the rill,
Flowing down the pebbly hill;
Sinking silent in the ground,
Breathing life and freshness round.
But for thee, thou sweet spring rain!
Sun-warmth would be worse than vain,
To the parched and thirsting flowers,
Drooping suppliant to the showers.
But with thee it calleth forth
All the fairy gifts of earth.
First ye rouse the tender grass,
Springing green, as south winds pass;
Now appears May's wild-wood train,
Exorcised by sun and rain.
On the leaves where frost-work clung,
Scarlet tassels now are hung;
Budding orchards, too, display
Fragrant blossoms fresh and gay;
Then comes forth the leaves so green,
Mellowing all the brilliant scene;
Now the garden rich in beauty,
Opes its treasures true to duty:
June then spreads a couch of roses
Where at last bright spring reposes.
Patter, patter on sweet showers,
Ushers of rich fruits and flowers.

Letter Writing.—No. 1.

THE DATE AND ADDRESS.

LETTER writing is one of the most useful and important branches of education. No matter what the position in society, or what the business occupations, all persons, young and old, have occasion to write letters. Notwithstanding this is an accomplishment possessing almost innumerable advantages, and one productive of much social happiness, it receives but comparatively little attention as a part of school instruction.

Nearly two years ago we published a few remarks on letter writing, and from the approbation expressed concerning those, we have concluded to take up the subject again, and treat it in a more familiar manner. Our design will be to point out some of the common errors found in letters, and to show how to avoid them.

If, in doing this, we talk about some of the letters that have been written to us, we hope our young friends will not feel aggrieved; for we do it to benefit you as well as others. And if we point out your errors you may then correct them and improve in letter writing.

Besides, we shall not tell your names, so that no one who reads these criticisms will know whether we are writing about a letter from you, or one from James, or Herman, or Eliza, or Helen. Our aim will be to present the errors so plainly that our readers will not forget to avoid them.

The first thing to be written, when commencing a letter, is the *date*. This consists of the name of the place, or post-office, where the writer is, and the day of the month and year. With the name of the place should always be given the name of the state; and if the place be not a city, the name of the county also. This is a very important part of business letters.

Suppose we have received a letter dated *Washington, May 5, 1852*, which contains a dollar, and requests us to send William Brown *The Student*, for one year. Now, how can our publishers know where Mr. Brown resides, since there are no less than *twenty-six* post-offices in the United States, named *Washington*?

They can not tell whether he wishes *The Student* sent to *Washington, D. C.*, or *Washington, Alabama*, or *Washington, Texas*, or *Washington, Iowa*, or *Washington, Maine*, or to one of the twenty other *Washingtons* in the Union. But if William Brown had only informed us that the *Washington* he meant was in *Guernsey County*, in the State of *Ohio*, by writing the date in this manner—*Washington, Guernsey Co., O., May 5, 1852*—the publishers would have known at once where to send *The Student*, and thus saved Mr. Brown from disappointment, and the trouble of writing again.

If our readers knew how many letters are received every day, in the city of *New York* alone, which are just as faulty as the one from William Brown, it seems that not one of them would again forget to write the name of the *county* and *state* in every one sent by them.

Among the letters now lying before us, there are no less than *ten*, all received within a few months, not one of which has the name of either the county or state given in the date. Who are these careless writers? Some of them have informed us that they are “keeping school.”

Next after the *date* comes the *complimentary address*. This usually consists of something similar to the following: *Sir, Dear Sir, Mr. Editor, Dear Friend, My dear Father, My dear Cousin*; or if to a married lady who is not a relative, *Madam, or Dear Madam*, and if an unmarried lady, *Miss Wilson, Dear Miss Foster, or Dear Maria*, etc., according to the different degrees of intimacy.

Just look at the address of a letter from Henry. He commences in this style:

“*Mistur editur deer sur.*”

What a compliment! Now we wish Henry, and all the rest of the boys and girls who write us letters, to remember that we are not a “wild animal.” We walk on two legs instead of four; besides, we could not jump far enough to be called a *deer*.

Henry meant to do well, but he spelled his words wrong, and did not use capital letters where they were required. This is the way he should have written it:

Mr. Editor,
Dear Sir,

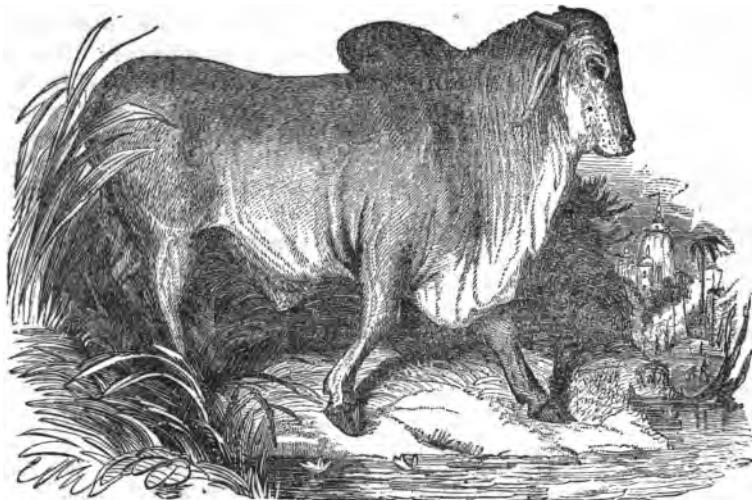
Having told you how the *date* and *complimentary address* should be written, we will now show you on what part of the sheet these belong. The date should be placed near the right hand, upper corner of the paper; and if it be a long one it is better to write the name of the place, county, and state in one line, and the month, day, and year in another, directly under it.

The address should be placed one line below the date, and near the left hand side of the sheet. The relative positions of these may be better understood from the following:

Castile, Wyoming Co., N. Y.
May 12, 1852.

Dear Sir,

We have not the space in this number for all we wish to say about letter writing, so we shall take up the subject again. Should our readers feel sufficiently interested, we may continue these articles till we have pointed out the most common errors found in letters, giving a few suggestions about what should be said in them, and how that should be written; also describe the style of closing them, places of signature and address, folding, and superscription.



INDIAN OX, OR ZEBU.

THIS variety of the ox tribe is a native of southern Asia. It is also found in Africa, but there it is usually smaller than the zebu inhabiting Asia. Its common size is about the same as that of the domestic ox of America.

The general color of the body of these animals is dun, or an ashy-gray, while the dewlap, or loose part beneath the neck, also the legs and under part of the body are of a cream color. Some are entirely white. These sell for the highest prices.

The most striking peculiarity of the zebu is the large lump on the shoulder. This sometimes weighs as much as fifty pounds. The flesh of this part is esteemed a great luxury for the table. Some of them are without horns, while others have short ones like the cow.

Being very gentle, and even more docile than the common ox, these animals are used not only to draw the plow and wagon, but to ride with the saddle, like horses. Though not very quick in their movements, yet they are

swifter than our ox, and are used in India to draw coaches and other carriages, as horses are in this country.

They trot and gallop when traveling, and will perform a journey of twenty or twenty-five miles in a day. They are not guided by the means of a bit in the mouth, like the horse, but by a cord, which passes through the nose, from one nostril to the other.

Sometimes they are dressed out in a splendid manner by the rich. A number of small bells are fastened around their necks, which jingle as the animals move, affording to the natives an agreeable sound. In India beautiful specimens of these animals are selected by the priests, who pay them special veneration.

They are held sacred by the Hindoos, who even regard it a crime to kill them, yet do not object to work them. Some, however, are considered so sacred, that they are allowed to lead an easy life, wandering about, taking their pleasure and food wherever they are disposed.

For Children.

"To aid the mind's development, and watch
The dawn of little thoughts."



JANE HEATH AND HER PET LAMB.

BY M. C. ALLIS.

JANE HEATH was a little girl who had seen eight summers. Her parents lived in a rude farm-house in the country. She had one little sister younger than herself, and three brothers older.

William, her eldest brother, worked for Mr. Hawley, one of their neighbors. One day, early in the spring, he found a little lamb in the field, which was so feeble it could not stand.

Mr. Hawley told William he might take it home and give it to his sister Jane, if she would take care of it.

As he went home at night he took the lamb in his arms, and carried it to Jane, and told her what Mr. Hawley said.

Jane was very glad to have the lamb; she made a soft place for it to lie, and then fed it some warm milk, with a little spoon.

In a few days it became so strong that it could play in the yard, and would follow Jane when she walked about.

She called her pet Bessie. She loved it very much, and Bessie became very fond of Jane. Some days they would play together for hours.

One day a gentleman who lived in the village, about two miles distant, came along, and seeing Jane playing with little Bessie, asked her how much she would sell it for.

Jane did not like the idea of parting

with her pet, and she threw her arms around its neck and held it tightly.

The man told her he would give her one dollar for Bessie. But Jane felt so bad at the thought of parting with her pet, that the man went away.

Jane kept Bessie till the cold weather of autumn came on, then Mr. Hawley took it and kept it with his sheep until spring.

Next spring a man came to buy some sheep of Mr. Hawley. He saw Bessie, and when he heard how little Jane had taken care of it, he said if she would sell it, he would give her two dollars, for Bessie was very large.

Jane wanted some money to buy school-books, so she told the man he might take her sheep. With a part of the money she bought a new spelling-book, a reader, a slate and pencil, an arithmetic, and a geography.

The balance of the money she gave to her mother to keep till she should need some more books. Jane now attends school, and is very industrious; she learns her lessons well, and is the best scholar in her class.

“I CAN’T DO IT.”

BY ALBERT.

MANY little boys and girls are in the habit of saying—“I can’t do it,” when told by their parents to do some trivial thing. A very naughty habit is this, truly.

I heard a little boy (not so very little, however, for he was most nine years old), when asked by his mother to bring her in a little wood, say—“I can’t do it.”

His mother said to him again very pleasantly—“I think you can, James, if you try.”

“No, I *can’t*, mother, and I don’t want to—I wan’t Robert to do it.”

“Robert is helping his father at the barn, and you can do it just as well, as to have him called,” said his mother.

“Well you make *me* do every thing,” boo-hooed James, starting for the wood-house, and slamming the door after him.

After a long time James returned with a basket of wood as full as he could get it. “I thought you couldn’t bring in wood, James,” said his mother.

“Well, I didn’t want to; and Robert must bring the *next* basket full,” replied James, pettishly.

How many little boys and girls are like James. When told to do some light chores, they have a habit of saying—“I *can’t* do it.”

This little James I have spoken of, is very much addicted to this bad habit. Sometimes, when his father has told him to drive up the cows, he says, with a scowl on his face, “I *can’t* drive up the cows, I want Robert to do it.”

Such a habit do some children contract, that when requested to do any thing by their parents, without stopping to consider how wrong it is, the first reply will be—“I *can’t* do it; I know I *can’t*.”

Now this is not only disrespectful to their parents, but it is giving utterance to a falsehood; for it is seldom that parents desire their children to do any thing they are unable to do if they will but try.

I wonder if the little readers of The Student ever apply any such stories to

themselves? If they do not, I dare say they might, and I trust, with profit.

Young reader, when bidden by your parents to do any little favor for them, don't say you can't, but say *I'll try*. How much better will you succeed as you advance in life, in whatever you undertake, if you have this spirit well fixed in your mind—I'LL TRY.

HOME.

The following article was sent us by a little girl thirteen years of age—Miss C. M. G., of Cavendish, Vt. We love to see and hear from children who are fond of home, and loving and kind to their parents, and brothers and sisters.

Ed.

SWEET home! How lovely, how charming the place! Every thing appears more pleasant around our childhood-home, than in any other spot on earth.

How dear must be the place to the traveler, when he can return from his long journey to the loved ones around the fireside of home, and pass his days in peace and quiet.

My wild-wood home! Thou Eden of rest! Peace and plenty have I always shared with thee. Situated on a high eminence, surrounded by beautiful scenery, thou art to me lovely indeed.

All of my fondest and most affectionate friends are here—father, mother, brother and sister. What dearer friends are there in this wide world? None so dear to me. And we all cling around our rural home.

NEVER put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.

Never trouble others to do what you can do yourself.

When angry always count ten before you speak.

THE LITTLE TEASER.*

THERE is a little girl who reads The Student that is one of the most teasing creatures we ever knew. It might make her feel bad to print her name here, so we shall not tell it, but leave it for our little reader to guess who she is.

We will call her Lucy, but that is not her name. This little girl is generally very happy, and even when she has been denied something, she does not pout and get angry, but runs off to her play again.

Now all this is very good in Lucy, but unfortunately she has a bad habit—that of returning and asking again for what she wants, just as if she had not been denied once.

One day she said, "Mamma, may I go and see Jane Pratt, this evening?"

"No, my daughter, I wish you to not go out," replied her mother.

"Oh, do let me go, mamma; I'll not stay long," continued Lucy.

"Do not ask me again, Lucy; you can not go," answered the mother, decidedly.

With many children this last reply would have settled the matter at once, and it should have done so with Lucy, but it did not, for in a few minutes she returned to her mother once more, and with a pleasant smile and pleading look she again asks, "Can't you let me go and see Jane for a little while, mamma? I will not stay long."

Now this was very wrong. Lucy knew that her mother was firm in her decisions, and though she always spoke

* Altered from an article in "The Friend of Youth."

pleasantly when she gave a denial, yet she would not change her mind by teasing.

Lucy should have remembered this, and saved herself the pain of a refusal, and her mother the disagreeable duty of correcting this bad habit.

Finding, at length, that she must give up the idea of going to see Jane, she thought of something else to ask about.

"Mamma, may I put on my pink dress this afternoon?

Her mother did not wish her to wear that dress, and replied, "No, Lucy, you must wear your gingham dress and a white apron to-day."

"But, mamma, I want to wear my pink dress, very much; just let me put it on this afternoon; I will take it off as soon as tea is over, and I will be very careful to not soil it."

Again her mother told her that she could not permit her to wear her pink dress that afternoon.

Lucy now went to her play again, but in a few minutes she came back once more, and asked her if she might wear her new shoes.

She knew very well that her mother wished her not to wear them only when she was going out, or had company, but she had acquired such a habit of teasing, that she often annoyed her mother very much in this way.

We wonder if this little girl whom we call Lucy, will think, when she is reading this, of the many times she has worried her mother's patience by so much teasing, teasing.

Lucy is usually a good little girl, and all would love her very much if it was

not for this habit of teasing. But we hope she will soon rid herself of this fault, then she will feel happier herself, and make her mother's heart glad also.

TO MY BIRD.

BY E. C. HOWE.

Ye've come again, my little bird,
Ye've come from southern land and sea,
To greet with song the pretty flowers
That gayly bloom o'er vale and lea.
O, softly floats thy happy song,
On winds that gently waft along.

Oft in the glowing heav'ns I've seen
Gay birdlings dress'd in plumage fine;
And heard their richest, happiest strains,
But none so clearly rich as thine.
O, softly floats thy dulcet song,
On winds that gently waft along.

'Mid flow'ry fields, and meadows green,
Thy home shall gay and pleasant be;
And o'er the hills thy silv'ry notes
Shall roll in sweetest melody.
How softly floats thy tender song,
On winds that gently waft along.

O, ne'er again, my pretty bird,
Go to the Southern land or sea,
But rest thee here through winter chill
I'll make a happy home for thee.
O, softly floats thy lovely song,
On winds that gently waft along.

NOT WRONG TO WEEP.

TELL me not there's wrong in weeping—
There are bitter, burning tears,
Which alone can ease the spirit
Of the weight of former years.

Tell me not there's wrong in weeping—
Great and good men often weep:
Green the turf and sweet the flowers,
'Neath which noble heroes sleep.

Tell me not there's wrong in weeping—
"Jesus wept" in deepest gloom—
Wept o'er mortals ever going
Onward, sinning, to the tomb.—*Selected.*

Ollie Misspilim.

IMPORTANCE OF PUNCTUATION.—Those who think it matters little whether they punctuate what they write, or not, will please determine what is the character of the man described in the following paragraph:

"He is an old experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found in opposing the workers of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of his neighbors he never rejoices in the prosperity of any of his fellow creatures he is always pleased when the poor are in distress he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace and happiness of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no objections to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid for the support of the gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the friends of the evil adversary he pays no attention to good advice he gives great heed to the devil he will never go to heaven he must go where he will receive a just recompense of reward."

The man is either good or bad, and which, we wish to know.

The importance of correct punctuation is also strikingly exhibited in these lines:

Every lady in our land
Has twenty nails on each hand
Five and twenty on hand and feet
This is true without deceit.

"THAT'S what I call repetition," exclaimed a friend the other day, as he stood looking out at the window. "What's that, Lester," said we. "Why," he replied, "look at that sign across the way—J. E. WELLER, JEWELLER."

THE DOLLAR MARK (\$).—The origin of this sign (\$) has called forth much discussion. Some say it was formed from the letters P and S, which stand for the Spanish word *peso*, signifying dollar. One person says, "In former times, dollars were called *Pieces of Eight*; and when the

amount was given in figures, these words were abbreviated by using simply the letter P and the figure 8. After a while these were blended together, and finally came to be made in the form of the present dollar mark (\$).

But the most sensible explanation of the origin of this character (\$), which we have heard given, is that it came from the letters U and S, the abbreviation of United States. The sign (\$) which is prefixed to Federal money, is probably a contraction of the letters U. S. These letters were at first prefixed to the currency of the United States for the purpose of distinguishing it from that of other nations; as the mark for pounds (£) is prefixed to sterling money, to denote the English currency, and the mark for francs (f), to designate the currency of the French. Originally, the sum of seventy-five dollars was written thus, "U. S. 75 dollars."

At length, for convenience and dispatch in writing, these letters were merged together by making the S over the U. Finally the curve at the bottom of the U was dropped, and the character (\$) now known as the dollar mark, and symbol of the currency of the United States, was the result. And thus the two ideas "United States' Currency," and "dollars"—are now blended and condensed in the same character.

THE TIMBER QUESTION.—In Our Museum for February, was given this question:—"In cubic measure, why are 40 feet of round timber considered equal to 50 feet of hewn timber?" Mr. G. H. Stebbins, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has sent us the following reply.

"A carpenter required a stick of timber fifty feet long and one foot square; and another stick of the same size, but only forty feet in length. The teamster delivered the shorter stick in a round state; but returning for the longer one, he found his team unable to draw it. On making a calculation, he ascertained that the wood taken from the four sides, in hewing, would equal one fourth of the entire bulk of the round stick, which would give ten feet of additional length. Accordingly, the stick of timber of fifty feet in length was as easily drawn, after being hewn

square, as the one forty feet in length when round. Therefore, 40 feet of round timber equals a load of 50 feet of hewn timber."

Prof. Dodd, of Transylvania University, says, in regard to this, " Fifty cubic feet of timber are allowed to weigh a *ton*. Of round timber, such a quantity is allowed for a ton as, when hewn, will make 40 cubic feet."

We believe this measurement is not used either in buying or selling timber. It is bought and sold by the cubic foot.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.—The first newspaper is believed to have been printed in July, 1588, under the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was called the " English Mercurie," and a copy of it is still preserved in the library of the British Museum.

TEMPERATURE OF SPRING WATER.—A. B., of West Port, Mo., inquires, " Why does spring water vary in temperature from the weather in summer and in winter?"

Because the water supplying the spring comes from such a depth below the surface of the earth, that the heat of the sun (in consequence of the earth being a bad conductor) can not penetrate far enough to affect it; neither can the cold of winter reach it; hence it continues to send forth its limpid waters at the same uniform temperature, during both summer and winter. In consequence of the warmth of the weather in summer, the water appears cool; and because of the coldness of the atmosphere in winter the water seems warm, though the real temperature must remain the same at all seasons, unless the fountain from which the spring is supplied be near the surface of the earth.

J. G. B. makes the following inquiry: " From what did the custom of teaching school only five days in a week, instead of six, originate?"

Why does the sun appear red when seen through a foggy or smoky atmosphere?

Because *red* rays have a greater momentum than any other rays; and this enables them to penetrate the dense atmosphere more readily than either blue or yellow rays, which the fog or smoke easily absorb or reflect.

THE LAZIEST FELLOW YET.—One of our exchanges speaks of a man named *John Hole*, who is so lazy, that in writing his name he simply uses the letter *J.*, and then punches a *hole* through the paper just after it.

A BITTER AUTOGRAPH.—Talleyrand, a French bishop, who distinguished himself as a statesman during the career of Napoleon Bonaparte, being asked by a nobleman for his autograph, it is said that he sent it with an invitation to dinner, in the following sarcastic style:

" Dear Sir,

" Will you oblige me with your company to dinner on Wednesday next, at 8 o'clock? I have invited a number of exceedingly intelligent and ingenious persons, and *I do not like to be the only fool among them.*

" **TALLEYRAND.**"

COMPOSING ENIGMAS.—Many of the readers of Our Museum have favored us with enigmas of their own composition. Sometimes we receive them from those who say they never wrote any before the one sent to us. As might be supposed, some of these are not well composed; they contain mistakes which would prevent a solution of them. For the gratification of those who desire to compose enigmas, we will here offer a few suggestions.

When you have selected the word or phrase which you design as the basis of your enigma, write the letters of which it is composed separately, and then number them by placing the appropriate figure underneath each, in this manner:

k	n	o	w	l	e	d	g	e
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9

By looking at this you will readily see what words can be spelled from the letters. When the letters for a word have been selected and written, let a dot be placed under each one used; and so on with each selection till every letter has been thus employed once. Every letter of the word or phrase selected as the basis of the enigma must be used at least once, as numbered, otherwise the data might not be sufficient for a solution, and the enigma would be imperfect.

Every enigma should have a data by which it may be solved, yet that data should be so concealed that its solution would require effort. Aim at precision of expression, and avoid statements that will reveal to the hasty glance of the reader that to which you allude.

Having selected the word *knowledge* for an illustration, we will give an enigma with it for a basis, to illustrate more clearly the manner of

writing one. Next month we will say something about the solution of

ENIGMAS.

I am a word of nine letters.
My 5, 9, 3, is a sign of the zodiac.
My 3, 2, 6, is a numeral, to which if you prefix my 2, its value will be destroyed.
My 5, 9, 8, 6, 2, 7, is a tale of former times.
My 4, 9, 7, 8, 6, is one of the mechanical powers.
My 1, 6, 9, 5, is to a ship, what my whole is to a self-governed nation.
My 4, 6, is a plural pronoun, yet it is used in the singular number by kings and editors.
My whole, Shakespeare says, "is the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."

From H. W. Ross of New York.

I am composed of twenty-seven letters.
My 8, 20, 10, 26, 9, 21, 11, is a boy's name.
My 19, 9, 5, 1, is a distinguished statesman.
My 13, 9, 14, 15, 22, 21, 26, is a style of dress.
My 8, 15, 5, 25, is a part of a man's apparel.
My 26, 10, 13, 13, 23, 25, is a small animal.
My 4, 2, 6, 16, 21, 27, is a very mischievous creature.
My 1, 3, 19, 10, 25, 5, 6, is a country in Mexico.
My 5, 3, 23, 3, 4, 6, is one of the seasons.
My whole is a very excellent, scientific book.

Record of Events.

FEAT IN CHEMISTRY.—During a recent lecture delivered by Professor B. Silliman, Jr., in New York, he solidified carbonic acid gas. This was effected by bringing sulphuric acid in contact with carbonate of soda, in a strong iron vessel, capable of resisting an expansive pressure of *thirty-four atmospheres*, or 510 pounds to the square inch! Prof. S. said that this experiment had been given up entirely in France, in consequence of the bursting of several iron vessels, by which several persons had been killed. But he stated that the iron vessel used on this occasion had never been known to burst, and the experiment was considered not at all dangerous.

As the liquid (it being in a liquid state in the vessel) was drawn off, a large portion instantly evaporated, and by the evaporation reduced the remainder to the freezing point. In this way several pounds of solid carbonic acid were obtained. It had the appearance of the whitest snow, and was so cold that by holding it only three seconds the hand would be frozen. He placed a portion of it around a long vessel containing mercury, and froze the mercury solid!

The mercury was then taken out and hammered like lead.

ICE.—Twelve thousand tons of ice were packed during the past winter in the neighborhood of Peru, Mich., by one firm. It is destined for the St. Louis, Vicksburg, and Natchez markets.

COMBS.—It is said that two-thirds of all the combs manufactured in the United States, are made in Leominster, Worcester County, Mass. Some of the manufacturers employ upward of fifty hands.

RAZOR STROPS.—L. Chapman, of New York, commenced the manufacture of the Magic Razor Strop in 1835. His manufactory now turns out 500 dozen a week, or 1000 strops a day. Surely Chapman does his part toward sharpening razors.

KOSSUTH.—Kossuth has returned from his southern tour, and during the past month has been visiting Boston and other places in New England. His reception has been ardent and enthusiastic among the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers.

EARTHQUAKE.—Shocks of earthquakes were felt at Washington, D. C., also at Raleigh, N. C., and at Baltimore, Md., about 1 o'clock p. m., on the 6th of May. Its duration was about half a minute, but it was sufficiently violent to put floors, windows, and crockery in a state of vibration.

VISION OF IMMORTALITY is the title of a poem which has recently been going "the rounds of the press," as a production of William Cullen Bryant, and a sequel to his "Thanatopsis." The Evening Post, of which Mr. Bryant is editor, asserted, some time since, that it was not written by Mr. B. Its real author is now said to be Mr. E. P. Weston, principal of the Maine Female Seminary, Gorham, Me.

NEW LAKE.—A lake, one hundred miles in circumference, is reported to have been recently discovered within fifteen miles of St. Anthony, Minnesota.

GOLD IN AUSTRALIA.—Gold has been discovered in Australia, and from recent accounts from there, the excitement appears to be similar to that experienced at the American Eldorado in California. Provisions are very dear there, and so many have gone to the "diggings," that women are employed in unloading vessels.

POPULATION OF NEW YORK.—The city of New York contains more inhabitants than either

the State of New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Delaware, Florida, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Arkansas, or Texas. Its population equals that of Vermont and Rhode Island united; or of Connecticut and Delaware; or of Wisconsin and Iowa; or of Rhode Island, Delaware, Florida, and Iowa, all combined.

ARTESIAN WELL.—There is an Artesian well at a cotton factory in Dallas County, Alabama, which is 710 feet deep, with a diameter of about six inches. It discharges 600 gallons of water per minute, or 864,000 gallons every twenty-four hours. The water flows out with such force, that if pieces of stones as large as a hen's egg are thrown in, they are immediately ejected. This exceeds any other well in America in depth.

LEVEES OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—For a hundred miles or more above New Orleans, the Mississippi River is higher than the surrounding country; and its tremendous volume of water rolls between massive levees, twenty feet in height. The traveler, from the deck of the steamer, as from some floating castle top, overlooks the whole country for miles around.

RAILROAD SPEED.—An average of thirty miles an hour is considered good speed on the railroads in this country; but on the Hudson River Railroad, the express trains run at the rate of forty miles an hour. A few weeks since, an express train on the Harlem Railroad ran 108 miles in *two hours and ten minutes*, including three stops for wood and water. In England and France, where the roads are all constructed with double tracks, and carefully watched by men stationed along the whole length of the line, it is common for express trains to run sixty or seventy miles an hour.

RECENT DEATHS.

HON. JOHN YOUNG, Ex-Governor of the State of New York, died in this city on the 23d of April, at the age of 50 years.

GENERAL SOLOMON VAN RENSSLAER died at his residence, Cherry Hill, near Albany, N. Y., April 23d, in the 78th year of his age.

PRINCE SCHWARZENBERG, died at Vienna, Austria, on the 2d of April, in the 52d year of his age. He commanded the allied armies against Napoleon. He was the Prime Minister of Austria at the time of the late Hungarian Revolution. His life seemed arrayed against

liberty. It was through measures that he dictated by which Hungary was crushed. He was also instrumental in extinguishing the sparks of freedom in Germany, which were lighted in 1848.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, the widely known philanthropist, died in this city, May 7th, in the 81st year of his age. He belonged to the Society of Friends, and has long been distinguished for acts of kindness and benevolence to the poor and unfortunate. How different the memory of a good man from that of the prince, recorded above!

HINTS IN TEACHING.

EXTRACT OF AN ADDRESS BEFORE A TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

BY J. HURTY.

THE teacher who wishes to teach *well*, must know thoroughly whatever he attempts to teach, and the *best way* of doing it. He must not be satisfied with superficial attainments, or with any way to do it. He must be familiar in matters of general knowledge, and in the method of communicating what he knows. He must also understand the laws of the mind, that he may know at a glance how to operate with success, for to treat all scholars alike in appearance, is to treat them unlike in reality.

The teacher should be able to *interest* his scholars; if he finds he can not do this, let him by all means give up the business as incompetent for it. If a teacher can not interest his pupils, it proves that he has no interest in the work of instructing, and ought not to impose on the patrons, much less the pupils. He who would be a successful teacher, must be a person of general intelligence, ready upon every occasion which will interest, awaken thought, or amuse.

The teacher can often break the monotony of the usual exercises of school by relating historical incidents of our own or other countries, of its statesmen and scholars, and their achievements. He can explain the philosophy of rain, hail, dew, whirlwinds, thunder, lightning, and principles and facts in physiology, and thereby awaken the curiosity, cause a desire to learn, and enkindle a thirst for knowledge that otherwise would have remained dormant forever. He can light the fire that will burn brighter and more vivid through life.

Teacher, do you ever think, while you are surrounded by the group of youth, that your eye rests upon the future legislator, executive officer, minister of God, or upon the candidate for our jails, penitentiaries, and gallows, and upon all that is vile and disgraceful in life, and miserable in death, and that upon your instruction may depend either the one or the other?

Teachers should be up in the progress of improvement in their profession. I do not mean by this, adopt all the new-fangled notions and theories, that shallow brains and intellectual cripples substitute for sound learning, but to acquire a knowledge of those well-tested improvements that prove to be a real good. We make improvements in every other branch—in mechanics, in science, in agriculture, in banks,

etc. And, for the last ten years, the best talents in this country have been elevated to systemizing, arranging, and promoting improvements; and it is the business of every teacher to keep up with the progress made.

The teacher who can benefit a school as much in one year as another does in three, is worth more than three times as much. If he who makes two spears of grass to grow where one did, is a benefactor, is he not much more one, who virtually lengthens out one half of our precious period of life in youth? Every teacher, to be intelligent, must take educational journals. The clergyman, lawyer, or physician, or even tailor, who does not take his professional periodical, soon runs under in his business or profession, and loses his customers.

Editor's Table.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

ALOR, speaking of the importance of Physical Education, says: "The influence of the physical frame upon the intellect, morals and happiness of a human being, is now universally admitted. The extent of this influence will be thought greater in proportion to the accuracy with which the subject is examined. Bodily pain forms a large proportion of the amount of human misery. It is, therefore, of the highest importance that a child should grow up sound and healthy in body, with the utmost degree of muscular strength that education can communicate."

Is there be any one subject which, at this time, should receive more attention in the instruction of children and youth, it is that of *physical education*. With the physical nature of man, and the causes of health and disease, children should grow up familiar. They should be taught the laws of life and health, and that violations of these laws by dissipation, excessive indulgences of appetite, by neglect of exercise, or in any other manner, will surely bring punishment in the form of pain and disease. With some, the punishment for the infringement of these laws of nature may not be experienced for years, owing to the superior strength of the physical powers with which they have been blessed, yet it will surely come, and if not earlier, it will appear as dregs in the cup of life.

Multitudes of constitutions are annually wrecked during the course of study, from neglect of a

proper physical education and judicious training. This waste of health and life is opening the eyes of the people, and they are already convinced that some physical labor is necessary to preserve bodily health. Moreover, it is also seen to be equally important to the mind. A student will actually learn more of his books, will advance further in his studies day by day, if he take vigorous bodily exercise two or three hours each day, than he will if he spend all his time in study.

That a weak tone of muscles begets a weak tone of mind, is a physiological fact. And when it is remembered that the only means of producing and maintaining a strong and healthy tone of these muscles is bodily exercise, the importance of greater attention being given to physical education by those who would become strong in mind, must appear very essential. So intimate are the relations between mind and matter, between thought and muscular action, that we can not improve the one without calling out the other.

When the muscles of the whole body are well developed, the circulation of the blood is rapid, and ideas flow most active from the brain. It is difficult to think when the muscles are fatigued, because they cease to contract and circulate the

blood briskly. In a similar condition is the student without bodily exercise, and the sedentary man, "toiling by the midnight lamp," and the inactive clerk chained to a desk from morn till night, and the lady who whiles away her time in the boudoir. Their muscles are weak from want of exercise, they lack tone, and if these conditions be long continued the mind must lose its vigor.

Often do we hear teachers complaining of ill health, exhausted nervous system, and see them abandoning the employment to seek a restoration of their physical powers in a more active occupation. Why is this? In five cases out of six, because the laws of health are not well understood and practically observed. The mind is exercised and overtaxed till it becomes exhausted; this affects the body, for neither mind nor body can suffer without affecting the other. The muscles, by neglect of suitable physical exercise in the pure air, become enfeebled, and act languidly; this condition is imparted to the mind; still the duties of the teacher demand a continuance of mental labor, and the extra effort which the mind is called upon to put forth in consequence of its weak tone soon produces exhaustion, both of mind and body; and the only remedy seems to be a cessation from mental labor until the physical system can regain its powers, and become enabled to sustain the mind.

Much of this suffering and change of occupation by teachers might be alleviated, if a judicious bodily exercise in the pure air were regularly and daily practiced. It does seem strange that when mankind have the means of health and happiness so much within their own control, that it should be necessary to so often remind them that they are not pursuing that course which will result in their own happiness. Would that every teacher, and parent, and guardian of the young, might see and feel the importance of more attention being paid to physical education.

And the subject is receiving more attention. Manual labor schools, and seminaries, and colleges, are springing up slowly, but we trust permanently, where labor and study are united. More attention is also given by boarding-schools, to fitting up suitable play-grounds, and buildings for gymnastic exercises, and we sincerely hope this spirit of physical improvement may increase till a reformation is effected in every school and college in the land. We were happy

to find the following paragraph in the Eleventh Annual Catalogue of the "Pittsfield (Mass.) Young Ladies' Institute":

"Recently, at an expense of more than \$6,000, a large building has been erected on the grounds, containing spacious halls for calisthenic and gymnastic exercises, and fitted up with the most complete fixtures and arrangements any where to be found in an institution of learning. Here, at all seasons of the year, and in any state of the weather, under the guardianship of careful and accomplished teachers, the pupils practice daily those physical exercises which have been found always so attractive, and at the same time so invaluable in imparting grace to the form and movement, strength and health to the body, and elastic vigor to the mind."

We would gladly add much more on this topic, but our limits will not permit; yet we hope what has already been said may be productive of some little good, by causing those who read it to give the subject more thought, and to investigate it more fully than they heretofore have done.

Literary Notices.

LYRICS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Alice Carey. 12mo; 178 pages. Published by J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York.

This book comprises a selection of the poems written by Miss Carey, several of which have appeared in the magazines of the day. The author is a favorite with the public. She possesses a lively and delicate fancy, and her verse flows in a vein of tender sentiment. If her poetry has a fault, it is that it dwells too much on the sorrowful. The tones of grief weary with their melancholy and plaintive themes, and the ear longs for happier strains. Miss Carey's style is one of pathos and tenderness, and teems with rural images of every-day sights and sounds.

A BUCK-EYE ABROAD; or, Wanderings in Europe, and in the Orient. By Samuel S. Cox. 12mo; 444 pages. Published by G. P. Putnam, 10 Park Place, New York.

There have already appeared so many volumes descriptive of travel in Europe, that one is ready to exclaim, "what more can be said on the subject?" When Mr. Marvel brought home his "Fresh Gleanings" from a well-reaped field, the quaintness and beauty of his descriptions gave a new interest to scenes long familiar. When Horace Greeley made a tour abroad, his "Glances at Europe" possessed such a freshness, and his views were uttered with so much frankness, that all were eager to learn what the political philosopher and reformer would say.

In the volume now before us we have the impressions of a native of the West, as he beholds the cathedrals of England, Scotland and Germany; as he confronts the pomp of Europe, and the decaying magnificence and mon-

umental ruins of Greece and Rome; as he views the loveliness of Naples, or gazes upon the awful grandeur of Vesuvius. This work has an air of freshness and novelty, which give its pages a rare vitality, and it contains several illustrations adding interest to the scenes described. The author is a lawyer of Zanesville, Ohio, and his graphic picture of views and incidents abroad must give special interest to this book, particularly among western readers.

ON THE STUDY OF WORDS. By Richard Chenevix Trench, B.D. From the Second London Edition, Revised and enlarged. 12mo; 236 pages. Redfield, New York.

Even the cursory glance which we have been able to give this work has convinced us that Mr. Trench is a master of his subject. A work so full of thought, so suggestive, and abounding with so much information as this is exceedingly valuable. Teachers will find it interesting and useful; students will peruse it with profit; and all thoughtful people, who wish to try to say what they think, and think what they say, will derive much advantage from the study of this volume.

The subject is presented in a course of lectures, hence is popularized and adapted to interest the general reader. A glance at the titles of these lectures will give some idea of the interesting field of research the author has opened to our view. "Morality in Words;" "History in Words;" "Rise of New Words;" "Distinction of Words;" "Schoolmaster's Use of Words;" etc. In a future number we hope to lay before our readers some choice extracts from this volume.

PHOTOGRAPHY; A Treatise on the Chemical changes produced by solar radiation, and the production of Pictures from Nature, by Daguerreotype, Calotype, and other Photographic processes. By Robert Hunt, of London. With additions by the American Editor. 12mo; 266 pages. Published by S. D. Humphrey. New York.

This treatise contains the early history of Photography, its present attainments, and a complete, practical, and minute description of all the processes of the operations in this art. It is, as far as we know, the most comprehensive and useful work that has been published on this subject. Every Daguerreotypist should have a copy.

A NEW METHOD OF LEARNING THE FRENCH LANGUAGE; Embracing both the Analytic and Synthetic modes of instruction; being a plain and practical way of acquiring the art of reading, speaking, and composing French. On the plan of Woodbury's method with German. By LOUIS FASQUELLE, LL. D. Professor of modern languages in the University of Michigan. 12mo; 500 pages. Published by Newman & Ivison, 199 Broadway, New York.

Probably no elementary work on the French language combines more of the wants of the American pupil than this. It commences with a comprehensive treatise on pronunciation; then follows lessons introducing gradually words and conversational phrases, and giving exercises in English to be rendered into French, also French to be translated into English, neither of which contains words that have not been introduced in some of the previous lessons. The treatment of French verbs is full and explicit; and with the aid of the table for showing the terminations of the four conjugations, and the rules for formation of the tenses, the learner will find here a valuable

assistant in the accomplishment of one of the hardest tasks he has to encounter in acquiring the French language.

SCHMITZ'S ELEMENTARY LATIN GRAMMAR and Exercises is another of the classical series published by Blanchard and Lea. Philadelphia. 18mo; 246 pages.

It is an abridgment of the Grammar belonging to this series of Latin School-books. The work now before us is intended to be put into the hands of beginners, and those who wish to become acquainted only with the principal and leading features of the language. Its brevity and correctness are good recommendations.

FANCIES OF A WHIMSICAL MAN. By the author of "Musings of an Invalid." 12mo; 281 pages. Published by John S. Taylor, 143 Nassau St., New York.

This may be rightly named, but the author has little to say about his "fancies;" he dwells in terms of mingled sarcasm, wit, and apparent ill-humor on many of the habits and customs of life. Yet beneath this may be seen a gentler current bearing a more convincing influence against the follies aimed at. It contains many good things.

MAGAZINES.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE closed its fourth volume with the number for May. The fifth volume commences with the present month. Each number contains 144 octavo pages, in double columns, and several beautiful engraved illustrations. Terms \$3 a year, or 25 cents a number. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

The articles on Napoleon, by J. S. C. Abbott, are still continued with the freshness and interest equal to the first. And as Mr. Abbott has gone to Europe to visit the battle-fields, and gain personal knowledge from the surviving comrades of the great Emperor, the interest of these articles will undoubtedly be enhanced. In addition to other interesting varieties, A Franconian Story, by Jacob Abbott, and Dickens' new story—Bleak House—are now publishing in this magazine.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for May is an excellent number. Since the price of this magazine has been reduced to \$3 it seems to have increased in value and interest; and surely the "Table" never presented a richer or more varied "bill of fare" than it does now. Published by S. Hueston, 139 Nassau Street, New York.

The following magazines and periodicals are among the exchanges on our table: *Household Words*, weekly, \$2 50 a year, and the *North American Miscellany*, monthly, \$1 a year, both published by Angell, Engel & Hewitt, No. 1 Spruce street; *Christian Parlor Magazine*, monthly, \$1 a year, by Geo. Pratt, 116 Nassau st.; *Ladies' Wreath*, monthly, \$1 a year, by J. C. Burdick, 142 Nassau st.; *Family Circle and Parlor Annual*, monthly, \$1 a year, by James G. Reed, 140 Fulton st.; *Mrs. Whittemore's Magazine for Mothers and Daughters*, monthly, \$1 a year, by Henry M. Whittemore, Brick Church Chapel, Nassau st.; *Musical World*, semi-monthly, \$1 50 a year, by Oliver Dyer, 257 Broadway—all of New York. Also, *The Massachusetts Teacher*, monthly, \$1 a year, by Samuel Coolidge, 116 Devonshire st., Boston, Mass.; *Educational Magazine*, monthly, 50 cents a year, E. R. Potter, Providence, R. I.; *Ohio Journal of Education*, monthly, \$1 a year, Lorin Andrews, Columbus, Ohio; *Journal of Education*, monthly, \$1 25 a year; Address J. Geo. Hodgins, Education Office, Toronto, Canada West; *Common School Journal*, semi-monthly, \$1 a year; Morris Cotton, 3 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.; *Western Literary Messenger*, monthly, \$1 50 a year, Jewett, Thomas & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.; *Monthly Literary Miscellany*, \$1 a year, Beecher & Quimby, Detroit, Mich.

From the "ACADEMY VOCALIST," by permission.

OH! MERRY GOES THE TIME.

Moderato,

The alternate verses should be sung softer and slower.

G. F. Root.

The alternate verses should be sung softer and slower.

1. Oh ! merry goes the time When the heart is young, There is nought too hard to
 2. But weary go the feet When the heart is old ; Time com eth not so

3. Oh ! sparkling are the skies When the heart is young ; There is bliss in beauty's
 4. But the sun is set - ting fast When the heart is old ; And the sky is o - ver -

climb When the heart is young ; A spi - rit of de - light Scat - ters ro - ses in its
 sweet When the heart is old ; From all that smiled and shone There is something lost and

eyes When the heart is young ; The golden break of day Bring - eth glad - ness in its
 cast When the heart is old ; Life's worn and wea - ry bark Lies toss - ing wild and

p

flight, And there's ma - gic in the night, When the heart is young.
 gone, And our friends are few or none, When the heart is old.

p

ray, And the eve - ry month is May, When the heart is young.
 dark, And the star hath left hope's ark, When the heart is old.

p

Furnished for "The Student" by WM. B. BRADEBURY.

STANDING TOGETHER—(Round).

1

5

A musical score for 'Ring Around the Rosy' in 3/4 time. The top line has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'Stand - ing to - geth - er in a ring, Soft - ly and sweet - - ly' are written below the notes. The number '3' is centered below the first measure. The bottom line has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'let us sing— Is not a round a plea - sant thing.' are written below the notes.

THE STUDENT.

KOSSUTH'S SPEECH AT BUNKER HILL.*

My voice shrinks from the task to mingle with the awful pathos of that majestic orator;—[pointing to the monument]—silent, like the grave, and yet melodious like the song of immortality upon the lips of cherubim; a senseless, cold granite, and yet warm with inspiration, like a patriot's heart; immovable like the past, and yet stirring like the future, which never stops; it looks like a prophet, and speaks like an oracle. And thus it speaks:

"The day I commemorate is the rod with which the hand of the Lord has opened the well of Liberty. Its waters will flow; every new drop of martyr-blood will increase the tide; despots may dam its flood, but never stop it. The higher the dam the higher the tide; it will overflow, or will break through. Bow, adore, and hope."

Such are the words which come to my ears; and I bow, I adore, I hope.

In bowing, my eyes meet the soil of Bunker Hill—that awful opening scenery of the eventful drama to which Lexington and Concord had been the preface.

The spirits of the past rise before my eyes. I see Richard Gridley hastily planning the intrenchments. I hear the blunt sound of the pickaxe and spade in the hands of the patriot band. I hear the patrol's lay, that "All is well." I see Knowlton raising his line of rail fence upon which soon the guns will rest, that the bullets may prove to their message true. I see the tall, commanding form of Prescott marching leisurely around the parapet, inflaming the tired patriots with the classical words, that those who had the merit of the labor should have the honor of the victory.

I see Asa Pollard fall the first victim of that immortal day. I see the chaplain praying over him. And now the booming

of cannon from ships and from batteries, and the blaze of the burning town, and the thrice-renewed storm, and the persevering defense, till powder was gone and but stones remained. And I see Warren telling Elbridge Gerry that it is sweet and fair to die for the fatherland; I see him lingering in his retreat, and, struck in the forehead, fall to the ground; and Pomeroy, with his shattered musket in his brave hand, complaining that he remained unhurt when a Warren had to die. And I see all the brave who fell unnamed, unnoticed, and unknown, the nameless cornerstones of American Independence.

All the spirits of that most eventful victory, under the name of defeat—I see them all; the eyes of my soul are familiar with the spirits of Martyrs of Liberty. But those I see around me have no sad, ghastly look; they bear no gushing wounds crying for revenge to the Almighty God; the smile of eternal bliss is playing around their lips, and though dwellers of Heaven, they like to revisit the place where their blood was spilt.

It was not spilt in vain; their fatherland is free, and there is a joy in that thought adding ever new charms even to the happiness of blessed souls. As the fabulous divinities of ancient Greece liked to rest from the charms of Heaven on Mount Olympus, so must the spirit of Warren like to rest on the top of this monument here.

Martyrs of my country! how long will it yet be till a like joy shall thrill through your departed souls? When will

* This eloquent speech was delivered while standing by the side of Bunker Hill Monument, on the 3d day of May, 1852, before a concourse of about 15,000 people. Among this vast assemblage were arranged the children of the schools of Boston and vicinity. Kossuth's thrilling eloquence on this occasion, brought tears to many eyes; and during the allusions to his country, and his mother and sisters, several of the Hungarians wept aloud. This address is worthy of standing side by side with the memorable speech of Mr. Webster upon the same spot.

the smile of that joy play around your lips? How long will yet the gush of your wounds cry for revenge—our fatherland still bleeding, down-trodden, oppressed? There is a sorrow in that thought, casting the gloom of sadness even over the bliss of Paradise. Almighty Father of Mankind! let the day of thy mercy be not too far.

Excuse my emotion, gentlemen. The associations of my ideas are natural. Your Bunker Hill and our Kapolna are twins. Both called defeats, and both eventful victories; and both resulting in the declaration of an independence. But yours acknowledged before it was achieved, and supported by foreign aid; ours not acknowledged, even when achieved, and meeting foreign aggression instead of aid.

Well, past is past, and can not be changed, but the future is open yet; and often I have bowed before the recollections of this hallowed ground, and adored the Almighty with unfaltering hope. Part of my hope rests in the justice of Him who rules the universe, and holds in His hands the destinies of mankind. My people's sufferings are recorded in the book of His eternal decrees, and the tears of my people numbered in his scale. I trust to Him.

Part of our hope rests with ourselves. We know that God helps those that help themselves, and will. We look not for unmerited good luck, but for well-merited reward, and are decided to merit it. Allow me to say that I am proud of my people; proud not only of its past, but proud of its present also. An exile's heart not often does rejoice, but I rejoice to know how my people behave. Greater and nobler yet in its present sufferings than when it bore up against a world in arms, and raised its country's name higher in its very fall, than it stood ever in its brightest days.

The responsibilities of my position do well guard me from easily believing what I warmly wish. I weigh calmly every incident. But joy is so communicative that I can not forbear to say, that I have reason to be proud of my people, and bow with profound veneration at its name. The tidings I receive, entitle me to say:

Young Nero in Vienna's old walls!

thou mayest rage and pour the embers of thy fury over my people's head; thou mayest raise thy scaffold, and people thy dungeons with thousands of new victims, and drain the life-sweat of my people, and whip it with the iron rod of thy unparalleled tyranny, but I defy thee to break my people's high-minded spirit. Foolish boy! thou mayest torture my family, break the heart of my old mother, murder my sisters, and send forth thy assassins against him who, with ill-fated but honest generosity, once saved thy crown. Thou mayest do all that thou canst; thy days are numbered; thy power is falling, and my country must be free.

But part of my hope rests also with you, Americans. The distinguished patriot, whom the genius of his powerful mind, and the confidence of his native land entitled to act the part of the interpreter of his people's sentiments, at the inauguration of this monument, spoke an irrefutable truth. He told you that the results of the Battle of Bunker Hill will continue to rain influence on the destinies of not only your country but of the world. And indeed he was right in saying that, 'at the rising of the sun, at the setting of the sun, in the blaze of noon-day, and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar light, yonder obelisk will look and speak to the full comprehension of every American mind.'

It has looked and spoken for nine years in its accomplished majesty. Meanwhile you have gloriously fought the battle of active vitality, and extended your sway to the shores of the Pacific, uniting with new ties, your own future, to the destinies of the old world. The comfort of indolence, the habitude of passivity, small party considerations, and even the reputation of well-founded authority may grasp into the rolling wheel of necessity, and the necessity will not change.

I have laid my hand upon your people's heart; I have watched the logic in the progress of exigencies, and I dare say, with firm confidence, the foretold instruction of that monument's magical eloquence is felt by the people's instinct, is fully comprehended by the intelligence of Massachusetts. And the new exigencies of new times will be answered by Massachusetts.

sets with that energy with which it has answered the exigencies of all former times. The Pilgrim Fathers founded a community; the Battle of Bunker Hill founded a nation; the approaching struggle for liberty in Europe will see that nation a power on earth.

That is what we wish; that is what I hope; and that hope will not, can not fail.

Gentlemen, a great crisis is approaching in the condition of the world; but the world is prepared for that crisis. There is a great change in the spirit of time. Now-a-days principles weigh more than a success formerly, and therefore principles will meet success. I remember that when your forefathers were about to fight the battle of Bunker Hill, there was a paper published at Boston—"Tory Massachusetts" was its name—which dared to say that the annals of the world had not yet been deformed with a single instance of so unnatural, careless, wanton, and wicked rebellion. So it styled the sacred cause which the Adamses and the Hancocks advised, Washington led, and for which Warren bled.

Now that cause fills the brightest page in the annals of humanity; but it was success and its unparalleled results which cast the luster of that glory around it. Unsuccessful, its memory might have been blasted with the name of an ill-advised rebellion. Now-a-days, it is not mere success which makes the merit of a cause, but its principle. The results of the day of Bunker Hill have changed the basis of future history, because it gave birth to a nation whose very existence is the embodiment of a principle, true like truth itself, and lasting like eternity. It would be strange indeed, should that principle forsake itself.

No, it will not—it can not do it. Great is the destiny of your nation. You approach it not in vain with so successful, gigantic steps. Opportunity will do the rest. Upon this, humanity may with confidence rely, and opportunity will come. Its forecast shadow is already seen.

In this place, where the revelation of Providence is told by the eloquence of yonder monument, reasoning would be a profanation on my part. At this moment

my very mind is concentrated in my heart. There stands the powerful orator—[pointing to the monument]. Let his words find willing ears and susceptible hearts. I leave you the influence of his eloquence. To me, his silent speech has the harmony of an angel's song.

I leave this hallowed spot with consolation, joy, and confidence. The memory of my having stood here, honored by your attention, and encouraged by your sympathy, will strengthen my patience to endure, and resolution to act, and though the happiness of Washington may not be my lot, the devotion of Warren will dwell in my breast.

With this resolution, I once more thank you, and bid you cordially *farewell.*

LEAVING HOME.

I CAN conceive of no picture more interesting than one which might be drawn from a young man leaving the home of his childhood, the scene of all his early associations, to try his fortune in a distant country, setting out alone for the "forest."

A father on the decline, the downhill of life, giving his parting blessing, invoking the best gifts of Heaven to rest on his beloved offspring, and to crown all his efforts with complete success. Tears gush from his eyes, and words can find no utterance.

A kind, a most affectionate mother, calling after him, as he is departing from the parental abode, and with all the dangers to which he is about to be exposed, rushing into, and pressing upon her mind, she says, "Go, my son, remember that there is a right and a wrong way." Her advice is brief. Language is inadequate to the expression of the feelings that there crowd on the mind of a virtuous child.

Every reader has a case of this kind, and may have been the subject of one in some respects similar. Here may be eloquence more touching to him to whom it is delivered, than were the orations of Cicero or Demosthenes.—*Selected.*



DAGUERRE.

LOUIS JACQUES MAUDE DAGUERRE* was a native of France. In the production of dioramic¹ effects in panoramic² paintings, he became eminently successful. Among his pictures, which attracted much attention at the time of their exhibition, were the *Midnight Mass*, *Land-slip in the Valley of Goldau*, *The Temple of Solomon*, and *The Cathedral of Sainte Marie de Montreal*.

In these the alternate effects of night and day, and storm and sunshine, were beautifully produced. To these effects of light were added others, from the decomposition of form, by means of which, for example, in the *Midnight Mass*, figures appeared where the spectators had just beheld seats, altars, etc.

In 1824 Daguerre commenced experiments on chemical changes by light, for the purpose of discovering some means by

which he might secure the images obtained in the *camera obscura*. His object was to improve his dioramic paintings. From these experiments resulted that glorious discovery by which the artist is enabled to snatch the sunbeam for his pencil, and on a tablet of silver paint a perfect likeness of the "human face divine," or copy the beauties of nature.

This discovery was reported to the world in January, 1839; and on the 19th day of August following, the French Government, having purchased the secret by securing to Daguerre a pension for life of 6,000 francs annually, the process of the art was for the first time publically announced. Thus to the French belongs the glory of endowing the world of science and art with one of the most surprising discoveries that honours its native land.

In honor of the distinguished discoverer his name was at once associated with this

*Pronounced Da-gare'. Da-gare'-o-typea. Da-gare'-e-an.

art, and wherever it is heard of, the name of Daguerre will be sounded, also. The art to which it has been attached is given to the world, and the name of its discoverer is immortal. Who has not heard of Daguerreotypes, and the Daguerreian Art? Wide as the range of civilization, throughout the old and new worlds, this wonderful art has been proclaimed, and its astonishing results beheld.

Daguerre never did much toward the improvement of his discovery. The high degree of perfection to which the art has attained is due to the experiments of others. Compared with the present daguerreotypes, those at first taken by him were very meager and incomplete. Much of this improvement is due to American artists.

It is acknowledged that our daguerreotypes excel the European in beauty of finish, mellowness, and depth of tint. Those taken in France are much better than English ones. This is probably due to the clearer skies of France. It may be owing much to a similar reason that the portraits of America excel.

The discoverer of the process of sun-painting was a man of great personal worth, and devotion to art. He was extremely modest, and is said to have been always averse to sitting for his own picture; hence there are but few likenesses of him in existence. The one from which our engraving is copied was taken in Paris, by Mr. Meade, of New York. Daguerre has been deceased about one year. He died in Paris, July 10, 1851.

DAGUERREOTYPES are produced by the effects of light upon chemical substances. Thus, white chloride of silver, when exposed to the light, becomes black. Many other compounds are strongly acted upon by light. It is by means of this principle that images of objects formed in the camera are permanently fixed on polished metal plates.

A thin plate of copper is plated with silver, or coated with it by means of electrotyping, and polished very brightly by rubbing it with finely-powdered rotten-stone and Canton flannel. It is then exposed over iodine for a few seconds, until it has a golden-yellow appearance, after-

ward over bromide of lime, till it assumes a rose-red color. The plate is now kept excluded from the light, and as soon as the person is seated in a proper position it is placed in the camera, where, in from ten seconds to one minute and a half, it receives the image.

Next it is removed and exposed to the vapor of mercury, in order to bring the image out, for, as yet, no trace of any outline is visible on its surface. After being thus treated from one to three minutes, the image becomes visible. The plate is then washed with hyposulphite of soda, afterward with water, and dried over a spirit lamp by holding the back of it to the flame.

Now one other process remains; that of *fixing* the picture. It is done by washing the plate over with a weak solution of chloride of gold. This is poured on the plate while it is heated over a lamp. The daguerreotype is now completed, and ready for the case. However, some are colored after the last process. This is done with a soft, dry brush.

Among the many discoveries in the daguerreian art is a style of pictures called "Crayon Daguerreotypes." These exhibit only the head and shoulders of the person, the remaining portions having an appearance similar to that of being enveloped in white clouds; or not unlike vignette engravings. This peculiarity is produced on the picture while receiving the image in the camera. The process has been patented by Mr. J. A. Whipple, a daguerreotypist of Boston, Mass. The Messrs. Root, of New York and Philadelphia, take the "Crayon Daguerreotypes." Some artists esteem the pictures obtained by this process superior to the others, particularly for portraits which are to be engraved.

[1]Diorama is a name applied to paintings arranged so as to produce an optical illusion. This is chiefly effected by a peculiar distribution of light, so that it can be diminished or increased at pleasure. Thus the picture may be made to change from a bright sunshine to stormy weather, and even to assume the darkness of night. [2]Panoramas, as now made, are composed of scenery, such as the shores of a river, streets of a city, voyage at sea, etc., painted on canvas, which is fastened around upright rollers, and by means of machinery is unrolled from one and wound upon the other, thus exhibiting the whole length before the audience. The painting is illuminated by means of lights so placed as to be invisible to the spectators who sit in a darkened room.]

Coats of Arms, or State Seals.—No. 27.



TENNESSEE.

THE Seal of the State of Tennessee contains, on the shield, a plow, and a stalk of cotton, below which is the word AGRICULTURE. The lower portion of the seal has represented a loaded boat, beneath which is the word COMMERCE. Around the border are the words, THE GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE OF TENNESSEE, with the date, 1796, the period of the formation of the state government.

Tennessee was once a part of North Carolina. It is now one of the most populous and thickly settled of the southwestern states. It lies east of the Mississippi River, which bounds it on the west, and south of Kentucky, west of the Alleghany Mountains, which separate it from North Carolina on the east, and is bounded on the south by the states of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi.

The state is about 430 miles in length from east to west, and 115 miles in width. It contains an area of 45,300 square miles; and is divided into 79 counties. It has a population of 1,002,625 inhabitants, of

which 237,000 are slaves. Nashville is the capital and the largest city in the state. It is situated in Davidson County, on the south bank of the Cumberland River, 120 miles from its mouth, and has a population of about 18,000 inhabitants. This city received its name in honor of General Nash, who fell at the battle of Germantown, 1776.

The Cumberland Mountains pass through this state, from northeast to southwest, and divide the territory into two unequal parts, called East Tennessee and West Tennessee. The latter is subdivided by the Tennessee River, and the portion lying between the river and the mountains is called Middle Tennessee. East Tennessee is mountainous, with elevated valleys. These are very fertile, and the climate congenial to the perfection of the cereal grains and fruits which flourish in the middle latitudes. West Tennessee is more level, though the middle section is undulating and somewhat abrupt.

The soil of this region, especially on the margin of the river, is deep, rich, and fer-

tile. The state produces cotton, tobacco, hemp, and a variety of other staples, both of the North and South. The climate is generally healthy, and vegetation commences from six to seven weeks earlier than in the New England States.

Tennessee was settled in 1765, at Nashville, by the English. Its early history is marked with wars between the whites and the Cherokee and Creek Indians. But nothing of importance in historical record has occurred since the state was admitted into the Union, in 1796.

Like Kentucky, it has numerous caves of great extent. One cave has been explored to the distance of ten miles. It contains many compartments, glittering with stalactites; and when viewed by torch-light, the scene is most magnificent. In the Cumberland Mountains are some very singular impressions of the feet of men, horses, and other animals, as distinctly marked in solid limestone as if made on moist clay.

At the time these rocks received these impressions, they were in a soft state, and have since become hard by the petrifying influences which surround them. Petrified trees and animals are abundant. Among these the bones of the mastodon, a large animal now extinct, have been found. In the southern part of the state immense banks of oyster-shells exist.

This state is watered by the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers. The first of these rises in the eastern section, flows southward, and enters Alabama, and returns to the northward again, emptying into the Ohio River. Its course resembles, in shape, somewhat that of the letter U. The mineral productions are iron, bituminous coal, and some lead and gold.

The immense water-power afforded by its rivers give to the state great advantages for manufacturing. Much progress has been made in the manufacture of cotton goods; woolen goods have also received some attention. But as yet the chief employment of the people is agriculture. Its productions are chiefly sent to New Orleans.

This state has no canals, and but a few miles of railroad completed. Memphis is one of its most busy and flourishing towns.

It is situated on the east bank of the Mississippi, and contains some 10,000 inhabitants. This place has been chosen as the location of the United States Navy Yard on the river.

The elections are held biennially in Tennessee, the first Thursday in August. The governor is chosen for a term of two years, and has a salary of \$2,000. The legislature meets on the first Monday in October, once in two years. No person who denies the existence of a God, or a future state of rewards and punishments, can hold any civil office there.

Seven universities and colleges have been established in Tennessee, and one theological seminary, and one medical school. There are probably about 300 academies and high schools in the state; and some 1,200 common schools. With a more efficient and energetic system of physical, moral, and intellectual improvement, the prosperity of Tennessee might be greatly advanced. It enjoys advantages in surface, climate, and variety of soils, and presents many inducements for enterprise and improvement.

A GALLOP ON THE GRAND PRAIRIE.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

Away we go, on the boundless lea,
Like birds uncaged on the deep blue sea,
As gay and fearless, as wild and free,
On the Grand Prairie.

Away, away, on our coursers fleet,
Where the grass is green, and the air is sweet,
Where the earth and sky, like lovers, meet,
On the Grand Prairie.

Now we are leaving the forest trees;
Flying along like the fairy breeze,
'Midst the budding flowers and humming bees,
On the Grand Prairie.

The sun is driving the mists away,
And painting the shining clouds that play,
Like graceful curls on the brow of day,
O'er the Grand Prairie.

The beautiful Morning, fresh and fair,
Throws back her tresses of golden hair,
To breathe the free and fragrant air,
On the Grand Prairie.

Now we are passing a shining stream,
Laughing along in the morning beam,
Oh, brighter far than a poet's dream

Is the Grand Prairie.

On, on we speed, there is naught in sight
But the boundless sky, so blue and bright,
And the glowing, sparkling sheen of light
On the Grand Prairie.

I deem some wandering angel-band
Came down to earth with a magic wand,
And waved the beauties of fairy-land
To the Grand Prairie.

And Night! how glorious night must be,
Where there is no mountain, tower, or tree,
To conceal the blaze of her jewelry,
On the Grand Prairie.

When she dons her vail of silver hue,
When the moon is bright and the sky is blue,
When the stars, like angel-eyes, look through
On the Grand Prairie.

Away with the mountains, hoar and high,
Hiding their heads in the bending sky,
I'd rather live, and I'd rather die,
On the Grand Prairie.

Keep the city, the burgh, the town,
Where the air is damp, the light is brown;
Give me a home where the sun looks down
On the Grand Prairie.

The oppressor's tread may never stain
The fertile soil of this glorious plain,
For Liberty holds her court and reign
On the Grand Prairie. *Selected.*

NOW.

"Now" is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watch-word of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent.

Let us keep this little word always in our mind; and whenever any thing presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that "Now" is the only time for us. It is indeed a sorry way to get through the world, by putting off till to-morrow, saying, "Then I will do it." No! this will never answer. "Now" is ours; "then" may never be.

Selected.

GREAT OBJECTS ATTAINED BY LITTLE THINGS.

THERE is nothing in nature, however small, that has not its appropriate use; nothing, however insignificant it may appear to us, that has not some important mission to fulfill. The living dust that swarms in clusters about our cheese; the mildew casting its emerald tint over our preserves; the lichen and the moss wearing away the words of grief and honor engraved upon the tombs of our forefathers, have each their appropriate work, and are all important in the great economy of nature.

The little moss which so effectually aroused the emotions of Mungo Park when far away from his friends and kin, and when his spirits were almost failing, may teach a moral lesson to us all, and serve to inspire us with some of that perseverance and energy to travel through life that it did Mungo Park in his journey through the African desert.

By the steady and long-continued efforts of this fragile little plant, high mountains have been bended, which no human power could have brought from their towering height. Adamantine rocks have been reduced to pebbles; cliffs have moldered in heaps upon the shore; and castles and strong-holds raised by the hand of man have proved weak and powerless under the ravages of this tiny agent, and become scenes of ruin and desolation—the habitations of the owl and the bat.

Yet who, to look upon the lichen, so modest that we might almost take it for a part of the ground upon which we tread, would think it could do all this? Can this, we exclaim, be a leveler of mountains and mausoleums? Contemplate its unobtrusive, humble course. Endowed by nature with an organization capable of vegetating in the most unpropitious circumstances; requiring, indeed, little more than the mere moisture of the atmosphere to sustain it, the lichen sends forth its small filamentous roots, and clings to the hard, dry rocks, with a most determined pertinacity.

These little fibers, which can scarcely be discerned with the naked eye, find their

way into the minute crevices of the stone. Now, firmly attached, the rain-drops lodge on the surface, and filtering to their roots, moisten the space which they occupy, and the little plant is then enabled to work itself further into the rock ; the dimensions of the aperture become enlarged, and the water runs in in greater quantities.

This work, carried on by a legion of ten thousand strong, soon pierce the stony cliff with innumerable fissures, which being filled with rain, the frost causes to split, and large pieces roll down to the levels beneath, reduced to sand, or to become soil for the growth of a more exalted vegetation.

This, of course, is the work of time, of generations, perhaps measured by the span of human life ; but, undaunted, the mission of the humble lichen goes on and prospers. Is not this a lesson worth learning from the book of nature ? Does it not contain much that we might profit by, and set us an example that we should do well to imitate ?

"Persevere, and despise not little things," is the lesson we draw from it ourselves ; and the poorest and humblest reader of this page will be able to accomplish great things, if he will take the precept to himself, engrave it upon his heart, or hold it constantly before him. Depend upon it, you will gain more inspiration from these words than from half the wise sayings of the philosophers of old.

But nature is full of examples to stimulate us to perseverance, and beautiful illustrations of how much can be achieved by little things—trifles unheeded by the multitude. The worms that we tread in the dust beneath our feet, are the choicest friends of the husbandman. A tract of land rendered barren by the incrustation of stones upon its surface, becomes, by their labors, a rich and fertile plain. They loosen and throw up, in nutritious, mealy hillocks, the hardest and most unprofitable soil. The stones disappear, and where all was sterility and worthlessness, is soon the richness of luxurious vegetation.

We may call to mind, too, the worm upon the mulberry-tree, and its miles of fine-spun, glistening silk. We may watch the process of its transformation till the

choice fabric, which its patient industry had produced, is dyed by an infusion gained from another little insect (the cochineal), and then, endowed with the glory of tint and softness of texture, it is cut into robes to deck the beauty of wives and daughters. Yet, those ignorant of their usefulness would despise these little laborers, as they do others equally valuable.

The bee and the ant, again, are instances which we may all observe ; but how few will spend five minutes to contemplate them. Yet, where is the man, sluggard though he be, who would not shake off his slothfulness on observing the patient industry and frugal economy of the little ant ? Or where is the drunkard and spendthrift who could watch the bee, so busy in garnering up a rich store for the coming winter ; laboring while the sun shone, to sustain them when the frost and rain, and the flowerless plants shut out all means of gaining their daily bread ; and not put his shoulder to the wheel, and think of old age, and the clouds that are gathering in the heavens ?

The worth of all the delicious sweets we have derived from the industry of the little bee is nothing, when compared with the value of the moral lesson which they teach us.

If we turn from the book of nature, and open the annals of discovery and science, many instances of the importance of little things will start up and crowd around us, of events which appear in the lowest degree insignificant, being the cause of vast and stupendous discoveries. "The smallest thing becomes respectable," says Foster, "when regarded as the commencement of what has advanced or is advancing into magnificence.

"The first rude settlement of Romulus would have been an insignificant circumstance, and might justly have sunk into oblivion, if Rome had not at length commanded the world. The little rill near the source of one of the great American rivers is an interesting object to the traveler, who is apprised, as he steps across it, or walks a few miles along its bank, that this is the stream which runs so far, and gradually swells into so immense a flood."

By the accidental mixing of a little

nitre and charcoal, gunpowder was discovered. In ancient times, before the days of Pliny, some merchants traveling across a sandy desert, could find no rock at hand on which to kindle a fire to prepare their food; as a substitute, they took a block of alkali from among their heaps of merchandise, and lit a fire thereon.

The merchants stared with surprise when they saw the huge block melting beneath the heat, and running down in a glistening stream as it mingled with the sand, and still greater was their astonishment when they discovered into what a hard and shining substance it had been transformed. From this, says Pliny, originated the making of glass.

The sunbeams dazzling on a crystal prism unfolded the whole theory of colors. A few rude types carved from a wooden block have been the means of revolutionizing nations, overthrowing dynasties, and rooting out the most hardened despoticisms; of driving away a multitude of imps of superstition, which for ages had been the terror of the learned, and of spreading the light of truth and knowledge from the frontiers of civilization to the coasts of darkness and barbarism.

"We must destroy the Press," exclaimed the furious Wolsey, "or the Press will destroy us." The battle was fought, and the Press was triumphant. The swinging of a lamp suspended from a ceiling led Galileo to search into the laws of oscillation of the pendulum. By the fall of an apple the great Newton was led to unfold what had hitherto been deemed one of the secrets of the Deity—a mystery over which God had thrown a vail, which it would be presumption for man to lift or dare to pry beneath.

Had Newton disregarded little things, and failed to profit by gentle hints, we should perhaps have thought so still; and our minds would not have been so filled with the glory of Him who made the heavens. But with these great truths revealed to our understandings, we exclaim from our hearts, "Manifold, O God! are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all."

[This article is selected from an English publication. The subject is one of great interest, and we intend to continue it in the next number of *The Student*.]—ED.

THE MOSS IN THE DESERT.

MUNGO PARK, while traveling in Africa, was suddenly surprised by a band of Foulah robbers, who took his horse, and stripped him of every thing except one shirt, a pair of trousers, and his hat. Of his condition and thoughts on being thus left, he gives in his "Travels in Africa," the following thrilling description:

After the robbers were gone, I sat for some time looking around me with amazement and terror; whichever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty.

I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement.

All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection; and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected, that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was indeed a stranger in a strange land, yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend.

At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this, to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the tip of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsule without admiration.

Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after His own image? Surely not. Reflections like these would not allow me to despair; I started up, and disregarding both hunger

and fatigue, traveled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed.

FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

[These beautiful lines were written for the occasion, and sung by Madame Otto Goldschmidt, to an air composed by her husband, at her farewell concert, in Castle Garden, on the evening of the 24th of May. It was on the same spot where she sung her "Greeting to America," a little more than a year and a half before. Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt sailed for Europe on board the Atlantic on the 29th day of May.]

Young land of hope—fair Western Star!
Whose light I hailed from climes afar—
I leave thee now; but twine for thee
One parting wreath of melody.
O take this offering of the heart
From one who feels 'tis sad to part.

And if it be that strains of mine
Have glided from my heart to thine,
My voice was but the breeze that swept
The spirit chords that in thee slept.
The music was not all my own—
Thou gavest back the answering tone.

Farewell—when parted from thy shore,
Long absent scenes return once more;
Where'er the wanderer's home may be,
Still, still, will memory turn to thee!
Bright Freedom's clime; I feel thy spell,
But I must say farewell—farewell!

POSTURE OF THE BODY WHILE SITTING.

BONES constitute the frame-work of the human system; and, like other parts, these require exercise. If used properly, they increase in size and strength, and impart a beautiful form to the person. These are most susceptible to a harmonious development during childhood and youth, while the bones are growing most rapidly.

It should never be forgotten that children are as susceptible to physical training as to intellectual or moral culture. And by all means they should be physically "trained up in the way they should go." Physical erectness is next to moral uprightness. If children are allowed to contract injurious physical habits from bad posture of the body while sitting, they are

liable not only to grow crooked, but become deformed in various ways.

It is melancholy to reflect how frequently the earliest school-days of children are the commencement of their bodily deformity. Why is it thus? Why is the body so often impaired in cultivating the mind? Why is the casket ruined in attempts to polish the jewel within? Will you, parents and teachers, answer these questions? Have ignorance and inattention to the physical laws any connection with these results?

Fortunately, however, the power of education is so great that even the physically crooked may sometimes be made straight. By proper exercise the chest may be enlarged, the lungs strengthened and expanded, the general health improved, and much done to fortify those who have inherited feeble constitutions against the attacks of disease.



RAD POSITION.

The position of the body, while sitting, has much to do with health and good forms. Many bad habits, of this kind, are contracted by children at school. Sometimes they occupy seats too high for them, and in consequence of being unable to reach the floor with their feet, the thigh bones become curved. Others are placed on seats without backs, and soon acquire the habit of leaning forward, by which they become round-shouldered, their chests contracted, and hence susceptible to pulmonary disease.



BAD POSTURE.

Some persons have acquired a most unfortunate habit of leaning forward while sitting. This posture may be seen represented in the above engraving. It is next to impossible for any one to long remain healthy and free from disease who habitually indulges in such a posture. It is very injurious to the voice; and its effects may be readily observed by a few experiments in reading, while in this position, and then in an upright one.

Children, when placed upon a high stool or bench, without support for the feet or back, beside the injurious physical effects, will not learn half as much as they could in an easy, natural position. Look at the boy perched upon the stool, literally in the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," and decide for yourself whether he can learn as much and as well as one seated comfortably on a chair.

Many of the spinal diseases so common, are brought on by bad positions while sitting. Children at school, and young persons at work, especially girls who work while sitting, too generally give no attention whatever to the posture of the body. Such things are little thought of, or if thought of in theory, are not regarded in practice.



If a person sit by a table which is too high to allow both arms to rest upon it, the consequence may be seen in the curved spine of the above figure. To prevent the projection of one shoulder, and the consequent spinal curvature, both the arms should be kept on the same level. If this be not done, the right arm will rise above the left, from its more constant use and elevation.



When the table is of the right height, and the person sits in a proper position, the spine will be straight, as seen in the last figure. If the table be too low, and the person leans forward and rests much on one elbow, the same evil results to the spine as when the table is too high.



WRONG
AND
RIGHT
POSITIONS IN WRITING.

Perhaps there is no occupation in which so many are injured by a bad position of the body, as in writing. The desk or table, in height, should reach about half way from the elbow, as the arm hangs by the side, to the armpit. Then the writer should sit erect, and rest both arms equally on the desk. The proper and improper positions in writing are contrasted in the above engraving. And we would most

earnestly entreat all to avoid the wrong, and follow the right.

By all means children, as well as older persons, should sit erect. This position is favorable to a healthy action of the various organs of the system, and it gives beauty and symmetry to the form. He who maintains an erect physical posture enjoys the best health, and most fully realizes that he is *a man*.

ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

EXTRACTS.

[From "The English Language, in its Elements and Forms."]

BY W. C. FOWLER

As to the origin of language, three opinions have been maintained. First. That language was the pure gift of God, conveyed in vocal sounds to the listening ear, as from a teacher to a pupil. Second. That it was the invention of man, contrived for the purpose of communication. Third. That it was neither the pure gift of God nor an invention of man, but the spontaneous result of his organization, just as reason is.

The argument for this last opinion is physiological. It is derived from the

structure of the organs of speech, and from the adaptation of the soul to every part of the body, to the tongue as well as to the hand. In thus creating the soul to act in and through the body, the Deity conferred on man, from the first, the power of speech; so that language is the necessary result of his constitution, and human speech and human nature are inseparable.

Thus constituted, thus endowed by his Creator with the gift of speech, the First Father of our race was qualified from the first to give names to the animals which his Creator brought before him, "to see what he would call them." And, inasmuch as speech is but the image of the

mind, we may believe that, impressed by some prominent attribute in each animal, he gave a name imaging his impression.

According to this view, language is not the result of compact on the part of many, nor of inventive contrivance on the part of some individual, but is a natural phenomenon of the race. It is an emanation from the common soul of man, through the organs of the body, in obedience to laws as necessary as the laws which govern any other mental operation.

Whatever was the origin of language, it is not to be supposed that the vocabulary possessed by the first generation was more extensive than was necessary to express the ideas they wished to communicate. In the progress of society, as new ideas were originated, new words would be invented, just as words are now invented when they are needed to express new ideas.

From Lectures "On the Study of Words."

BY RICHARD C. TRENCH, B.D.

THERE is no human art or invention, though it be as simple and obvious as the preparing of food by fire, but there are those who have fallen below its exercise. But with language it is not so. There have never yet been found human beings, not the most degraded horde of South African Bushmen, or Papuan cannibals, who did not employ this means of intercourse with one another. Were language purely an invention, an accident of human nature, this would be otherwise.

But the true answer to the inquiry how language arose, is this: that God gave man language, just as He gave him reason, and just because He gave him reason, for he could not be man, that is, a social being, without it. Yet this must not be taken to affirm that man started at the first furnished with a full-formed vocabulary of words, and as it were with his dictionary and first grammar ready-made to his hands.

He did not thus begin the world with names, but with the power of naming; for man is not a mere speaking machine; God did not teach him words, as one of us teaches a parrot, from without; but He

gave him a capacity, and then evoked the capacity which He gave.

Here, as in every thing else that concerns the primitive constitution, the great original institutes of humanity, our best and truest lights, are to be gotten from the study of the first three chapters of Genesis. You will observe that there it is not God who imposed the first names on the creatures, but Adam; Adam, however, at the direct suggestion of his Creator.

He brought them all, we are told, to Adam, "to see what he would call them; and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof." (Gen. ii. 19.) Here we have the clearest intimation of the origin, at once divine and human, of speech; while yet neither is so brought forward as to exclude or obscure the other.

I believe that we should comprehend the actual case most truly, if we conceived this power of naming things and expressing their relations, as one laid up in the depths of man's being, one of the divine capacities with which he was created; but one which could not remain dormant in him, for man could be only made through its exercise. This, however, is a capacity differing from those, the development of which have produced in some men the various arts of life.

This divine capacity rapidly budded and blossomed out from within him, at every solicitation from the world without, or from his fellow-man, as each object to be named appeared before his eyes, each relation of things to one another arose before his mind. It was not the possible, only, but the necessary emanation of the spirit with which he had been endowed. Man makes his own language, but he makes it as the bee makes its cells, as the bird its nest.

How this latent power evolved itself first; how this spontaneous generation of language came to pass, is a mystery, even as every act of creation is of necessity such. And as a mystery, all the deepest inquirers into the subject are content to leave it.

Mental culture is founded on habit.

Youth's Department.

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, to fix
The generous purpose, and the noble thought.

FIRST AND LAST DAYS OF SCHOOL.

BY ANNA DARLING.

IT was in the morning of the second day of the summer of 1851, that a band of scholars, with happy, smiling faces, were seen standing in groups by the wayside, or sitting beneath the tassel-decked branches of a large willow tree.

From their quiet homes they had come—from the farm-house, from the cottage, from the hill-side and the valley, from the shady glen, and the sun-lighted dingle, from the sparkling river's side, and from the shores of their own blue bay, with satchel and dinner-basket, come willingly to resume the labors, and enjoy the pleasures of the “district school.”

Many a sparkling eye, from beneath straw hat and chintz cape-bonnet, peered out right curious to catch the first glimpse of their new teacher. She had come from her happy home at Elmshade, to spend a few weeks in their school, hoping to find fond and loving friends among her new pupils.

While they thus stood waiting, they were not quite idle, for at least thought and tongue were busy. Some spoke of the stranger, saying that they had seen her on the day previous, at their village church.

Some talked eloquently, as even childhood can, of the beaming eye and quiet smile of her with whom they hoped to spend the glad hours of the gay summer time. Others told of the sorrow that they fancied was welling up from

her heart's hidden fountain, and promised to “be good, and love her as well as her own little sisters at home did.”

But besides such words that promised so much joy to the teacher, there seemed to be other and different opinions of the matter. Some little boys looked not very gladly on the picture. They thought only of the long days that they must spend in captivity, as *they* thought it, when the rolling hoop must rest, and the spring trout would feel quite safe in its own little stream, since their *hooks* were all unbaited.

Nay, one little boy was heard to “bet a pumpkin that the schoolmarm was cross.” Yet all concluded to “wait and see.”

Some were talking of their plans for the summer, of new books, and of the many merry sports at recess and at noontime. Yet all seemed determined to enjoy the summer very much, with “books, and work, and healthful play,” thus beguiling the happy hours.

But anon the teacher is seen wending her way toward the little red school-house. Cordially they welcome her; all with smiles, and some with kindly words.

They enter the school-room, and, after the reading of a passage from the “book of books,” they repeat together the Lord’s prayer, and thus their summer school is commenced.

Now all set themselves at study, some earnestly, some with little application.

To the scholar who has been for a month free as the wind, or the wild-bird, time, for a few days, goes slowly by; but ere long he becomes accustomed to the regulations of the school, and all moves on quietly, happily, and profitably.

Sometimes it may be that one and another grows impatient or fretful, but such little troubles fade with the setting sun, and another morning finds all ready to commence anew the duties of a scholar's life. Thus day after day goes by, and the close of each week finds many difficulties overcome, and many a hard task learned.

With all their joys and sorrows, schooltime passes swiftly, and ere they are aware, the bright hours of summer have flitted by. Now comes a day less joyous than that *second summer day*—'tis the *last day of school*.

How sadly do the scholars think of the hours misspent, and now, that they must say good-by, how regretfully do they look back on past hours of impatience, perchance of willful disobedience.

How sadly do they think of her departure, as she goes to greet the loved ones at home. As they review the past, how many things come up like mountains that seemed but as trifles before.

How often have they loitered on their way; how often turned from page to page of their school-books, without admitting one ray of light to their intellectual vision. How often, with sour looks and unhappy feelings, have they greeted her who kindly sought to make them happy.

But it is in vain that they thus remember and regret the acts of the past; yet not *all* in vain, if they profit from the lessons of experience, and guard themselves from such errors in the future.

It is not all in vain, if when they again meet as scholars it is with hearts strong in the determination to apply themselves still more earnestly to study, that the golden hours of youth may not all pass in an idle dream.

Letter Writing.—No. 2.

THE LETTER.

SINCE writing the last article on this subject, we have received letters without the name of the state in the date. Some of these our publishers are obliged to keep until those who sent them write again to inquire why they have not received their periodical. This is very unpleasant for publishers, and annoying to subscribers.

Now it should be remembered that every body does not know who you are, or where you reside; hence, when you have occasion to write, you should be very careful to give the name of the place and state, in the date of your letter.

Sometimes it seems that those who write must think themselves pretty well known, and that the little village or town where they reside, is so distinguished, that no one can be ignorant of its whereabouts.

Let us give one more suggestion in regard to the date, which we will follow by a direction where to commence the body of the letter. If you reside in a city, it is best to give the number and street, as follows:

131 Nassau-st., New York.

June 15, 1852.

Dear Friend,

Your letter, of the 10th inst., was duly received, and I am happy to learn that you are so highly pleased with your new situation.

The body of the letter should commence on the line below the date, and nearly under the last letter of the complimentary address, as in this example.

Now we have come to the letter; and how should that begin? Not as many do commence them, by writing two or three sentences before beginning the letter. When a person gets up to speak, we do not like to have him do as the man did of whom Mr. Gough tells a story, always make a "few remarks be-

fore speaking." But let him commence at once and tell what he has to say, and then sit down.

In commencing a letter, the writer should always begin at once, without waiting to say, "I now take my pen in hand to inform you," etc. This sentence usually ends with information about the writer's health, and "hopes" for the health of the person addressed.

Sometimes ridiculous blunders are made in this expression. If the writer happens to be unwell, perhaps he says, "I now take my pen in hand to inform you that for the last month I have enjoyed very poor health,"—and thinking he must add a wish for his friend's welfare, he continues,—"and I hope these few lines may find you enjoying the same blessing."

It is quite fortunate that the wishes of a correspondent can not make one sick, or many might find themselves under the physician's care rather more frequently than would be agreeable.

When you commence a letter, it is well, if it be a reply to one you have received, first to acknowledge the reception of that letter; then, if a business letter, proceed to give the principal object in writing, or to state the business at once. This will at a glance inform your correspondent that his letter has been received, and then gratify his next desire—that of knowing why you have written.

Business letters should always be brief, clear, and precise. They should contain *all* the necessary particulars of the business to which it refers, yet be concise, and without a superfluous sentence or word.

In letters of friendship, more freedom of expression is allowable, and longer letters are expected than those on business. These should be written in an easy, familiar style, just as you feel and talk. The best directions which can be given for these letters is, write just what you would say were the person addressed sitting by you.

You should avoid writing a whole

page in one paragraph. A letter, or any other composition, without these, looks tedious to the reader. At least two or three may be made on each page.

The first line of each paragraph should begin about an inch farther toward the middle of the paper than the other lines do. A margin of at least half an inch in width, should be made on the left side of the letter.

It is best to avoid long sentences; they serve to confuse the reader. A great fault with some is, they tie their sentences together with ands. It is "and," "and that," and "and this." Shun this fault, for it weakens the sense.

The first word of every paragraph, and of every sentence, should always begin with a capital letter; also all names of months, days of the week, of places, and of persons. The pronoun *I*, and the interjection *O*, must be written in capitals.

Often we have seen the small *i* used. This is wrong, and looks very badly. If you wish to remember how ridiculous it appears to others, just read it "little *i*," wherever it occurs in the following letter from George:

"MR. EDITOR,

"I send you an Enigma which *i* hope you will publish If you can *i* lik the Museum verry much *i* hope *i* shal be able to send you more Enigmies for the student."

Now let us see how this letter will sound to read it in that manner. "I send you an enigma which (little) *i* hope you will publish if you can. (little) *i* like the Museum very much. (little) *i* hope (little) *i*, etc." After you have read two or three letters in this way, we think you will not forget to make the capital *I*.

There are several errors in this letter, besides the "little *i*'s." The words *enigma* should not commence with a capital letter, nor the word *if*. The words *like*, *very*, *shall*, and *enigmas*, are each misspelled. The Student is a proper name, as here used, and should commence with capital letters. There

should have been a period after "can," and another after "much."

The errors which have been already pointed out we hope you will now avoid; if you do, it will not be in vain that we have written this article for you, nor useless that you have read it. It is very important that you form correct habits in these things while young, but if you allow yourself to form bad ones now, they will probably last you through life, and cause you much trouble.

THE CHILD'S FAIRY DREAM.

BY C. MORLEY.

On a mossy bank there lay,
Wearied with his boyish play,
A sweet child, whose ringlets fair,
Playthings for the zephyrs were.
At his feet his hoop was laid,
When he sought the beech-tree's shade;
And the brooklet, murmuring by,
Lulled him with its minstrelsy.
Soft his cheek the mosses pressed;
Roses wild lay on his breast,
That he'd gathered in his glee,
Rambling o'er the flowery lea.
Drooped a small hand by his side,
Where a violet sought to hide;
Once his brow was overcast,
Where a gleam of sunshine passed.
'Twas a sight most sweet and fair,
As of angel slumbering there,
Who had left his wings above,
And was dreaming deeds of love,
Lulled by music, cheered by song,
Resting now the flowers among.
Spirits leaned above the child;
In its sleep it sweetly smiled
For that sleeper, lowly brook
Danced more silvery to its nook;
And an orchard oriole
Through the beech-leaves gently stole.
Down he hopped from spray to spray,
'Till he stood o'er where he lay;
Looked askance, then smoothed his crest,
And a song gushed from his breast.
But the sleeper waked not. He
Played with dream-land fantasy.
Fairies led him o'er a green,
To a throne where sat their queen,

And a radiant rainbow bright
Sparkled in the silvery light;
While a web of gossamer
Held the diamond dew-drops there.
And the fays from flower and shell,
Wove their music to a spell,
By whose power in white and green,
Other fairies danced, I ween.
Some on butterflies would ride;
Some the dragon-fly bestride;
Some hide in the butter-cup,
Where the bee draws honey up.

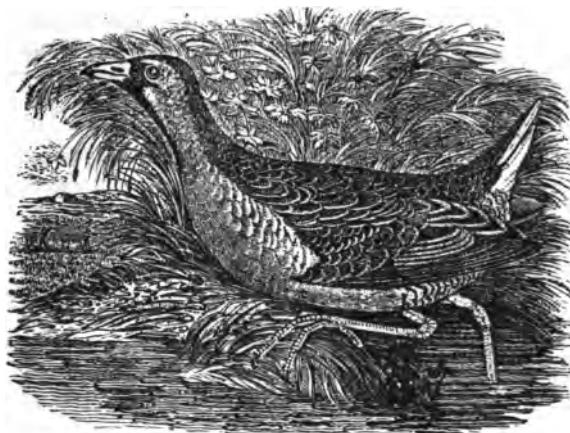
Then a silver tinkling stole
Like the notes of oriole.
Instant every fay upsprings,
Circle round their queen in rings;
Blue-bell, rose, anemone,
Honeysuckle, home of bee,
Butterfly, and acorn cup,
Yield their gleesome fairies up.

Then the queen (thus dreamed the child),
Took his hand and sweetly smiled;
"Have my fays, in earth or air,
Ever met with aught so fair?
I went forth this morn to see
Who the kindest child might be;
This I found, and heard him pray,
'Father, keep me through the day.'

"When, soon after, I was near,
He kissed off his sister's tear;
Gave a way-worn beggar food;
All the day was kind and good.
What reward to him shall be,
Sleeping now beneath our tree?"
Blushing stood the list'ning boy,
But his heart o'erflowed with joy.

"I," said one, "will near him stay,
And drive naughty thoughts away."
Said another, "I will be
Round him with soft minstrelsy."
"Dreams of beauty I bestow."
"Flowers shall spring where he may go."
"I will fill his heart with bliss."
"All shall love him: I grant this."

Then the boy awoke, upspringing
While the oriole was singing;
Rubbed his eyes, and wondered why
Grass was green, and blue the sky;
Grasped his hoop, and shook his curls,
Running where the brooklet purls,
Saying as he leaped the stream,
"I have had a pleasant dream."



THE RAIL, OR MEADOW HEN.

AUDUBON says this bird is chiefly confined to the Southern States. Only a few stragglers have been observed farther north and eastward than the states of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. It frequents meadows of tall, wild grass, and marshes around streams and lakes.

Its body is about one foot long, including its neck, and it has a long bill and long legs. The tail is very blunt, and turned up at the end. The usual color is of a dark brown on the back, and light brown on the under parts.

Wherever there are extensive marshes by the side of sluggish streams, in the Southern States, where the bellowings of the alligator are heard at intervals, and the piping of myriads of frogs fill the air, there is found the rail. There it may be seen gliding swiftly among the tangled, rank grasses and aquatic weeds, or standing on the broad leaves of the fragrant water-lily.

In those secluded resorts during the sickly season it remains secure from the disturbance of man; and on some hillock or little island of the marsh, it builds its nest and rears its young.

The nests are constructed with much labor. They are placed on the ground, but raised to the height of six or eight inches by means of withered weeds and

grasses. Over the nest, the top of the grass is drawn together, and the leaves wove in such a manner as to produce a kind of arch.

It is thus constructed to protect it from the crow and hawk, but that which shields it from such enemies serves as a mark for man, her greatest enemy. Men, searching for these nests, can discover them at a considerable distance by the arch.

The meadow-hen commences laying early in the spring, and usually lays nine or ten eggs. These are highly prized for food, and, having a fine flavor, are preferred to those of the common fowl. People who live in the vicinity of these marshes, often collect many dozens of these eggs in a single day.

It is common for these birds to migrate northward, and breed in the wet meadows along the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers. They often return to the same nest, repair it, and occupy it from year to year.

The young leave the nest as soon as they leave the shell, and follow their mother, who leads them along the borders of brooks and pools, where they find an abundance of food, consisting of grass, seeds, insects, tadpoles, etc. At this early period, when running among

the grass, the young may easily be mistaken for meadow-mice.

Some attempts have been made to domesticate this bird, but they have proved unsuccessful. In seasons of great drought, in the section it frequents, they leave the marshes, and do not return until after heavy rains.

The meadow-hen does not readily take wing to escape, like most other birds. When pursued by the hunter or his dog, it runs through the grass, winding its way like a mouse, and will not fly until the dog is just on the point of seizing it. Then it rises, flies swiftly for a few rods, and lights again.

These birds are exceedingly shy, and so close do they lie among the grass that the hunter with his dogs may go into the marsh where there are hundreds, without seeing one, unless they happen to cross his path, or dive into the water, and come up on the other side of the ditch, to hide again in the grass.

Few birds afford better food than this species. Their superiority in size, over other birds of this genus found in the United States, renders them valuable game for the knowing sportsman and epicure. But they are so difficult to be taken, that seldom any but those who are experienced in hunting them can catch them.

THE LITTLE RAGGED BOY.

BY ALBERT TODD.

MANY years have gone by, but I see the little fellow with his bright and sparkling eyes and flaxen hair, as plainly as though it were but yesterday that we were classmates together in the district school-house. I well remember how I felt for him as the scholars scorned and laughed at him, because he was poor and ragged; and many sneers did I get because I took the little fellow's part.

I always had a sympathizing feeling

for destitute and ragged children, that were so because of the poverty of their parents. It always raised my republican spirit to see any one despised or laughed at for what *they* could not avoid. Too often is it the case in our schools that children with ragged and patched clothes are scorned and despised, simply because they are so.

How many intelligent men are scattered here and there, over our country, who were once ragged boys in our district schools; and who have, by their own efforts and perseverance, raised themselves to high and honorable stations in society. If their history were traced back to early childhood, we shall find that a large portion of our distinguished men have been raised to the high stations they now occupy, through their own efforts and resources.

I always felt a deep interest in this little boy's welfare, because I saw that he was despised for his shabby appearance, and the poverty of his parents. He had a bright eye, and intelligence beamed on his countenance. He was active and sprightly in every movement, and no one could find fault with him, for he had a kind and generous heart. But still his parents were poor—yes, *honestly* poor.

Notwithstanding he was despised and shunned, he persevered in his studies and pressed on. He showed by his independent spirit that he had a mind—a mind that looked beyond the foolishness of earth. While receiving the taunts of his classmates, he would never retort with oaths and imprecations, but took all in good part; now and then, however, his eyes would fill with tears, which showed that he had feelings of susceptibility.

But little difference between his age and mine existed, and a sort of relationship bound us to each other; yet, *without* this, I should have loved him for the nobleness of his nature, and his kind and generous heart.

I will not follow my classmate through

all the scenes of his early life, but allow me to say he soon outstripped those who were the loudest in their scoffs and sneers at him. By his untiring efforts and perseverance he accumulated sufficient to prosecute his studies, and at an early age he entered college; and need I say few made more rapid progress, and few graduated with higher honors?

His mind was early turned toward the good of mankind, and he seems to have been, even at an early age, impressed with the idea that it was his duty to direct "souls in the way to heaven," and for this he had qualified and prepared himself. We find him leaving college a meek and devoted follower of Him who "suffered and died on Calvary."

But how can I add the sequel? From infancy to boyhood, from boyhood to middle age, I had watched him in his progress with more than a brother's anxiety, and always felt thankful, when I thought of him as we rambled together in our play hours at school, that I had never despised him for his shabby appearance, or for his parents' poverty.

But the sequel: he had completed his studies, and was soon to engage in the ministry. He was on his way to his native neighborhood, to visit his parents in their declining years. Only forty miles separated him from those he held dear, when death marked him for its victim. So severe was the stroke, that he withered like the flower plucked at noonday. With a submissive heart he yielded to the summons. How did his heart yearn for the presence of his mother in his dying moments, that he might give her his parting blessing, and feel her kiss of affection. But alas! none but stranger hands were near to close his eyelids. The afflicted father and mother did not reach him until his spirit had taken its departure.

Now, my young readers, the little "ragged boy" has left us; and let me speak a word to you in conclusion. If any of your classmates at school have not so good clothes as you, or have not

parents that are so well off in this world's goods, do not shun and despise them for it. Remember that it is not the *outward* appearance that makes the boy or the man. It is the noble and generous heart.

WE ARE ALL HERE IN TIME.

A SONG FOR THE OPENING OF SCHOOL.

TUNE—*Auld Lang Syne*.

WE'VE met together, school-mates dear;
Let's always bear in mind,
That youth's the season' to improve,
And wisdom's treasures find.

Chorus.—We are all here in time, my friends,
We are all here in time;
Improvement shall our motto be,
So up the hill we'll climb.

How cheerfully we will recite,
Our cheeks will glow the while;
Ambition urges on in spite
Of every wayward wile.

Chorus.—We all are here in time, my friends, etc.

When in the morning we arise,
We'll lisp our Maker's praise,
Contented if He'll not despise
Our youthful morning lays.

Chorus.—We all are here in time, my friends, etc.

Obedience to our parents, next
Shall our young minds engage,
To gratify each wish express'd,
And every grief assuage.

Chorus.—We all are here in time, my friends, etc.

Come friends and schoolmates, join the song,
Let's sing because we're free;—
Rejoice! Rejoice! that we belong
To a land of Liberty.

Chorus.—We all are here in time, my friends, etc.
Selected.

A GREAT philosopher says there are three things which are very difficult—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

For Children.

"To aid the mind's development, and watch
The dawn of little thoughts."



THE CITY BOY IN THE COUNTRY.*

ONE day, soon after Sanford Mayhew came home from school in the afternoon, he said, "Father, William Maston has been telling me about the country. His father lives on a farm in Rhode Island. He keeps cows, and sheep, and horses, and hens, and geese, and ducks, and turkeys.

"William wishes to have me go home with him, next vacation. Can I go with him, father?"

"I do not know about it," said Mr. Mayhew. "William's father has not sent you an invitation. Do you know that he is willing to have you spend the vacation at his house?"

"Oh, yes, father; William has writ-

ten home about it, and his father says, 'Tell him to come on.' Can I go?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Thank you, father, thank you."

When vacation came, Sanford went home with William. He had always lived in the city, and while he was at Mr. Maston's he saw a great many things which delighted him very much.

Mr. Maston was a farmer. He attended to almost every branch of agriculture which can be successfully carried on in that little state. Sanford had a chance to pick up a great many ideas about farming, during his stay there.

* From "Uncle Frank's Home Stories," published by Charles Scribner, New York.

One day he took it into his head that he would write down some of the observations he had made, and send them to his father in a letter.

Now let us read a part of his letter.

“DEAR FATHER,

“You can not think what sport we boys have had. We saw the men wash the sheep and shear them. Mr. Maston lets us see every thing that is going on. He is a very kind man. I like him more and more.

“Father, he makes me think of you. Yesterday, I think it was, I was speaking to him, and before I thought, I called him father.

“‘Never mind,’ said he; ‘that is not so bad a blunder, after all.’ I was glad to hear him say so, for I was half frightened when I came to think of the mistake I had made.

“Well, Mr. Maston asked us one day, if we would like to see the sheep-washing. Of course we said ‘Yes, sir;’ and both of us went.

“William had seen the men wash sheep before, but I had not. It was all new to me.

“It was funny to see how they got the sheep into the water. They made a yard near the creek, so high that the sheep could not jump over it, and large enough to hold the whole flock at once. I should think there were more than a hundred sheep in all.

“This yard was open on the side next the creek; but there was no danger of the sheep getting out on that side, unless the men took them out that way. They were too much afraid of water for that. Oh, how they did seem to dread the water.

“Their coats were much soiled. I wondered why they did not like to be washed. But then I remembered that I did not love to be washed myself, when I was a very little boy; and then I did not think so strange that the sheep disliked the water so much.

“Sometimes the man and the sheep had quite a battle before the washing commenced. The sheep pulled one way, and the man the other. At last the sheep was conquered. She was pitched without a great deal of ceremony into the stream, head foremost, and the man went in after her.

“The water was deep enough where the washing took place, to drown the sheep; and they would have drowned, I suppose, if the men had not kept their heads above water.

“After the sheep had been dragged into the creek they were quiet enough. They were quite helpless. They could not use their legs any more, and the men held them as easily, almost, as if the sheep had liked the sport.

“It took nearly all day to wash the whole flock. They looked so nice and clean, after they came out of the brook, that one would hardly have known they were the same sheep. I suppose they were glad they had taken the ducking, then.

“A few days after the sheep were washed, they were brought up, and shut in the barn-yard. It really seemed to me that they were suspicious that something dreadful was going to be done to them; for they crowded into one corner of the yard, and bleated as if their hearts would break.

“They had their coats stripped off

from their backs; but I have no doubt they were glad of it, when the shearing was all through with.

"It was getting to be warm weather when they were sheared, and they must have felt a great deal more comfortable when they got rid of their heavy fleece of wool, than they did before.

"Once in a while an uneasy sheep would flounce a little, while the man was shearing her, and then she sometimes got cut with the shears; but none of them got cut very badly.

"It was amusing to see how the sheep acted when they were sheared. They did not seem to know one another, at first. The little lambs would not own their mothers, when they came running back into the yard, with their coats off. They found each other out after a while, though.

"I had never thought before that shearing sheep would make such a difference in their looks. Why, they seemed plump and fat before the shearing, but afterward you could count their ribs.

"The fleeces that were taken off from the sheep were all piled up together in the garret. It was not long after that when a man came along and bought the whole of them."

GOOD NIGHT.

THE sun is down, the day gone by,
The stars are twinkling in the sky;
Nor torch nor taper longer may
Eke out a blithe and stinted day!
The hours have passed with stealthy flight;
We needs must part; good night, good night!

Selected.

"JUST MY LUCK."

JAMES, you had better attend to the night-wood," said Mrs. Forsyth to her son, who had become deeply interested in a book he was perusing.

"Wait a little, mother, I want to finish this page; I am right in the middle of it now."

His mother did wait, and although she said nothing, yet she was deeply grieved. When he had read that page through, he feared he would lose the force of it if he laid it aside *just then*. And what difference would it make if the wood was brought in five minutes later?

Mrs. Forsyth allowed him to take his own time for it, so it was almost dark before he thought of leaving his book. Then he went at it in a great hurry, and in splitting some kindling he scratched his hand very badly.

When he again entered the neat little sitting-room where his mother was at work, he was crying and complaining bitterly.

"O dear! O dear! I was splitting some wood, and a great stick flew up and hurt my hand so. You know it's just my luck."

"Come and sit down by me, James, I want to talk with you. You think you are very unlucky, don't you?"

"Yes, I do, mother, I am always getting hurt, and it isn't my fault either."

"Was it not your fault to-night, my son?"

"Why, no; how should I know the stick was going to hit me?"

"Yes, but if it had not been so dark and late, you would not have been in

such a hurry doing it. I spoke to you in season to do it all by daylight, and I let you manage your own way to see what would be the result. I have noticed lately that whenever any thing is given you to do, 'wait a minute,' is your almost constant reply."

"Well, what difference does a minute make, any way?"

"What would your father say, if because I wished to finish any thing I was doing, I should put off breakfast till dinner time; would he like it?"

"Why, I suppose not."

"And, besides, the excuse which is good for *one* minute is equally as good for the *next*, and for many more. And, as a consequence of procrastination, is crowding the business of an hour into a moment's space, you hurry through with every thing, only half doing it. So you are always complaining of ill luck.

"Now this very fault of yours is the cause. No doubt it seems hard to break off from a thing in the midst of it, but recollect if you do every thing promptly and in its proper place, you will have more time to do it with."

"I don't see but that is reasonable, mother," said James, looking earnestly and thoughtfully in her face, "and I will try and do better in the future."

"That is right, my son. You will find it far easier after a little while to do things in order, than to leave all to a leisure moment. And then, you will not have so much ill luck to complain of hereafter."

And now, my dear young friends, I have only to say in conclusion, that James Forsyth *has* reformed, and is a

much happier and a better boy. Go thou and do likewise.—*Zion's Herald.*

LITTLE ANN AND THE PIGEON.

BY MRS. LYDIA BAXTER

A LITTLE girl with curious eye,
And ever restless mind,
Was led each day, to search and try
Some hidden thing to find.
No nook or place howe'er concealed,
If she the key could get,
Its contents soon would be revealed,
Or she would tease and fret.
One warm, but pleasant summer day,
She sought the garden gate,
And resting there, her brother lay,
And near, a basket sat.
With cautious step she ventured near,
And off the cover drew;
When lo! a pigeon, white and fair,
From out the basket flew.
Long had she wished her brother dear,
This milk-white dove to bring;
And now she saw with many a tear,
Her *treasure* on the wing.
Had Ann less curious been to know,
And kindly spoke to Fred;
With pleasure, she her bird might show.
And share with it her bread.

WHAT I HEARD AS I CAME TO SCHOOL.

BY A. D. H.

A BIRD was flying, I heard him crying,
"Ho, little Miss, away, away;
How time is speeding, you're little heeding,
You must study to-day, to-day.
"Heed what I'm saying, nor stop for playing,
For an idle child becomes a fool;
So pray be going the way I'm showing,
And learn your task in school, in school."
And so I hurried, and never tarried,
The little sparrow led the way;
And as I entered, the dear thing ventured
To sing a song so gay, so gay.
He's not forgetting, I saw him sitting
On the top of the willow tree;
I heard him singing, as he was sitting—
I guess he's waiting there for me.

O U R M I S S I O N .

HOBSON'S CHOICE.—The expression, *Hobson's choice*, is proverbial both in Europe and America. Its origin is said to have been as follows:

Thomas Hobson was a celebrated carrier at Cambridge, England, who, to his employment in that capacity, added the profession of supplying the students, at college, with horses. In doing this, he made it an unalterable rule that every horse should have an equal portion of time in which to rest, as well as labor; and he always refused to let a horse out of his turn. Hence the saying, "Hobson's choice; this or none."

WHAT kind of paper most resembles a sneeze?
—Tissue.

"NEW BEGINNER."—Not unfrequently have we heard this expression used by teachers, as well as others. "These pupils are all *new* beginners." That is an excellent work for *new* beginners." Webster says, a beginner is "The person who begins; one who first enters upon any art, science, or business." What more is a *new* beginner? Who ever heard of *old* beginners?

It is found by calculation, that at 328 yards a man has the appearance of one-third his height, at 487 yards one-fourth, and at 546 one-fifth.

From H. M. S.—What causes the *report* of a gun? And what makes it sometimes *kick*?

Sound is the vibration of the atmosphere striking upon the tympanum of the ear. These vibrations flow in undulations, like waves. When a gun is discharged, a sudden and intense air-wave is formed, by the violent contact of the gases (generated by the combustion of the powder) with the atmosphere; and this produces the sharp, quick sound, called a *report*.

When the gases escape from the gun a vacuum is produced in the barrel, and the air rushing in to fill this, at the rate of about 1200 feet per second, would tend to force the gun backward. However, the resistance which the atmosphere gives to the sudden escape of the gases from the gun might also force back the gun, causing it to *kick*.

From H. M. S.—Is the love that a mother feels for her child, natural or acquired?

It is natural, just as much so as any other innate or instinctive capacity. It is as natural as the love of a duck for water, or the knowledge which a bird has of the manner for constructing its first nest. This maternal love exists in animals also.

A and B having an eight gallon cask full of wine, and wishing to make an equal division, were at a loss how to divide it, as they had only a five gallon and a three gallon measure. Using only those measures, how could an equal division be made?

What is the difference between six dozen dozen, and half a dozen dozen?

What is the difference between two-thirds of three-fourths, and three-fourths of two-thirds?

What is mind? No matter.

What is matter? Never mind.

From G. H. S.—Since the whole of a given quantity of water requires 1000 degrees of heat to reduce it to steam, and several times its own bulk to reduce the steam again to water, why does not the thermometer, when placed in the steam, indicate more than 212° of heat?

From Carolus.—How shall we parse the word *whatever* in the phrase, "No prudence whatever. And how the word *ours*, in the following, "Which requires more hands than ours."

What is,

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end,
And the end of every place!

An editor in Maine says, somewhere in that state, a pumpkin grew so large, that *eight men* could stand around it. Don't doubt it, for we have seen a squash so large that *ten men* could lift it.

When the Americans sent Benjamin Franklin, the printer, to France, as a minister, the Court of Versailles sent M. Girard, a bookbinder, as their representative to the French Congress. On

being told of this coincidence, Franklin replied—"Well, I'll print the *Independence of America*, and M. Girard will bind it."

Why does the sting of an insect leave pain?

Because the sting is hollow, and conveys from a bag or sack with which it communicates, a poisonous fluid, that irritates the wound.

CHEMICAL BAROMETER.—Take a long narrow bottle, such as an *Eau de Cologne* bottle, and put into it $2\frac{1}{2}$ drachms of camphor, and 11 drachms of alcohol. When the camphor is dissolved, add the following mixture:

Take water, 9 drachms; nitrate of potash (salt petre), 38 grains; and of ammonia (sal ammoniac), 38 grains. Dissolve these salts in the water before mixing it with the camphorated spirits; then shake the whole together. Cork the bottle well, and wax the top, but afterward make a very small aperture in the cork with a red hot needle.

The bottle may then be hung up, or placed in any stationary position. By observing the different appearance which the materials assume, as the weather changes, it becomes an excellent prognosticator of a coming storm, or of a sunny sky.

WHAT MIGHT BE EXPECTED.—The man who is opposed to paying for his children's education, and who never takes a paper, wrote a notice, and nailed it to his gate-post, which read, *verbatim et literatim*, as follows:

"For sail a Too story Hows And brn the
Oner expex to Go To californy."

In July there will be five Thursdays, five Fridays, and five Saturdays.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.—In the Museum for April it was asked, "What number are the nouns *horse* and *foot* in the phrase, 'A company of horse and foot.'" Several persons have answered. "The words *horse* and *foot* are collective nouns, with singular form, but used in the plural number."

In the Museum for March was the following: "Plant four apple-trees in such a manner that each tree will be at an equal distance from each of the others." We have waited several months for an answer, but none has been sent us. The puzzle may be solved in the following manner: Take a piece of land in the form of a cone, the height of which, from the circumference of the

base is just equal to one-third of the distance around the base; then plant three trees at equal distances from each other around the base; and the fourth on the top of the cone.

The answers to the arithmetical queries in the May museum, are $7\frac{1}{2}$ for the fourth of 20; and 20 for the difference between twice 25, and twice 5 and 20.

Answers to the enigmas in the May number: *Improve the mind*, is what every person should do. *To aid the mind's development*, is the design of *The Student*.

SOLVING ENIGMAS.—First write a horizontal line of figures, containing as many numbers as there are letters in the word or phrase used as the basis of the enigma. Then seek for a statement which is so definite that you can tell quite or nearly positively what the letters are. Use this as a starting point, by writing the letters, according to their numbers, over the corresponding figures in the horizontal line.

By the aid of the letters thus ascertained, some other specification can be solved, and the additional letters contained in it written down as before. And by continuing the same process, one statement after another may be solved, until the work is completed. Solving enigmas not unfrequently requires systematic and critical investigation, and is, therefore, a profitable discipline to the mind.

ENIGMAS.

From Martie, Attie, and Willie, of Alberm, Bucks Co., Pa.

I am composed of thirty letters.

My 12, 14, 3, may be seen in all parts of the earth.

My 1, 22, 4, 10, 23, 20, 6, 3, 4, is often seen in hot weather.

My 14, 17, 27, 2, 20, is harmony, and gives strength.

My 4, 29, 5, 21, is a precious metal.

My 10, 2, 30, 12, 16, is a noble and useful animal.

My 17, 11, 13, is used by fishermen.

My 10, 19, 30, 20, 22, 16, 18, is the name of a female.

My 24, 9, 2, 7, 8, is much used in cold weather.

My 10, 29, 14, 20, 15, is useful in hunting.

My 26, 6, 25, is what some dread, but all must do.

My 28, 16, 19, is now growing in South Carolina.

My whole is the earnest wish of a young trio at Alberm

From B. G. Childs, Neversink, N. Y.

I am composed of thirteen letters.

My 7, 12, 9, 7, 10, 13, was a distinguished general.

My 5, 3, 2, 6, is a bird—an emblem of innocence.

My 1, 5, 1, 11, 13, was a president of the United States.

My 13, 8, 12, 1, 11, is one of man's powerful agents.

My 8, 4, 11, 6, flies very swiftly.

My whole is what every one should do.

Record of Events.

EGGS SENT TO EUROPE.—The New Orleans Delta says, that one hundred barrels of eggs were shipped from that city, by the steamship Empire City, on her recent trip to New York. Here is a curious fact in the history of the trade of the Crescent City. Those eggs were produced in Ohio; and after having been conveyed fifteen hundred miles down the river, they were again shipped, and sent over the Gulf of Mexico, and along the Atlantic, fifteen hundred miles more, to New York, where they were to be re-shipped to Europe, three thousand miles farther. This is one of the wonders of modern commerce. A voyage of six thousand miles was hardly contemplated by the hens of Ohio, when they cackled so proudly over their productions.

AUSTRIAN TAX ON EMIGRANTS.—The emperor has imposed a tax of \$225 on each adult emigrant coming to America. This is done to prevent emigration. He will neither relax his despotism over those who remain, nor willingly suffer any one to leave the country.

USING CANCELLED POSTAGE STAMPS.—The Utica Observer, (N. Y.), says the postmaster there has detected three persons in using postage stamps which had been previously used on letters. Two of them have been made to pay the penalty for their fraud on the Post-office Department, which is only fifty dollars for each offense. The sum that each sacrificed would have been sufficient to pay for the postage on more than sixteen hundred letters.

REV. EDWARD P. HUMPHREY, D.D., of Kentucky, has been chosen Professor in Princeton College, N. J., as successor of the late venerable Dr. Alexander. He is the eldest son of Dr. Humphrey, of Pittsfield, Mass., formerly President of Amherst College, and author of many a quaint story imparting a lasting moral lesson.

CRYSTAL PALACE IN NEW YORK.—Upward of \$170,000 have been subscribed for the Exhibition of the Industry of the World, to be held at Reservoir Square, New York; and it is now positively stated that a Crystal Palace will be erected for that purpose.

A PLEASURE TRIP TO THE MEDITERRANEAN has recently been undertaken, by a party of ladies and gentlemen from Boston, Mass., for which they have engaged the ship Cygnet.

For Teachers.

MORAL INSTRUCTION.

In "The Massachusetts Teacher" we find an article from R. B. H., containing some valuable suggestions relating to moral instruction in school. We hope the following extracts from it will be carefully read by every teacher. The true method of imparting moral lessons is here presented.

There seems to me to be a radical defect in the system of education adopted by many, and perhaps I may say, most teachers. The energies of the teacher, and most of the machinery of the schoolroom, are devoted to the intellect of the child, as though education consisted in a knowledge of Arithmetic, Geography, and Grammar. As though to read, write, and cypher constitute the chief end of man. These are important. The proper development of the intellectual powers should receive a large portion of the teacher's time; but not all. Nor are these the *most* important. Man has a physical and a moral, as well as an intellectual nature. A perfect system of education, is that which seeks a simultaneous and harmonious development of all these.

How is it with most teachers, especially in the common schools? Do they make prominent the idea, that the proper end and aim of all education is the perfection of the moral sense—the training of the child of a day for an immortal existence? We have reason to fear not.

Physical education has not been enjoined heretofore, nor has it received much attention. Consequently, most children graduate from our common schools almost as ignorant of the laws of health, of the science of human life, as a spinning-jenny.

Who can estimate the length, and breadth, and height, and depth, of the teacher's responsibility? Well may the conscientious, faithful, and intelligent teacher inquire, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

Let the teacher make the character of his pupils his daily study. "The proper study of mankind is man." Who more needs this study than he whose business it is to mold and fashion human character? To take by the hand young immortals, and guide them safely through the

mazes of youthful passion, and the sins of riper years, to a life of honor and usefulness, and thus fit them for an eternity of bliss?

Every suitable occasion should be seized upon by the teacher to impart moral and religious instruction.

I would have no set occasions for such instruction. I well remember how glad I was to be permitted to absent myself from school Saturday mornings, which, in my school-going days, were devoted to a catechetical exercise, followed by a tedious dissertation on moral conduct in general, and religion in particular. I would have no formal lectures upon morals, nor set times for moral culture; unless reading the Scriptures, and appropriate religious exercises at the opening of the school, be considered such. Unwelcome truths affect us most, when they come upon us unawares. We should endeavor, however, to make moral and religious instruction agreeable. To effect this, we must disconnect it from any idea of tedium. Virtue is intrinsically lovely, while few are so debased as not to be sensible of the ugliness of sin.

Every offense against decency, propriety, and good morals should be improved by the teacher as a fit occasion for advice and caution, touching those virtues. For example:

A pupil is detected in telling a falsehood. Instead of punishing the offender for lying, I would avail myself of the occasion to give my whole school a practical lecture on the duty of always speaking the truth. I would enforce this, by showing the folly and the wickedness of lying. I would give my pupils some passages of Scripture bearing upon this point, and request all to commit them to memory. I would get an expression of opinion from the whole school respecting this vice, and the reason of their opinion. They would be unanimous in the expression that it is mean and foolish to lie: and finally, that it is wrong, because God has forbidden it. The offender now stands convicted, not by the teacher only, but by the whole school; and what is more, and far better, by his own conscience. Such a lesson will do more to deter a child from the sin of lying than all the flagellation which has been inflicted from Solomon downward.

Two boys are reported as having been engaged in a quarrel. What shall the teacher do? Administer a sound flogging to each, and remand them to their seats, with a threat to double the

dose, in case the offense is repeated? This is the course most commonly pursued; the effect is just what might be anticipated. If you would teach bull-dogs to fight, bring them together, and rub their ears: if you would make a horse vicious, whip him gratuitously: if you would teach a cow to kick, give her lessons in kicking. The nature of boys, I admit, differs widely from that of horses and dogs. Yet in the matter of education, they have many things in common. In both, like begets like.

If you would secure gentleness, you must yourself be as gentle and harmless as a dove. I would not be misunderstood. I am not an advocate of the exclusive moral suasion system. There is such a thing as blending goodness with severity. Indeed, what is more severe than goodness? In the case I have supposed, the skillful disciplinarian may cause the offenders, without subjecting them to any bodily inconvenience, to wish the teacher would whip them, and let them go. "Then," say they, "the affair would be settled. We have offended the teacher, and he has taken his satisfaction: we are even. But this harrowing up the feelings, making the matter so public, I wish I had had nothing to do with it; it will be a long time before I am caught in another scrape of the like." Who can estimate the benefits of such a result? Who can fail to see that, enabling the boy to control his own passions, confers a far higher obligation than any amount of mere intellectual culture.

So of all the crimes and misdemeanors which the daily history of the schoolroom exhibits. Let them be seized upon by the teacher, and turned to account in inculcating moral sentiments. Let the teacher go to the Bible for his code of laws. Let the great law of love, so sedulously inculcated and so beautifully exemplified in the life of Christ, be the law of the schoolroom. Let the golden precepts of the Sermon on the Mount be as familiar as household words in the intercourse of teacher and pupil. Let the teacher labor and pray that he may be instrumental in qualifying his pupils for the duties of manhood, and we shall have more *educators*, and fewer mere *trainers of the intellect*. Our common schools will become what they were designed to be, and what they ought to be, places where children and youth may, *must* learn the principles of "piety, justice, and a sacred regard to truth, love of country, and universal benevolence."

Editor's Table.

N. Y. STATE TEACHER'S ASSOCIATION.

The seventh annual meeting of the New York State Teacher's Association will be held at Elmira, N. Y., commencing on Wednesday, the 4th day of August next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continue at least two days. Elmira is the most flourishing and beautiful town on the New York and Erie Railroad, and being but a few hours' ride from the extreme cities, New York and Buffalo, and easily accessible from other portions of the state, there can hardly fail to be a larger number of teachers in attendance than there has been for several years.

And in addition to the favorable location, efforts are making to insure an interesting and profitable session. Sufficient business has already been planned to insure an interesting occasion. Reports may be expected from committees, appointed last year, on the following subjects: *School Libraries*; *Teachers' Department in Academies*; *Teachers' Institutes*; *Union and Central High Schools*; *State Teachers' Periodical*; and *Revision of the Constitution*. We learn that committees have also been appointed in each county in the state, to obtain such educational statistics as may be of interest and value to the Association. These reports will be looked for with great interest, as it is expected they will contain information on educational subjects which can be obtained in no other way.

Among the gentlemen who have consented to be present and lecture before the Association are, Prof. Spencer, of Utica, N. Y.; Subject—"Thought and language, relatively considered." Hon. Ira Mayhew, of Michigan; Subject—"Education of the five Senses." Rev. C. N. Chandler, of Elmira, N. Y.; Subject—"The relation of our Common Schools to the perpetuity and prosperity of our Republic." Rev. Dr. Murdoch, of Elmira; Subject—"The necessities developed by railroads and telegraphs for a more advanced state of education in the masses." Prof. A. J. Upson, of Hamilton College; Prof. O. H. Anthony, of Albany.

An essay is expected from Miss Elizabeth Howard, of Tioga County, N. Y.; Subject—"The state of Education on the Island of Hayti." Among the subjects for general discussion are

"The operation of the present School Law;" "Randall's Amendment to our School System;" "The subject of establishing a State Board of Examiners, with Auxiliary County Boards;" "The Albany University," etc. Many of our most distinguished and experienced educators are expected to be present, and we sincerely hope that all engaged in the "great and good cause" of education will attend, and take such an active part in the proceedings that the Seventh Annual meeting of the Association may long be remembered for the impetus it imparts to the cause of education.

N. Y. STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.—We regret to learn that Prof. Wm. F. Phelps has resigned his position in this school. The place he occupied, and most efficiently, too—that of Principal of the Experimental Department, and of Professor of *Theory and Practice of Teaching* in the Normal Department—is one which can be filled with no ordinary talent. With his whole soul enlisted in his profession, and possessed of clear and practical views of the true principles of educational instruction, Prof. Phelps stands forth, one of the most active educators of this state.

What his future plans are, we have not learned, but do sincerely hope he will soon resume his labors in the educational field, for the cause of education in our state can not afford to lose his services. Prof. Perkins, and Prof. S. T. Bowen, we understand, are also to leave the Normal School at the close of the present term.

Literary Notes.

HANDBOOK OF CHRONOLOGY AND HISTORY. The World's Progress, a Dictionary of Dates; with Tabular Views of General History, and a Historical Chart. Edited by George P. Putnam. Small 8vo; 764 pages; price \$2. Published by G. P. Putnam, No. 10 Park Place, New York.

This is another volume of that most valuable series—Putnam's Home Cyclopedia. It is one of that class of works which it is difficult to describe in a literary notice so as to convey a just idea of its character and usefulness. We obtained but a very imperfect conception of its comprehensiveness and worth from notices and reviews; and until examining it ourselves, little imagined what a valuable book of reference it is for every library, the table of every student and professional man, and even for the merchant's desk. It is a chronological, alphabetical record of more than a million of facts, political, lite-

rary, and scientific, extending from the creation down to the close of 1851.

The first 155 pages comprise *Tabular Views of Universal History*, commencing with the creation, showing the progress of society and the arts, and of sacred and profane history. These are so arranged in cotemporary columns, with dates, that at a glance one may see the world's progress in all departments. About 250 pages are devoted to dates, with brief descriptions of historical, literary, and scientific facts. Then follow a literary chronology, an alphabetical list of heathen deities, fabulous persons, and heroes and heroines. Succeeding this is a biographical index, showing the name, profession, and nation, of remarkable persons, giving the dates of their birth and death. Such is a brief description of a work of which *The Tribune* says, "A more convenient literary labor-saving machine can scarcely be found in any language."

THE PRINCIPLES OF COURTESY: With Hints and Observations on Manners and Habits. By George Winfield Hervey. 12mo; 300 pages. Published by Harper and Brothers.

This is not a treatise on etiquette, but chiefly relates to courtesy, as its title indicates. "Its design," says the author, "is to illustrate and enforce the duty of Christian courtesy. In laying down rules of propriety, the writer has not noticed matters of common decency, on the one hand, or those of temporary and local etiquette on the other. He has aimed to treat those observances of propriety and elegance which are practiced wherever the English language is spoken." We have been interested in perusing its pages, but now and then have met with views which to us seemed absurd, and quite out of place in a work of this character, written, too, for Americans. Speaking of marriage ceremonies, the author observes :

"A newly-married couple should, if practicable, avoid appearing in company at church, or other public places, soon after the nuptials. For the first two or three weeks they should go to church as they did previously to marriage, with their former attendants, and in their usual dress."

We do not know where he found these views, nor who would practice them.

This work is divided into three parts. Part I. Treats of the Spirit of Courtesy; including humility, gravity, cheerfulness, gentleness, courage, meekness, sensibility, propriety, etc. Part II. Forms of Courtesy in Religious Society—deportment at church, posture in prayer, and of the congregation during singing, deportment of choir, prayer-meetings, marriage ceremonies, funerals, etc. Part III. Forms of Courtesy in Secular Society—Salutations, deportment in the street, in traveling, at the table, visiting the sick and poor, visits and calls, etc.

We are glad to find in this work an author who totally discards all those forms and customs in society, unworthily wearing the title of politeness, though in reality nothing less than deception and hypocrisy. This treatise contains many useful suggestions on a variety of subjects, and a general perusal of it would prove beneficial to society, as well as individuals.

A PEER AT "NUMBER FIVE": or, a Chapter in the Life of a City Pastor. By H. Trist, author of "Sunny Side," etc. 12mo; 296 pages. Published by Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston.

Those who have read "Sunny Side" will hardly need to be advised to read this, especially when told that "A Peer at 'Number Five'" is still more interesting than that. It is to the city pastor and his people, what "Sunny Side" is to the country pastor and his flock. While it is so interesting that the reader, when once he has com-

menced it, can hardly persuade himself to lay it down until he has read it through, its influence must tend toward much good. Read it, by all means; and "Sunny Side," too, if you have not. Many thanks to Mrs. Phelps for writing these entertaining, useful books.

THE CAVALIERS OF ENGLAND; or, the Times of the Revolutions of 1642 and 1688. By Wm. Henry Herbert, 12mo; 428 pages. Published by J. S. Redfield, N. Y.

The author says "this volume is intended to illustrate the habits of society, life and manners, the usages and feelings, both military and domestic, of various countries, at various epochs, from the commencement of chivalry in the Crusades, to its conclusion in the epoch of Louis XIV., of France." It comprises a revised selection of writings that have previously been published in magazines, and also several new stories.

BRONCHITIS AND KIDNEY DISEASES, in language adapted to common readers. By W. W. Hall, A.M., M.D. New York. 12mo; 350 pages. Published by J. S. Redfield, New York.

This is not a medical work, to teach how to cure the diseases of which it treats; yet it contains hints and advice on the subject which are of the utmost practical importance. It has been prepared with the skill of medical science, the judgment of medical experience, and the simplicity and honesty of practical good sense, and should be read by all students for the ministry, and by every family where there is a predisposition to throat or pulmonary disease.

JAMES MONTJOY; or, I'VE BEEN THINKING. By A. S. Roe. 12mo; 327 pages. Published by D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway, New York.

This work, though a story, is an excellent one, and well calculated to impress upon the young the obligations they are under to their parents and the community, and the happiness and success which result from industry, honesty and kindness. A good moral tone pervades the whole book, and we can assure our young friends that they would read it with pleasure and profit.

PYTMAN'S SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY for travelers and the fireside, continues to attract more and wider attention. The undertaking of supplying the community with cheap reading, yet with that which is instructive and improving, and in a form adapted for the traveler's pocket, is deserving of eminent success. Each number of this library costs only twenty-five cents, and is put up in such a form that it is mailable like the magazines.

A Book for a Corner, by Leigh Hunt, is among the late numbers of this series. This book is made up with passages from various authors, accompanied by suitable introductions, and illustrated with brief notes. It is just such a book as might be expected from Leigh Hunt, that genial old man, whose heart is still young, and free from selfishness. It has amusement for those who seek nothing else, and instruction in the shape of amusement for those who choose to find it.

Claret and Olives, by Angus B. Reach, is another of this interesting library. It is a description of a journey through the country of claret vintages and olive trees, describing the scenes of everyday life, in a familiar and pleasing manner.

Up the Rhine, by Thomas Hood, in two parts, with comic illustrations, are the volumes issued for the 1st and 15th of June.

From Bradbury's Juvenile "Cantata of the Seasons."

SONG OF FREEDOM.

Maestoso.

Popular Melody.

THE STUDENT.

THE INFLUENCE OF NATURE.*

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

How is it that a scene of quiet beauty makes so much deeper an impression than a startling one? The glorious sunset I had witnessed on that sweet lake, the curving and forest-mantled shores, the green islands, the mellow mountains, all combined to make a scene of surpassing loveliness. And now, as I lay and watched the stars coming out one after another, and twinkling down on me through the tree-tops, all that beauty came back on me with strange power.

The gloomy gorge, the savage precipice, or the sudden storm, seem to excite the surface only of one's feelings; while the sweet vale, with its cottages, and herds, and evening bells, blends itself with our very thoughts and emotions, forming a part of our after existence. Such a scene sinks away into the heart like a gentle rain into the earth, while a rougher, nay, sublimer one, comes and goes like a sudden shower.

I do not know how it is, that the gentler influences should be the deeper and more lasting, but so it is. The still small voice of nature is more impressive than her loudest thunder. Of all the scenery in the Alps, and there is no grander on the earth, nothing is so plainly daguerreotyped on my heart as two or three lovely valleys I saw. Those heaven-piercing summits, and precipices of ice, and terrific gorges, and fearful passes, are like grand but indistinct visions on my memory; while those vales, with their carpets of green sward, and murmuring rivulets, and perfect repose, have become a part of my life. In moments of high excitement or turbulent grief, they rise before me with their gentle aspect and quiet beauty, hushing the storm into repose, and subduing the spirit like a sensible presence.

I love nature, and all things as God has made them. She has ten thousand voices even in her silence—the music of running waters, the organ-note of the wind amid the forest trees, the rippling of waves, the songs of birds, and the hum of insects. I love the freedom of the wilderness. I love the thrilling, glorious prospect from some hoary mountain top. I love it, and I know it is better for me than the thronged city, aye, better for soul and body both.

How is it that even good men have come to think so little of nature, as if to love her and seek her haunts and companionship were a waste of time? I have been astonished at the remarks sometimes made to me on my long jaunts in the woods, as if it were almost wicked to cast off the gravity of society and wander like a child amid the beauty which God has spread out with such a lavish hand over the earth.

Why, I should as soon think of feeling reproved for gazing on the midnight heavens, gorgeous with stars, and fearful with its mysterious floating worlds. I believe that every man degenerates without frequent communion with nature. It is one of the open books of God, and more replete with instructions than any thing ever penned by man. A single tree standing alone, and waving all day long its green crown in the summer wind, is to me fuller of meaning and instruction than the crowded mart or gorgeously-built town.

Not merely the physical man is strengthened, but the intellectual also, by these long furloughs from close application, and this intimate companionship with nature. A man can not move in the forest without thinking of God, for all that meets his eye is just as it left His mighty hand. The

* Extracts from "Adirondac; or, Life in the Woods."

old forest, as it nods to the passing wind, speaks of Him ; the still mountain points toward His dwelling-place ; and the calm lake reflects His sky of stars and sunshine.

The glorious sunset, the gorgeous midnight, and the noon-day splendor, mean more in those solitudes than in the crowded city. How often we speak of the solitude of the forest, meaning by that, the contrast its stillness presents to the hum and motion of busy life. When you first step from a crowded city into the center of a vast wilderness, the absence of all the bustle and activity you have been accustomed to, makes you at first believe there is no sound, no motion there.

Yet these solitudes are full of sound, eye, of rare music, too. I do not mean the notes of birds, for they rarely sing in the darker, deeper portions of the forest. Even the robin, which in the fields can not chirp and carol enough, and is so tame that a tyro can shoot him, ceases his song the moment he enters the forest. There he flits silently from one lofty branch to another, as if in constant fear of an enemy.

If you want to listen to the music of birds, go to some field that borders on the woods, before sunrise, and there, on a summer morning, you will hear such an orchestra as never before greeted your ears. There are no dying cadences and rapturous bursts of applause, and prolonged swells, but one continuous strain of joy. Yet there is every variety of tone, from the clear, round note of the robin, to the shrill piping of the sparrow. No time is kept, and no scale is followed; each is striving to outwarble the other, and yet there seems the most perfect accord.

No jar is made by all the conflicting instruments; the whole heavens are full of voices tuned to a different key, each pausing or breaking in as it suits its mood, and yet the harmony remains the same. It is *unwritten* music nature furnishes, filling the soul with delight and joy.

By living in the woods, your sense of hearing becomes so acute, that the wilderness never seems silent. There is a faint and indistinct hum about you, as if the spreading and bursting of the buds and barks of trees, the stretching out of the

roots into the earth, and the slow and affectionate interlacing of branches and kiss of leaves, were all perceptible to the ear.

The passage of the scarcely moving air over the unseen tree tops, the motion it gives to the trunk, the dropping of an imperfect leaf, all combine to produce a monotonous sound, which lulls you into a feeling half melancholy and half pleasing. You may, on a still summer afternoon, recline for hours on some gentle slope, and listen without weariness to this low, perpetual chant of nature.

THE CHARMS OF LIFE.

HERE are a thousand things in this world to afflict and to sadden; but, oh, how many that are beautiful and good! The world teems with beauty; with objects which gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills that we can not escape—the approach of disease and death, of misfortune, the sundering of earthly ties, and the canker-worm of grief; but a vast majority of the evils that beset us might be avoided.

The course of intemperance, interwoven as it is with all the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon record of its progress; nothing to shield it from the heartiest execration of the human race. It should not exist—it must not. Do away with all this; let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love, purity, and kindness mark the intercourse between man and man.

We are too selfish; as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier should we be were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good. God has blessed us with a home which is not dark. There is a sunshine everywhere—in the sky, upon earth—and there would be in most hearts, also, if we would look around us. Summer drops her tinted curtain upon the earth, and robes it in loveliness. And it still is beautiful, even when autumn breathes upon it. God reigns in heaven. Murmur not at a being so bountiful, and we can be happier than we are.—Selected.



Bayard Taylor.

BAYARD TAYLOR was born on the 11th of January, 1825, at Kennett Square, Chester County, Pennsylvania, near the banks of the Brandywine. His father was a farmer, and Bayard lived at home until his eighteenth year, assisting in tilling the soil. These seventeen years of country life, amid green fields, beneath a blue sky, laid a foundation for the rest of his days, such as the country best can give, and of which any man might be proud.

In 1845 he entered a printing office at West Chester, Pa., on an apprenticeship of four years, to learn the printer's art.

Here he remained two years, and during this time wrote and published several short poems, which attracted attention, and gained for him the friendship of several literary men.

It was also during this period that he formed the bold resolution of visiting Europe, and making a tour of Great Britain and the Continent *on foot*. It had been a long cherished desire, and though surrounded by the most unfavorable circumstances—two years of his apprenticeship yet remaining, his project meeting the strong opposition of his friends as something too visionary to be accomplished

ed, and himself entirely without means—yet the resolution was formed, and amid all these discouragements arrangements made for carrying it out.

He made a commutation with his employer for the remaining two years of his apprenticeship. Previously, at the suggestion of Rufus W. Griswold, he published a small volume of his youthful effusions, hoping that it might aid him in obtaining a newspaper correspondence that would enable him to start on his tour. After many disappointments, he at length succeeded, through the influence of friends, in making an engagement with the publishers of the *United States Gazette*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia, for a correspondence.

The publishers of these papers each paid him fifty dollars in advance, for twelve letters to be sent from Europe, with the probability of accepting more should those prove satisfactory. This sum, in addition to what he received for poems published in *Graham's Magazine*, put him in possession of about one hundred and forty dollars. With that small amount, trusting to future remuneration for letters, or, in case that should fail, to his skill as a compositor, he determined to set out, and if it came to the worst to work his way through Europe like a German hand-worker.

Thus furnished, in 1844 he left home in company with his cousin and another companion, full of enthusiasm and hope. He had a *will* that prepared his way, and that *will* carried him to Europe, sustained him there amid all his privations, and brought him home again in safety. Such a *will* can hardly fail to make him prosperous wherever he goes.

In a letter addressed to Mr. N. P. Willis, and appended by him to the preface which he wrote to Bayard Taylor's *Views A-Foot*, published on his return from Europe, the youthful traveler speaks of his wanderings abroad as follows:

"After eight months of suspense, during which time my small means were entirely exhausted, I received a letter from Mr. Patterson, of the *Saturday Evening Post*, continuing the engagement for the remainder of my stay, with a remittance

of one hundred dollars from himself and Mr. Graham. Other remittances, received from time to time, enabled me to stay abroad two years, during which I traveled on foot upward of *three thousand miles*, in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France. I was obliged, however, to use the strictest economy—to live on pilgrim fare, and do penance in rain and cold.

"My means several times entirely failed; but I was always relieved from serious difficulty through unlooked-for friends, or some unexpected turn of fortune. At Rome, owing to expenses and embarrassments of traveling in Italy, I was obliged to give up my original design of proceeding on foot to Naples and across the peninsula to Otranto, sailing thence to Corfu, and making a pedestrian journey through Albania and Greece.

"But the main object of my pilgrimage is accomplished; I visited the principal places of interest in Europe, enjoyed her grandest scenery, and the marvels of ancient and modern art, became familiar with other languages, other customs, and other institutions, and returned home, after two years' absence, willing now, with satisfied curiosity, to resume life in America."

During that two years' tour his expenses were only *five hundred dollars*; and most of that, too, was earned upon the road, by writing for newspapers in the United States. Few young men would travel under such disadvantages, and fewer still accomplish as much with so small means, and amid so many discouraging circumstances. His *Views A-Foot* became very popular, and ran through seven editions in less than two years.

After returning from Europe, Bayard Taylor became connected with a country paper at Phenixville, Pa., which he edited in an able manner for about one year. He gave that up, however, in December, 1847, came to New York and connected himself with the *Literary World*. In February, 1848, he became associated with the editorial department of the *New York Tribune*, which position he has since retained.

In June, 1849, he set out for California, and was absent a little more than eight

months, writing letters home about men and things in the Gold Regions. The results of his observations there were published in the spring of 1850, in two volumes, entitled *El Dorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire*. This work has been quite successful in this country, also in England and Germany, in both of which places it has been republished.

On returning from California, Bayard Taylor resumed his desk and duties in the *New York Tribune* office. In September, 1851, he departed for Europe again. It was his intention, during this tour, to pass across the continent of Europe, travel extensively in Africa, explore the Nile, visit Ethiopia, and return through Palestine, visiting Nineveh, and several Oriental places.

By late intelligence from him, we learn that he had returned from his voyage up the Nile, and completed his adventures toward the interior of Africa, and had departed from Egypt to proceed through Syria, and thence to Nineveh. During his present absence he is writing letters, descriptive of his travels and the scenes he witnesses, which are publishing in the *New York Tribune*. These letters are very interesting and instructive.

As a traveler, he seems to see every thing. "He sympathizes with hills and mountains, with plains and seas, the sky and the stars, and all else that is grand and vast in nature." In description he gives details, yet so concisely as never to weary with his narration of scenes and incidents. As a man he is noble, generous, and sincere.

Thus has been his past life; the future is still before him. And, judging from the past, should life and health be spared him, his fame has but just dawned. America may yet be proud to claim him as one of her noblest sons; as one whose travels have been useful to mankind, and as one of her most distinguished descriptive writers. Achievements such as his are more deserving of laurels than the victories that crown the warrior's brow.

Good humor is the blue sky of the soul, in which every star of talent will shine more clearly.

CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

CIVIL GOVERNMENT means simply the government of a state or nation. It consists of different forms and modes. When one person makes the laws and governs the people of a country, he is called a *king*, or an *emperor*, and the people are styled his *subjects*. Such a government is a *monarchy*. Its ruler or king is styled a *monarch*; hence a monarchy is a government ruled by one man, who makes the laws. When the monarch governs his subjects in a cruel and oppressive manner, he is called a *despot*, or *tyrant*, and his government *despotic*, or *tyrannical*.

Where all the people meet in one assembly to make laws to govern themselves, the government is a *democracy*. In ancient Greece and Rome there were some governments of this kind, over small territories. Such a government would not answer for a large country; for all the citizens of an extensive community or state could not assemble in one body to make laws.

In a monarchy the ruler is not chosen by the people; he inherits it from his ancestors, as a son inherits the property of his father. When the monarch can make all his laws alone, his government is called an *absolute monarchy*. But in some countries the monarch is himself restrained by laws made by a portion of his people, styled a *parliament*. Such a government is called a *limited monarchy*. The government of Great Britain is one of this kind.

Parliament is composed of two classes of men, who, when assembled in different bodies are called the *House of Lords*, and the *House of Commons*. The lords are men of high rank, and get their office by inheritance, as the king does his, or are appointed to it by the king. These men are called *nobles*. The house of commons is composed of men elected by the people. Before any measure can become a law, both of these Houses, and the king, also, must agree to it.

In the United States there is a form of government quite different from any of those already described. Here the people choose men to represent them, and to

make their laws. Our government is a *Republic*. The political power is in the hands of the people, therefore ours is called a *free government*. Because our government is free, and the political power rests in the hands of the people, it is sometimes styled a *democracy*; but our government is different from a democracy, and can not strictly be called such.

Every state in the Union is a *republic*. These separate republics have agreed to unite in one general government for the sake of mutual benefit, and this collection of republics thus becomes a *Federal Republic*. Federal signifies united by a league or contract; hence, ours is a *Federal Government*; one in which the power to make laws is in the hands of the people, but by them is intrusted to representatives, who assemble to transact the business of government for them.

How important, then, if we wish to have good laws made, and the business of our government wisely and judiciously transacted, that we look well to the character of those whom we choose to represent us, and rule us. You, reader, may be too young to have seen and learned much about politicians and party spirit; but when you come to observe the doings of the political world, and to study the characters of politicians, and of those who are seeking office from the people, you will learn that this class of persons are not all good men; and that many of them care more for self-interest than they do to have good men to make our laws, and transact the business of government.

It will not be long before you who are now schoolboys will be called to take part in the government of our country. You will then have to choose men to represent you, as your fathers choose men to represent themselves now. You will then meet with party men, and see the party newspapers, and perhaps hear one party accuse the other of "ruining the country," or "destroying our liberties." You will hear such or similar language on both sides; now we hope you will not believe all this party talk, but examine the subject carefully, and for yourselves.

There are a great many people in the United States who do not know what kind

of government they live under. Perhaps they will tell you they are Republicans, or Democrats, or Whigs, and yet many who call themselves by these names can not tell what a republic, or a democracy is, or what are the principles of the party to which they profess to belong.

What is the result of all this ignorance on the part of so large a class of the people? A few men, comparatively, do the thinking; they study how to govern the rest, and talk their sentiments in eloquent speeches, and print their views in newspapers which are circulated throughout the country. Thus they persuade the people to believe that they are right. Some of these men care more for office, and its salary, than they do for the people's good.

Look at France, with her millions of uneducated people. See how their representatives abuse them, and take their freedom away, because they are not educated, and do not understand what kind of government is best, and do not choose good men to make their laws and transact the business of their government. This, in a great measure, is because they have not good schools.

It is to our district schools that we must look for the foundations of civil and religious liberty. These are the bulwarks of our free government. Here must be implanted the germ of republicanism, and here should be taught the principles on which republics are founded, and to which they must ever look for security and prosperity.

Remember, youthful reader, how important to the welfare of our country, and to the future happiness of its inhabitants, is the district school. But of what avail will be that school unless you attend it, and study, and learn. Remember that the responsibilities of taking care of the interest of this government will one day be left in your hands, and that now is the time to learn the fundamental principles of the duties that will then devolve upon you.

Remember that you are, to a great extent, the formers of your own characters and fortunes. Teacher and parents can do but little for you unless you will exert your own faculties, and persevere in

your studies. Your parents hope for much from you. The nation expects much from you. Will you disappoint all, and neglect to do your country any good, by not becoming an intelligent citizen? Let your answer be *no*, and your actions proclaim that you are determined to live for your country, God, and humanity.

HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Home of my childhood! I can not forget thee,
Though here I am happy, surrounded by friends;
Deeply and warm in my heart have I set thee,
And holiest thoughts with thy memory blends.

Darling old homeestead, quietly nestling
Under the tall trees that shelter thee o'er,
Where with the shadows sunlight is wrestling
On the short greensward in front of thy door.

Shaggy old house-dog—playmate of childhood—
Of have we wandered together away
To where the low strawberry reddened the wildwood,
And loitered beside the still water to play.

Gnarled old apple-tree, near to the window—
Maples that rise to the blue of the sky—
Mulberry, where the bright oriole buildeth,
Still do ye toss your strong branches on high.

Still grows the damask rose, in the old garden,
Fleur-de-lis mingles its blue and its white,
Currants and raspberries bend with their burden,
Neighboringly standing with peonies bright.

Lowly red school-house, close by the wayside,
Many a year hath it stood where it stands;
Curly-haired girlhood, and stout ruddy boyhood,
Through its worn threshold in mischievous bands.

Church of our forefathers, silently pointing
Thy tapering spire to the infinite sky—
There the dear pastor of God's own anointing
Laboring to teach us to live and to die.
Reverend bell, in the belfry still swinging,
Many a time have we shrank at thy tone,
For we knew when the sexton was solemnly ringing
That one from among us forever was gone.

Grave-yard of centuries! head-stones all moss-grown
Side by side stand with the mound of to-day;
Cherished and lost ones sleep sound in thy bosom,
Heedless of footsteps above them that stray.

Friends of my childhood! while fond recollection
Lingers around my old haunts with delight,
I would never forget how your priceless affection
Hath gilded them all with a glory more bright.
And oh the dear faces around the old hearth-stone,
Where the wood-fire burneth warmly and clear—
Father, and mother, and dark-eyed young brother—
That home were a desert, unless ye were there.

Graham's Magazine.

GREAT OBJECTS ATTAINED BY LITTLE THINGS.*

WHEN the heart of the wool-spinner of Genoa was sickening with "hope deferred," and his men, who had been straining their eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of land, were about to burst into open mutiny, and were shouting fearfully to their leader to steer the vessel back again, Columbus picked up a piece of wood which he found floating upon the waters. The shore must be nigh, thought he, from whence this branch has wafted. By this inference he inspired the fainting hearts of his crew to persevere and gain the hoped-for land. Had it not been for this trifling occurrence, Columbus would perhaps have returned to Spain an unsuccessful adventurer. But such trifles have often befriended genius.

Accidentally observing a red-hot iron become elongated by passing between iron cylinders, suggested the improvements effected by Arkwright in the spinning machinery. A piece of thread, and a few small beads, were means sufficient, in the hands of Ferguson, to ascertain the situation of the stars in the heavens. The discovery of Galvani was made by a trifling occurrence. A knife happened to be brought in contact with a dead frog which was lying upon the board of the chemist's laboratory, and the muscles of the reptile were observed to be convulsed. Experiments followed which soon unfolded the whole theory of galvanism.

The history of gas-light is curious, and illustrates our subject. Dr. Clayton distilled some coal in a retort, and confining the vapor in a bladder, amused his friends by burning it as it issued from a pin-hole. Little did the worthy doctor think to what purposes the principle of that experiment was capable of being applied.

It was left for Murdoch to suggest its adoption as a means of illuminating our streets, and adding to the splendor of our shops. Had Clayton not made known his humble experiment, we probably should still be depending on the dim glimmer of an oil lamp to light us through the dark

* Concluded from the July number, page 72.

thoroughfares of the city, and to display the luxury of our merchandise.

These facts, which we have gleaned from the fields of nature, and from the annals of science, may be useful to us all. If God has instilled the instinct of frugality into the ant, and told us, in his written Word, to go learn her ways and be wise, think you he will be displeased to observe the same habits of economy in us; or deny us the favor of his countenance, because we use with care the talents he has intrusted to our keeping; or the wealth he has placed within our reach?

Let not instances of the abuse of this feeling, which spendthrifts will be sure in derision to point out to you, deter you from saving, in times of plenty, a little for a time of need. Avarice is always despicable; the crime of the miser is greater than that of the spendthrift; both are extremes, both abuse the legitimate purposes of wealth.

It is equally revolting to read of two avaricious souls, whose coffers could have disgorged ten times ten thousand dollars, growing angry over a penny, or fretting at the loss of half a dime. But it is a sight quite as sad and painful to observe the spendthrift squandering in the mire the last shilling of an ample fortune, and reducing his wife and children to beggary forever.

Save, then, a little, although the thoughtless and the gay may sneer. Throw nothing away, for there is nothing that is purely worthless. The refuse from your table is worth its price, and if you are not wanting it yourself, remember there are hundreds of your kind—your brethren by the laws of God—who are groaning under a poverty which it would help to mitigate, and pale with a hunger which it might help to satisfy. Where can you find your prescriptive right to squander that which would relieve a hungry brother, or add comfort to a human being?

To achieve independence, then, you must practice an habitual frugality, and while enjoying the present, look forward to old age, and think now and then of the possibility of a rainy day. Do not fancy, because you can save only an occasional penny now, that you will never become

the possessor of dollars. Small things increase by union. Recollect, too, the precepts and life of Franklin, and a thousand others who rose to wealth and honor by looking after little things.

Be resolute, persevere, and prosper. Do not wait for the assistance of others in your progress through life; you will grow hungry, depend upon it, if you look to the charity or kindness of friends for your daily bread. It is far more noble to gird up your loins, and meet the difficulties and troubles of human life with a dauntless courage.

The wheel of fortune turns as swiftly as that of a mill, and the rich friend who has the power, you think, to help you to-day, may become poor to-morrow. Many such instances of the mutability of fortune must occur to every reader. If he be rich, let him take the inference to himself. If he has plenty, let him save a little lest the wheel should turn against him; and if he be poor and penniless, let him draw from such cases consolation and hope.

You are desirous of promotion in your worldly position; you are ambitious of rising from indigence to affluence? Resist, then, every temptation that may allure you to indolence, or every fascination that may lead to prodigality. Think not that the path to wealth or knowledge is all sunshine and honey. Look for it only by long years of vigorous and well-directed activity. Let no opportunity pass for self-improvement.

Keep your mind a total stranger to the *ennui* of the slothful. The dove, recollect, did not return to Noah with the olive-branch till the second time of her going forth. Why, then, should you despair at the failure of a first attempt? Persevere, and above all, despise not little things; for, you see, they sometimes lead to great matters in the end.

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“WITTY sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.”

Coats of Arms, or State Seals.—No. 28.



OHIO.

In the Seal of the State of Ohio there is represented, in the foreground, a cultivated country, with a plow, a sheaf of wheat, and a bundle of arrows. In the central portion may be seen a river, on which appears a keel-boat, and a flat-bottom boat. In the distance a range of mountains rise, skirted at the base with tracts of woodland. Behind the mountains the sun is rising in great splendor.

By these are symbolized the State of Ohio, its scenery, and productions. The bundle of seventeen arrows represents the number of states in the Union at the time Ohio was admitted. The rising sun is emblematic of its future greatness. Around the borders are the words—THE GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE OF OHIO, 1802, which date shows the period of its admission into the Union.

The State of Ohio is situated west of Pennsylvania, and east of Indiana. It is separated from Virginia and Kentucky, on the south, by the Ohio River; and is bounded on the north by Lake Erie and the State of Michigan. Its length from

east to west is 220 miles; its mean breadth from north to south is about 210 miles, and it contains an area of 39,964 square miles.

The northern parts of this state, bordering on Lake Erie, and also the interior, are generally level, and in some places wet and marshy. The eastern and southern portions are mostly uneven and hilly. The most extensive prairies are situated near the head waters of the Muskingum, Sciota, and Miami rivers, and in the north-western parts of the state.

The soil of Ohio is generally very fertile, and it produces in immense quantities. The principal productions are wheat, rye, Indian corn, oats, buckwheat, barley, potatoes, and fruits. Bituminous coal abounds in the eastern portions of the state. Large numbers of horses, cattle, sheep, and swine are raised here for exportation. Indeed, so productive is this state, that it has been styled the "Empire of Pomona."

The climate of Ohio is one of the most healthy in the United States. Free from

the extremes of heat and cold, it is peculiarly adapted to agricultural pursuits. However, the new settlers in the marshy and low locations, near stagnant waters, are subject to fevers, and require acclimating before they enjoy health. These are the principal exceptions to the general salubrity of the state.

Ohio is divided into 87 counties, and contains a population of 1,980,401 inhabitants. Its capital is Columbus, situated on the Scioto River, about the middle of the state, 142 miles from Cleveland, and 120 miles from Cincinnati. The streets cross each other at right angles; and in the center is a public square of ten acres, handsomely inclosed. The population of this city is about 18,000.

The principal city in the state is Cincinnati, situated on the Ohio River. This is often styled the "Queen City of the West," as it is by far the largest city in the Western states. Its present population is about 120,000. It is the sixth city in point of population, in the Union. The streets of Cincinnati are generally straight and cross each other at right angles. Seven of them are sixty feet in breadth.

In 1790 this city was only a small village of log cabins, with, perhaps, half a dozen frame houses with stone chimneys. Not a brick had been seen in the place, then. Its growth has been astonishingly rapid. Many of the Western cities exhibit the remarkable enterprise of our countrymen, but nowhere is this spirit more fully portrayed than in the "Queen City of the West."

There are few if any states where the cause of education is, at the present time, receiving more efficient attention than in Ohio. Much of this is owing to the zeal and energy of the teachers themselves, and their efforts to awaken the minds of the people on this subject, through their Conventions, Associations, and Teachers' Institutes. There are now 12,694 common schools in the state; also ten colleges and universities, and five theological seminaries.

Seventy-five years ago Ohio was an entire wilderness. A traveler, passing at that period along the magnificent river which forms its southern boundary, might

not have seen in its whole course of eleven hundred miles a single white being. How different is the aspect now! Farmhouses, cultivated fields, towns and cities, now dot the country in every direction, while the rivers are alive with commerce, and everywhere that giant power—steam—is laboring to bear onward rich freights over the land as well as the water.

The first settlement was made in 1788, at Marietta. During the next year the country was placed under a territorial government, and called the "Western Territory." This included not only the Ohio, but all the territory north-west of the Ohio River. Afterward it was called "Territory North-West of the Ohio." In 1802 Ohio was admitted into the Union as a state.

At the present time there are about 660 miles of navigation by canal, in the state, and nearly 900 miles of railroad. The elections are held in Ohio on the second Tuesday in October. The legislature meets the first Monday in January, once in two years. The governor is chosen for a term of two years, with a salary of \$1,200.

"WHEN I WAS A BOY!"

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

An old man sat in the cooling shade
Of a grand old tree by the village green,
While a score of children round him played

Where many a score in their time had been;
And the old man looked, and his eye grew bright,
And he smiled as they peeped in his wrinkled
face,

For they loved in the sunset's mellow light,

To see the old man in his resting-place.

His locks were a-silvered with the flight of years,
And he walked with the help of a queer old
staff,

He had traveled long in the vale of tears,

Yet could join in the children's merry laugh;
And he sometimes called them to his side,

When they stopped for a while from their sport
to rest,

And they heard him tell of his wanderings wide

In a stranger land or on Ocean's breast.

Twas an eve in June, and they played near by,
While the old man sat in the cooling shade;
Then they saw a tear in his dimming eye,
And they wondered much as they laughed and
 played;
And they stopped and came in a group around,
 And a fair child climbed on his buckled knee;
When she asked why the tear in his eye was
 found,
This was his answer, as 'twas told to me:—

'Tis a long, long time
 Since I used to play,
With a score like you
 Who have passed away;
And we ran and laughed
 In our childish joy,—
'Tis a long, long time
 When I was a boy!

And I often thought,
 As you do, I know,
That the wings of Time
 Were so very slow;
And I often dreamed,
 As the moments ran,
Of my happy life
 If I were a man!

And my days went swift,
 And my years flew by,
As they brought me on
 To my manhood nigh;
And I thought of life
 With a golden plan,
How to spend my days
 If I were a man.

But my days are past,
 And this life's a dream,
And we float along
 On a rapid stream;
And I often think,
 As I watch your joy,
Of my happy time
 When I was a boy!

I have seen the world,
 And the pride of earth,
And I long since learned
 They're of little worth!
For they change and pass,
 Like a cloud away—
Like the golden beams
 At the close of day.

And I sometimes sigh
 As I sit me here,
For I can't keep back
 From my eye the tear;
For you make me think,
 In your bliss and joy,
Of the golden time
 When I was a boy!
And when I am gone,
 You will sport and play,
As you all do now,
 At the close of day;
But there's a bright world,
 Of which we are told,
Where Age becomes young,
 And Youth ne'er grows old!
To that better world
 A voice sweet and low
Invites me away—
 I am waiting to go!
There Jesus shall give
 Far, far brighter joy,
Than ever I dreamed
 When I was a boy.

The old man ceased as he wiped a tear
 From the furrows that lined his dear old face,
Then he blessed them all as he called them near—
 He never sat more in his resting-place;
For the voice that he heard was an angel's voice,
 As it called him away from the scenes of time,
To bid him in endless youth rejoice
 In a brighter land—in a bliss sublime.

THE RIVULET.

BY MISS H. A. C.

OBSERVE the course of that rivulet," said a teacher to his scholars. "It pursues its quiet path through valley and meadow, and reflects in the bright mirror of its waters the image of the blue sky above. It waters the trees and shrubs which grow upon its banks, and its cool vapor reflects the flowers and plants around it, while myriads of tiny fish may be seen sporting in its stream.

"Again, it flows through a barren, sandy wild; there, its blessings terminate. Still, however, it remains the same clear and refreshing stream, though there be no objects to receive its blessings.

"And now a wild boar rushes into the stream, and splashes about in its lovely waters. These supply the animal with drink, and cool his burning sides, and the mud which he has raised from the bottom settles again of itself.

"Next a weary traveler bends over the bank of the rivulet; it quenches his thirst, and cools his fevered brow; and he pursues his way refreshed and happy, praising the Giver of every blessing to man."

"Where is the source and spring of this beneficent stream?"

"Look up yonder. Do you see that towering peak, and yonder cavern, encompassed with rocks? There, far into the bosom of the earth, is the hidden spring of the rivulet.

"Whence, then, came its inexhaustible source?"

"Behold! the mountain top raises itself toward heaven, enveloped in dewy clouds.

"Where is the end and final destination of the stream?"

"It advances with gradually increased strength until it is received into the bosom of the mighty ocean, and thence it returns in vapors to *heaven*, whence it *first* descended."

Thus spake the teacher; and his pupils saw in his words, the image of *Divine Love*. Our blessings are all the gift of God!

In returning from their pleasant walk, the children noticed the pretty wild flowers, the scented woodbine, and the fragrant sweetbrier; but they no longer observed them with a careless eye. While looking at them, they thought of their heavenly Father, who thus adorns the earth for man's sake. The chirping birds, the bleating sheep, the playful lambs, and, indeed, every object by which they were surrounded, reminded these happy children of an Almighty Power.

My little readers, let us not forget that to Him we owe our gratitude for every blessing of life.

PERSEVERE in every thing that an enlightened conscience tells you is honest and right, and you need not fear the result.

THE TEACHER'S FAREWELL.

BY ANNA DARLING.

Need I tell you, pleasant pupils,
How my heart is bound to ye?—
Need I tell thee, pleasant school-room
Thou art very dear to me?
One short term of joy and pleasure,
Sped with rapid wing away;
Three glad months, how short their measure!
Will have ended with to-day.
Ere the sun's bright beams declining,
Gild this gay and happy land;
Ere the night's first orb is shining,
We go forth, a broken band.
Broken, for the ties that bound us
To this school-room, bind no more;
All their cherished influence round us,
Ended when the day is o'er.
Ended? will it all have ended?
Will the future, all unknown,
With life's present ne'er be blended
With bright memories' flowerets strews?
Shall thy teacher's best endeavor,
Be forgotten with to-day,
Or, perchance, remembered ever,
Aid thee o'er life's rugged way?
Now, farewell, but not forever,
For the soul, at memory's call,
Happy 'mid such visions, ever
Will joy to greet thee, loved ones, all
Ne'er forget that ye must meet me,
When this life on earth is o'er;
Then, oh may ye come to greet me,
On that blest and happy shore!
Where the free, unfranchised spirit,
Clad in radiant robes of light,
Goes its mansions to inherit,
In the land that knows no night.
Live, then, that when life is ended,
We together all shall dwell,
Where triumphant song is blended
With no accents of farewell.

THE more ideas a man has of other things, the less he is taken up with ideas of himself.

Youth's Department.

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, to fix
The generous purpose, and the noble thought.

WHAT MAKES A GREAT SCHOLAR?

BY ANNA DARLING.

YOUR cousin Ella is a great scholar," said my grandsire, one day, when we were talking of uncle Nathan's family.

I am a little girl, and do not quite understand every thing, but I imagined that if ever I went to visit uncle Nathan's folks at Campville, I should find my cousin Ella a large, tall girl, so tall that I could not reach her head if I stood on a chair.

So, after that talk with grandpa, I did not dream of pleasant sports with my far-off cousin, but thought of her as being as tall as mother, and a pile of books beside her taller even than that.

At length came the day when we were to leave home, to make the long-hoped-for visit. Well, after much folding of clothes, and packing of trunks, and after waiting a long time, not too patiently, for the stage, we at length heard the welcome sound of its great rumbling wheels, and soon we were on our way.

A fine ride we had, I don't know how many miles, for we passed many farm houses, saw-mills, and two or three villages, besides laughing streams that ran onward still, sparkling in the sunshine, without so much as stopping to say "How do ye."

And we saw many grand old woods, full of birds and flowers, so bright and beautiful that I wanted to get out and gather the flowers, and hunt awhile for birds' nests. I had never been in the country before, and it seemed to me to

be very unkind in the coachman, that he would not wait beneath those shady trees "just an hour or so."

So, for a while, I made myself very unhappy, and at last I cried myself to sleep, and did not waken until we were safe at uncle's door.

When they saw us, uncle and aunt, and cousin James, and a very *little* girl came to the door. The little girl clapped her hands for very joy, and kissed me, and called me her "own dear cousin." I thought that she must be a cousin that mother had never told me of; while I wondered what had become of cousin Ella, the great scholar.

Well, after we had taken tea, cousin —my little cousin, no taller than I was—led me out to see the ducks, the pigs, and to count the chickens, and peep into the beehive, and to see many other curiosities, that pleased me much, until I was quite tired.

Then she said she thought "cousin Anna had seen quite enough for one day, after such a long ride, too." But still there was one thing that I wanted to see, and I ventured to ask if she would please to show me "the great scholar."

Now my *little* cousin looked up in my face as if she did not know what I could mean, and said, "Pray tell me who the great scholar is."

"Why, cousin Ella," said I. "Is not this the house where uncle Nathan and cousin Ella live?"

Then the little girl laughed very merrily, and ran off to find her mother,

and soon I heard her tell aunt that "she thought cousin Anna was a queer girl, and quite a make-game."

Her mother asked her why she thought so, and then she told her what I wished to see, and aunt looked queer, too, and said something that I did not quite understand.

When the bell rang for evening prayers, uncle said, "Will Ella bring the book?" And then the *little* girl brought the Bible and read a beautiful psalm, and it puzzled me more than ever, for I could not at all understand what grandpa meant when he called Ella "a great scholar."

Next day cousin invited me to go with her to school; and after she had told me where to sit, and given me a book to read, she took from her desk several large books, and sat down, and for a long time I did not see her face.

When the teacher rang the bell for cousin's class, and Ella took a very large book with her and read from it many strange-sounding words, like "mum, tum, dum," I thought they could mean nothing at all; and I could not understand any thing about that.

Afterward she drew several squares and circles, and strange-looking figures on the blackboard, and said "A, B, C" to them; and that, too, seemed very silly.

But Ella is a quiet, orderly girl, and her teacher said that her lesson was well learned. And when she took her book to go to her seat, I saw her teacher smile very kindly.

As we returned from school, I asked cousin what she studied; and she told me, "Latin and Geometry."

I am sure they are very funny things, and for my part I do not see any sense in them, though the "great scholar" enjoys them very much. She tells me that when I am as old as she is, I shall no doubt see use in them all.

Three years seems a long time to wait, though I intend to study hard all the while. But before then I hope to

find some one to tell me what makes people call Ella a "great scholar."

A FAMILY OF THIEVES.

BY PHRISBY.

THE oldest member of this family of thieves, and the one most successful in his thefts, because least watched, is INATTENTION. He is very active in the school-room, sometimes sitting on the recitation-seat with the scholars, and filling his pockets with his filchings, which, strange to say, become invisible as air as soon as he lays his finger upon them.

He is a nimble, active fellow, almost everywhere at once. You can tell him by a vacant stare of the eye that he always wears.

His brother, INDOLENCE, is a great fat fellow. He spends his time in doing nothing, and has such a sleepy, stupid look, that you would never think he was guilty of taking other persons' property. He is one of the most arrant thieves that ever visited a workshop, a farm, or a school-house.

These two have a little black-eyed sister, that you would never suspect of being any relation, if you were not told. Her name is MISCHIEF. She has raven curls dancing over her temples, and is overflowing with life and activity.

She does not steal so much as her brothers, and is not half so sly, for she snatches all she gets, and then laughs you in the face for letting her have it. She is very troublesome among the little folks, but she finds a great many that like her.

Another sister has light, flaxen curls, and speaks always in a low, soft voice. Her name is WHISPERING. You can hardly hear her soft footfall as she wanders around the room, and I am very sorry to have to say that such a nice, still body will pick pockets.

Most of my young readers have seen

her, I dare say, and know just how she looks. Now, Helen, Susan, Charles, and Henry, what is it that these thieves steal?



NO ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING.

WHEN a boy, who is born of poor parents, deprived of early advantages, and manacled by the abridgments of poverty, rises by his own energy to pre-eminence and great attainment, the world pour forth their praise, and laud him chiefly because he has met and overcome the hindrances and disadvantages of his birth and circumstances, and now takes precedence of other men of higher birth and higher privileges.

When a boy, born of rich parents, brought up amidst, and surrounded with, all the advantages and elegance which wealth, rank, and refinement furnish, when this boy of fortune comes to manhood, and commands the admiration of men for his attainments, the prejudiced world admire, but say, "Ah, he was born of rich parents, and possessed every advantage;" calling his attainment the result of birth, of natural endowment, and external advantage, and not his own work.

Merit lies in individual attainment, not in gifts. But the unthinking world, leaning in its biased judgment, allows too largely for the advantages of birth and the privileges of wealth. The truth is not discovered, and just praise is withheld.

The disadvantages and obstructions which dishearten and retard the poor boy in his progress are visible; all the world sees them. The boy sees them from the first. They stare him full in his face. He is thrown wholly upon his own resources. He has no external helps. He must help himself. And if he rises above his poor fortune, and attains to eminence, the work is all his own, and he *alone* deserves the praise.

But are there no disadvantages and

no hindrances for him to encounter, who is born amidst all the advantages of refinement and education? This question may be seldom thought of; but amid all the advantages and privileges of education which wealth throws around him, there are severe hindrances, interruptions, and obstacles with which he must wrestle. These obstacles are insidious, hidden, and unobserved. They are seen only by their effects. Luxury and ease of the body invite "luxury and ease" of the mind, which is another name for *idleness*. This effect is certain and inevitable upon the young, tender mind, especially, unless resisted and thrown aside by uncommon powers of self-control.

Luxury and refinement often scorch the young mind, or mature it too fast. It is proof of a sound and strong mind, to live in the hot-bed atmosphere of courts, and escape corruption and imbecility. Bodily luxury and bodily ease alluring the mind into habits of idleness, and occasioning imbecility, are nearly if not as great trials as are encountered by the disadvantages of poverty.

Thus, with all the privileges, all the instruction and the elegances which wealth may bestow, there nevertheless comes with these blessings a train of evils, forming a counter current, which renders intellectual attainment, under such circumstances, deserving of the highest praise.

On the other hand, the absence of all luxury and refinement, a hard bed, coarse diet, severe bodily exercise, necessarily endured by the poor boy, are above all things most conducive to a clear perception, a well-regulated imagination, and a well-balanced mind.

Want of instruction and want of advantages force the mind back upon its own resources, and by this its latent energies are brought out and disciplined. The mind grows by friction; the more it wears itself, the more it shines. And whenever the mind teaches itself, that is the best instruction:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity;
These are counselors
That fondly persuade me what I am."

Thus the trials, and temptations, and obstacles which confront the poor boy, and the boy of fortune, though differing widely in their nature, are, perhaps, of equal weight. And praise and admiration are due to the man who reaches superior *attainment*, whether his birth is high or low, whether his parents were rich or poor, whether his early life was amid poverty, or passed in ease and luxury.

And now what does all this teach us? It teaches us this. That to the poor boy and the boy of fortune the way to attainment is difficult and rough. Instruction and privilege may assist, but the work belongs to the mind.

THERE IS NO ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING.—*Selected.*

BENEFITS OF A CLEAN FACE.

THE influence of example in cleanliness is strikingly illustrated in the following extract from a late speech of Joseph Paine, Esq., of London:

"A boy once went to a Ragged school, and had his face washed; and when he went home his neighbors looked at him with astonishment. They said, 'That looks like Tom Rogers, and yet it can't be, for he is so clean.' Presently his mother looked at him, and finding his face so clean, she fancied her face dirty, and forthwith washed it.

"The father soon came home, and seeing his wife so clean, thought his face very dirty, and soon followed their example.

"Father, and mother, and son all being clean, the mother began to think the room looked dirty, and down she went upon her knees and scrubbed that clean. There was a female lodger in the house who, seeing such a change in her neighbors, thought her face and her room very dirty, and she speedily be-

took to the cleansing operation likewise. And very soon the whole house was, as it were, transformed, and made tidy and comfortable, simply by the cleansing of one Ragged school boy."

THE STUDENT WE HAIL.

ACROSTICAL.

Thou art welcome, ever welcome—
Hailed by thousands with delight,
Ever bearing richest treasures,

Shedding sweetest rays of light.
Thou, as from some purer region,
Unexplored by mortal eye,
Dost emerge, and at thy presence
Envy, hate, and darkness fly.
Never may thy wing be weary,
Till that genial ray divine

Which irradiates thy bosom,
Enters every land and clime.

Haste thee, then, we bid thee onward—
Answer now thy destined end!
Ignorance shall flee before thee—
Love and Truth shalt thou defend.

NORMANDA.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

"Keep to the right," as the law directs;
For such is the law of the road;
Keep to the right, whoever expects
Securely to carry life's load.

Keep to the right, with God and the world,
Nor wander, though folly allures;
Keep to the right, nor never be hurled
From what by the statute is yours.

Keep to the right, within and without—
With stranger, and kindred, and friend;
Keep to the right, nor harbor a doubt
That all will be well in the end.

Keep to the right, whatever you do;
Nor claim but your own on the way;
Keep to the right and stick to the true
From morn till the close of the day.

Selected.



THE TIGER.

THIS animal is found chiefly in Asia. It is of the cat kind, which it somewhat resembles in shape. The Royal Tigers of Bengal are from three to four feet high, and from eight to ten feet in length. The color of this animal renders him easily distinguished from all others of its genus. He is of a yellowish brown, striped around the body with black. The color is darkest on the back, grows paler along the sides, and becomes nearly white beneath his body.

He is the most ferocious and blood-thirsty of all beasts. Such is his cruelty and rage for destruction, that he will not eat as long as any living creature remains which he can have the pleasure of killing. Even when he is not hungry he delights in tearing other animals in pieces.

This animal can not be tamed when grown. Neither the kindest nor severest treatment has subdued him. He will as soon bite the hand that feeds him, as the one that strikes him. Such is his boldness that he will attack every

living beast, and even has no fear of man.

Like the lion, it will hide near a brook to which other animals resort, and then spring upon them. The lion generally makes but one bound, and, if unsuccessful, retires sullenly to his den; but the tiger is indefatigable, more elegant and slender in form than the lion; he pursues his prey with a speed which is seldom baffled.

His disposition is sly, and he chooses to take his meals in retirement; his victim is therefore carried or dragged to the nearest jungle—for he often kills animals much larger than himself; his strength is such, however, that he can run with a man in his teeth. He has not the stateliness of the lion, which is in part owing to the absence of the mane, but he is said to be more graceful in his carriage.

He attacks the lion, and not unfrequently comes off victor; he is as certain of success in combats with larger animals, as the lion, owing to his superior agility. He sometimes climbs a

tree, from which he springs upon the back of an elephant, accomplishing it with the greatest ease.

The tiger is one of the most beautiful of quadrupeds. The blackness of the stripes around his body, with the deep yellow between, and the shining smoothness of the hair, gives his skin a very uncommon beauty. Tiger skins are highly valued by the Chinese mandarins, who cover their seats of justice, in the public places, with them.

The very ugliness of this animal's disposition is a blessing to man. They are so fierce and spiteful that they can not agree to live together in peace; hence they never go in droves, nor assist each other in combats with other animals. In this arrangement the Creator's wisdom, and His kindness toward man, are plainly observable.

THE COMPOSITION.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MOTHER AND CHILD.

CHILD.—Mother, do help me write a composition. The teacher says I must write one before to-morrow morning, and I am sure I could not write one, if my life depended on it. I can't do it, mother, and it is of no use for me to try.

Mother.—What did your teacher tell you to write about?

C.—O, she said we might write upon any subject we thought of, but I can not think of any subject. I have not one idea in my head.

M.—Suppose I give you a subject, will that help you?

C.—O, no, mother, if you did, I should not know what to say about it. It is a horrible thing to write compositions.

M.—What makes it so difficult? Did she require any particular kind of composition?

C.—Yes, mother, she said it must be prose, and I am sure I never wrote a word of prose in my life.

M.—Why, what do you think prose to be?

C.—I don't know, I'm sure. I looked in the dictionary, and that says, "Prose is discourse without meter or poetic measure," and I'm sure I didn't know then so well as I did before, for I thought prose was the opposite of poetry.

M.—Well, what is poetry?

C.—I know it when I see it, but I never saw any prose.

M.—All composition that is not poetry must be prose. Do you talk poetry?

C.—No, indeed, mother, I wish I could.

M.—If you don't talk poetry, what do you talk?

C.—I'm sure I don't know. I didn't know I talked any thing.

M.—What did I tell you all composition must be that is not poetry?

C.—You said it must be prose. But, then, mother, you know I do not talk composition, for that is what they put in books. I thought talk was only conversation.

M.—You are right, it is conversation, but it is prose also.

C.—Do you mean, mother, that what I say to you now is prose?

M.—Certainly it is. And if, instead of speaking your thoughts, you should write the very same words you would speak, that would be prose composition.

C.—Why, mother, I thought composition was only what we read in books.

M.—What we read in books is composition, but the greater part of composition, or written language, is never printed. If, instead of talking together as we have now done, we had written all we have said on the slate, what we wrote would be a composition in prose, and as it is in the form of a conversation, it would also be called a dialogue.

C.—Why, mother, is that all? I'm

sure I did not know I ever spoke a word of composition or of prose, and I never dreamed of speaking a dialogue. I'll go and write down all we have said together, and then a composition will not prove so horrible an affair, after all.

M.—Do so, and when you have finished your prose composition, or, as the dictionary calls it, your "discourse without meter or poetic measure," bring it to me, and let me see whether it will do to print.

C.—O, mother, don't make fun of me.

M.—My dear, if nothing but wisdom were printed, there would be but few books in the world. Come, go to work, and do not think it a task but an amusement, and I know you will succeed.—*Com. School Journal.*



THE WREN.

THIS little songster is found in almost every part of the world. It is one of the smallest of the feathered inhabitants of the forest grove, being but three or four inches in length, and weighing only about three drachms.

Its notes are very loud compared with the little body from whence it issues. They sound like the word *twe-e*, drawn out to some length, and repeated five or six times in succession. Its song ends with the same note with which it commences; it is given in a hurried manner, and accompanied by a shaking of the wings.

The song of this bird is much admired by some. It continues singing throughout the year, even during the falling of snow. It also sings very late in the evening, though not after dark.

In building its nest the wren begins at the bottom. First it is traced in an oval frame-work, and equally fastened on all sides, to a tree or other support. Afterward it is inclosed on the sides and top, only a small hole being left for an entrance.

The materials of which the nest is composed are adapted to its locality. If it be built against the side of a haystack, they are composed of hay; if against the side of a tree covered with moss, it is formed of moss. But in all cases the lining is the same, and made of feathers.

The eggs are usually seven or eight in number, and of a whitish color. When feeding her young, the wren has been known to visit her nest thirty-six times in an hour, and to continue this for sixteen hours a day. This is a remarkable example of maternal labor and attachment. It feeds on insects.

EARLY RISING.

Are my flowers awake,
That were sweetly sleeping?
Yes, they lift their heads,
Dewy tear-drops weeping.

Have the bees come forth?
At their work they're singing,
To the busy hive
Honied treasures bringing.

Is my birdling up?
Hark! his song he raises;
Let me join him too,
With my morning praises

Child's Paper.

ONE hour gained by rising early, is worth one month of labor in a year.



A FOX STORY.

BY MRS. L. MARIA CHILD.

ONE of the most amusing stories I ever heard of animals, was lately told by a sober Quaker from New Jersey, who said it was related to him by the eye-witness, himself a member of the same serious, unembellishing sect.

He was one day in the field, near a stream where several geese were swimming. Presently, he observed one disappear under the water, with a sudden jerk. While he looked for her to rise again, he saw a fox emerge from the

water, and trot off to the woods with the unfortunate goose in his mouth. He chanced to go in a direction where it was easy for the man to watch his movements.

He carried his burden to a recess under an overhanging rock; here he scratched away a mass of dry leaves, scooped a hole, hid his treasure within, and covered it up very carefully. Then off he went to the stream again, entered some distance behind the flock of geese, and floated noiselessly along, with mere-

ly the tip of his nose visible above the surface. But this time he was not so fortunate in his maneuvers. The geese, by some accident, took the alarm, and flew away with loud cackling.

The fox, finding himself defeated, walked off in a direction opposite to the place where his victim was buried. The man went to the place, uncovered the hole, put the goose in his basket, replaced the leaves carefully, and stood patiently at a distance to watch further proceedings.

The sly thief was soon seen returning with another fox, that he had invited to dine with him. They trotted along right merrily, swinging their tails, snuffing the air, and smacking their lips, in anticipation of a rich repast.

When they arrived under the rock, Reynard eagerly scratched away the leaves; but lo, his dinner had disappeared! He looked at his companion, and plainly saw by his countenance, that he more than misdoubted whether any goose was ever there as pretended. His companion evidently considered his friend's hospitality a sham, and himself insulted. His contemptuous expression was more than the mortified fox could bear. Though conscious of generous intentions, he felt that all assurances to that effect would be regarded as lies.

Appearances were certainly very much against him; for his tail slunk between his legs, and he held his head down, looking sideways, with a sneaking glance at his disappointed companion. Indignant at what he supposed to be an attempt to get up a character for generosity, on false pretenses, the offended guest seized his unfortunate host, and cuffed him most unmercifully.

Poor Reynard bore the infliction with the utmost patience, and sneaked off, as if conscious that he had received no more than might naturally be expected, under the circumstances.—*Selected.*

NOTHING begets confidence sooner than punctuality.

CRADLE-SONG.

ABOUT PAPA IN CALIFORNIA.

[Dedicated to Mrs. W. G. White, of Pennsylvania.]

BY HARRIET CECIL HUNT.

Fold close thy wings, my nestling dove!

Mamma will keep

The fondest ward of human love

Above thy sleep.

Rest, darling, rest!

The golden West,

The sunset-land, for us doth hold

Treasure more rich and dear than gold.

Though city, waste, and woodland, part

Our household band,

Yearns toward his own, one faithful heart

From that far land.

By what bright lake or flashing stream

His path of hope may be,

We know not; but we know the dream

Of home, of thee, and me,

Is in the liquid glow and voice;

And when those dimple waves rejoice,

He deems the sparkle and the song

To our own mountain streams belong.

Then, darling, rest! Love's diamond chain

Across the waves is thrown,

Across wild height and verdurous plain,

To bind us to our own!

Nay! though the golden dream betray,

That lured our wanderer far away;

Though the fair sunset-land grow dim

With woe for us, and doom for him;

And though the heart that throbs to-night

Beneath thy little head

Lie, ere another June is bright,

Among the village dead;

Yet still, a care that faileth not,

A love that never dies,

Will guard my darling's earthly lot,

And win her to the skies.

Then lightly, on thy mother's breast,

Close thy soft plumes, my nestling dove,

And yield thee to thy balmy rest;

For earthly trust and heavenly love

Alike their faithful watch will keep

Above thy waking and thy sleep!

For Children.

"To aid the mind's development, and watch
The dawn of little thoughts."

Aunt Maynard's Stories.—No. 6.

HOW I GOT PUNISHED FOR PLAYING TRUANT.

ONE bright morning in June, John Williams, Richard Brown, and I started to go to school. We had each a little basket, containing our books and dinners, and we went along talking very merrily, until John began to tell us about some beautiful strawberries that grew in his father's garden.

This put us all wishing that we had some of them, when Richard Brown exclaimed: "I say, Maynard, let us run away from school to-day? We can go down farmer Judson's lane, and across the woods, into the meadow, where quantities of strawberries grow. Peter Judson got more there, last summer, than anywhere else!"

"But we shall be found out," said I.

"Oh, no; the schoolmistress will not know but our folks kept us at home to run errands for them, and you know we can go home about the time school closes, and our folks will think we have been at school all day long."

This plan pleased us very much; so we all started down farmer Judson's lane, and trotted along until we came to a patch of woods between the lane

and the meadow where the strawberries grew. Here we sat down to rest on a mossy log, under an old oak tree.

"I say, Maynard," said John Williams, "these baskets are too heavy to carry all the way up to that meadow; let us leave them here in some snug corner, where no one can find them."

"But what shall we pick our strawberries in?" said I.

"We'll put all the dinners and books into one basket, and carry the other two along with us. Then they will be empty and light."

So we put all the dinners into my basket. It was one mother bought from the Indians. We then hid it in a hollow root of the old oak tree, and took the other two, and made our way toward the meadow, as fast as possible.

We soon got among the long, high grass that grew in the meadow, beside a marshy place, and were picking our way very carefully, when we heard the sound of some one whetting a scythe.

Sure enough, old farmer Judson and three or four of his men were there—come down to mow. We were very much frightened, and were going to hide

ourselves in the long grass, but our movements made a great rustling; at which Sambo, farmer Judson's negro man, cried out, "Coon in der long grass, massa!" and not knowing who or what we were, began calling for Dash, the big dog.

We jumped up and took to our heels with all speed. Sambo soon perceived that we were little human beings, and so he called off Dash; but this was not the end of our troubles.

We missed our footing and slipped, one after another, into the marshy ditch. At length we got fairly stuck, and tried in vain, for a long while, to get out. John Williams crawled out at last, and assisted us to do the same, and we crept away into another field, feeling very much ashamed of ourselves.

We hunted about in this field for strawberries, a long time, but all in vain; for we dared not go into the other, lest farmer Judson should discover who we were, and inform the teacher of our pranks. After a long and fruitless search, we concluded to return to the woods another way, and get our dinners.

So we stole along by the fences, until we came to the woods, and then ran to the old tree where we had left our things. But what was our consternation when we saw farmer Judson's pigs, gathered in a circle, rooting away at the cakes and apple pie which our mothers had provided for us.

My pretty little Indian basket was completely torn to pieces, and our books were scattered in every direction, with their leaves flying, and their covers muddled and dirty. This was too much

for us, and we sat down and began to cry.

As we were lamenting the fate of our dinners, a boy by the name of Charles Jones came suddenly upon us, from school, and asked why we were not there. Richard began a long story about our having lost our way, but Charles would not believe us, and told us that the mistress had seen us, and sent him for us to come directly to school. So we gathered up the remains of our books, and sneaked away to school, after Charles.

When we entered, the teacher and all the scholars stared at us, for we were all covered with mud and begrimed with tears, and no doubt looked like so many little scarecrows. Then they all burst out laughing.

This almost broke our hearts, and we began crying more bitterly than before. The mistress, who was very kind, pitied us, and saw that we were sufficiently punished for our faults, and after gently reproofing us, dismissed us, to go home and clean ourselves.

As I reached home, went through the gate, and up the footpath, I shall never forget how I felt when I saw some lady visitors sitting by the open window. But still worse did I feel when my little cousin Eva came running out to meet me.

She had come with her mother and aunt all the way from the village to see me when I came from school. How I felt! She used always to kiss me when she came, but when she saw how I looked she ran into the house to her mother, and looked at me through the window.

A BAD HABIT.

Oh, mother! I am *tired to death!*" said Jane Mills, as she threw herself into a chair on her return from school.

"*Tired to death?*" repeated her mother.

"Yes, mother, I am—*almost*, I mean," added Jane.

"No, my daughter, not even *almost*," said Mrs. Mills.

"Well, at any rate," continued Jane, "I would not walk from here to school to-day *for any thing in the world.*"

"Oh yes, you would, my dear," said her mother, gently.

"No, mother, I am *sure I would not*. I am certain nothing would tempt me."

"But I am really certain you would be induced to go without any urging," answered her mother.

"Well, mother, try me, and see if any thing would make me willing to go."

"Suppose," said Mrs. Mills, "I should offer to take you with me to the new panorama, I expect to visit?"

"Do you, mother?" said Jane, with animation. "May I go? You promised to take me when you went."

"I intended to have done so," replied her mother, "but the place is a long way beyond your school."

"But I am quite rested now, dear mother," said Jane. "I would not fail of going *for all the world*. Why do you smile, mother?"

"To think what an inconsistent little daughter I have!"

"What do you mean by *inconsistent*, mother?"

"Why, when a little girl says one

minute that she would not walk a particular distance *for any thing in the world*, and the next minute says she would not fail of walking still farther *for all the world*, she not only talks inconsistently and extravagantly, but foolishly.

"It is a very bad habit to use such expressions. Yesterday, when you came from school, you said you were frightened out of your life, and when I inquired into the cause of your alarm, you replied that you had *met as many as a thousand cross dogs* on your way home from school.

"Now, my daughter, I wish you to break yourself of this bad habit. When you are tired, hungry, or frightened, use the simple words that express your meaning. For instance, you may be tired; very tired; or excessively tired. Or you may be alarmed, or frightened, or terrified.

"From this time let your lips speak the thing you mean. The Bible says, 'Let your yea be yea, and your nay nay;' and adds—'Whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.'

"Will you try to remember what I have been saying, and strive to correct this fault, my dear child?"

"Yes, dear mother," replied Jane, "for now I know it is wrong, and feel ashamed and sorry for it. I did not think, before, how foolish it sounds."

"Well, my child," added her mother, "I hope you WILL IMPROVE. And now you may get ready to go with me and see the panorama."—Selected.

HOWEVER little we may have to do, let us do that little well.

LITTLE MARY AND THE BIRDIE.

BY ANNIE PARKER.

“ LITTLE bird, little bird,
Tell me true,
What have you done
With your eggs so blue ?”

“ I kept them warm
With my brooding wings,
Till these birdies came—
The wee, wee things.”

“ Little bird, little bird,
Can they fly
Up with you
To the clear blue sky ?”

“ Not yet, little Mary,
Their tiny wings
Are too weak to fly—
The wee, wee things.”

“ Little bird, little bird,
Who taught you
The way to fly
To the sky so blue ?”

“ The same good God
Who gave me wings,
And who giveth food
To these wee, wee things.”

“ Little bird, little bird,
Tell me true,
Does the good God love
Little birds like you ?”

“ Oh, yes, little Mary,
He loves us all,
And watches even
The sparrow’s fall.”

“ Little bird, little bird,
Can it be
That the good God loves
Little girls like me ?”

And the birdie sang
As she spread her wings,
“ Yes, He dearly loves
All the wee, wee things.”

THE TWO JOHNS.

LITTLE John came to see me one day. He did as he was bid, and looked so smiling, and behaved so well, that every one who saw him loved him, and asked him to come again.

Little John came another day. He was cross, and noisy, and ill-tempered, and his ill-temper made him look quite ugly. Nothing pleased him, and he seemed ready to quarrel with every thing, and every one, and every one was glad when it was time for him to go home. He was angry with his little cousin, and threw her doll upon the floor, and was almost ready to strike her when I came into the room. “ Ah,” said I, “ this is not the John who came to see me the other day: this must be some other John. That was a good boy; every body loved him; this a bad boy, and no one cares for him.”

John has often come to see me since, and I think he has learned the lesson I tried to teach him. When I see him, I say “ Which John has come to see me to-day ?” He seems to feel what I mean, and his reply is, “ The good John.”—*Sunday School Journal.*

WHEN one sees a family of children going to school with clean faces, clean hands, and clean finger nails, and neatly combed hair, and with clean clothes, it tells a great deal in favor of their mother. Such children learn valuable lessons at home—and lessons that will have a life-long remembrance.

Our Missions.

He's CAUGHT A TARTAR.—The origin of this phrase is said to have been as follows: In some battle between the Russians and Tartars, who are a wild sort of people, in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out, "Captain, halloo there! I've caught a Tartar!"

"Fetch him along, then!" said the captain.

"Ay, but he won't let me," said the man. The fact was, the Tartar had caught him. So when a man thinks to take another in, and gets taken in himself, they say, "He's caught a Tartar."

CRYSTAL ORNAMENTS.—Take an ounce each, of Epsom salts, of Glauber salts, of alum, of white vitriol (sulphate of zinc), of blue vitriol, (sulphate of copper), and of green vitriol (cupperas, or green sulphate of iron), and pulverize them well, then mix them together and dissolve them in a pint of boiling water. Put this solution in an open vessel, and place it in a warm situation, where it will be free from dust and agitation. After due evaporation has taken place, crystals will begin to form, and by their color and form each substance may be distinguished. This combination of crystals of different shapes and colors will form a beautiful and pleasing ornament. To preserve it, it should be placed under a glass. The materials can be obtained of any druggist for a trifling sum.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "WHIG."—In the sixteenth century there arose in England a party opposed to the king, and in favor of a republican form of government, in which the people would have a voice. The party adopted as their motto, "We hope in God." The initials, or first letter of each word combined, read, "Whig," and were used to name or designate the party. Thus the word "Whig," originally meant opposition to kings and monarchies, and friendship for the very form of government under which we exist. It originated in England a century and a half before our Revolution.

EMPHATIC WORDS.—In writing, particularly manuscript to be printed, words or sentences intended to be printed in CAPITALS are distin-

guished by having three lines drawn under them; in **SMALL CAPITALS**, by two lines; and in **ITALICS**, by one.

Words printed in this manner are used chiefly to point out emphatical expressions, but too frequent use of them in composition tends to confound the sense, and shows bad taste in the writer.

NAMES OF VARIOUS SIZES OF BOOKS.—*Folio* denotes a sheet of paper folded into two leaves, making four pages, as common newspapers; *quarto*, or, as abbreviated, *4to*, is a sheet divided into four leaves, or eight pages; *octavo*, or *8vo*, a sheet divided into eight leaves, or sixteen pages; *duodecimo*, *12mo*, or *twelves*, a sheet into twelve leaves, or twenty-four pages. So, also, *sixteens*, or *16mo*, *eighteens* or *18mo*, *twenty-fours* or *24mo*, *thirty-twos* or *32mo*, *forty-eights* or *48mo*, *sixty-fours* or *64mo*, are the several designations of sheets when folded into sixteen, eighteen, twenty-four, thirty-two, forty-eight, and sixty-four leaves; making twice the number of pages.

The Student is composed of two sheets, each folded into eight leaves, hence it is an *octavo*. Sheets of paper are of different sizes, hence all *octavos* are not of the same size. The same variations exist in the other sizes of books.

Words are the daughters of the mind, but actions are the sons of the soul.

To Adam, Paradise was home; to the good among his descendants, home is a Paradise.

GENTS AND GENTLEMEN.—There is a London cockneyism that begins to be used among some persons in this country; it is the substitution of the word *gent* for *gentleman*. This is a vulgarism. However, in England, these terms have a more distinctive meaning, it would seem from the following:

A waiting-maid at a country inn, on being asked how many "gents" there were in the house, replied, "Three gents and four gentlemen." "Why do you make a distinction, Betty?" said the interrogator. Her answer was, "Why, the gents are only *half* gentlemen, per-

was from the country, who come on horseback ; the others have their carriages, and are real gentlemen."

BOOK BORROWING.—We remember, when a school-boy, a practice in our school of writing on the fly leaves of books, some caution to those who might chance to borrow them. One of those commenced with, "Steal not this book, etc." That inscription never appeared to us as possessing much sense ; but the following we would commend to the attention of all book-borrowers :

"If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.

"Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

"Read slowly, pause frequently, think seriously,
Keep cleanly, return duly,
With the corners of the leaves not turned down."

In this month, August, there are five Sundays, five Mondays, and five Tuesdays.

Who is wise ? He that learns from every one. Who is powerful ? He who governs his own passions. Who is rich ? He who is content.

The doors of the Temple of Flattery are so low, that it can only be entered by crawling.

REFRANGIBILITY OF LIGHT.—In reply to J. B. W., of Ill., we answer, the position assumed in *Our Museum* for May, that the least refrangible rays remain longest above the horizon, we believe to be correct. It is easily demonstrable that the rays composing a beam of light possess different degrees of refrangibility ; and it is a well-known fact that light, in passing obliquely from a rarer into a denser medium, is bent toward a line extending from the surface to the center of the denser medium ; in other words, it enters the denser medium in a more perpendicular direction than that with which it meets its surface.

The rays of light from the sun, falling obliquely upon the atmosphere which surrounds the earth, are bent downward, or toward the earth. That the least refrangible rays would remain longest visible, may be illustrated by making a diagram of lines representing the colors in the spectrum, and placing it in the position that the rays would have in entering the atmosphere, with the violet downward and red

at the top, then taking a small globe, or an apple and holding it opposite the diverging ends of these lines, turn it round in a direction opposite from the source of the rays, as the earth turns, when it will readily be perceived that the violet ray would first sink below the horizon, and the red remain longest visible. Hence, if the red rays chiefly compose the light reflected to our vision, whatever substance reflects them must have a red appearance.

MINISTER'S MARCHING ORDERS.—A young clergyman meeting the Duke of Wellington, inquired if he did not think it almost useless and extravagant to preach the gospel to the Hindoos. The duke immediately rejoined, "Look, sir, to your marching orders—Preach the gospel to every creature."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS AND ENIGMAS IN JUNE AND JULY NUMBERS.

The difference between six dozen dozen and half a dozen dozen is 792. There is no difference between $\frac{3}{4}$ of $\frac{4}{3}$, and $\frac{4}{3}$ of $\frac{3}{4}$. By G. H. S.—In the phrase, "No prudence whatever," *whatever* is a pronominal or an indefinite adjective, qualifying prudence.—In the phrase, "Which requires more hands than ours," the word *ours* is a pronoun, nominative case to the verb *are*, understood—more hands than ours are.

How to divide the contents of an 8 gallon cask of wine, equally, using only the cask, a 5, and a 3 gallon measure. The contents of the vessels, at each transfer, is shown in these columns.

Cask—5—3

First fill the 5 gal. measure from the cask	3.	5.	0
Then fill the 3 gal. meas. from the 5 gal. meas.	3.	2.	3
Next pour contents of 3 gal. meas. into the cask	6.	2.	0
Then pour the 2 gals. left in 5 gal. meas. into 3 gal. meas.	6.	0.	2
Next fill the 5 gal. meas. from the cask	1.	5.	2
Then fill 3 gal. meas. from 5 gal. meas.	1.	4.	3
Lastly, pour contents of 3 gal. meas. into the cask	4.	4.	0

The answer to the enigma by H. W. Ross is " Youmans' Class-Book of Chemistry." The writer made a mistake in it, by omitting some of the letters, yet several have sent us the correct answer, and also detected the error.

The earnest wish of a young trio at Albers is, "Long live *The Student* and its editor."

What every one should do is, "Avoid extremes." We do not give the names or initials of those who send us these answers, because they are sent us by so many different persons, that we have not room for them. But do not let

this fact deter any one from replying to the questions, or the enigmas.

How to ascertain the Distance of a Thunder Storm.—Place the finger on the pulse, and the moment the flash of lightning is seen, commence counting the beats. If you feel six pulsations before you hear the thunder, the storm is one mile away; if twelve pulsations, it is two miles, and so on.

From what is the word *electricity* derived? From a Greek word signifying *amber*, because it was in the friction of this substance that it was first discovered. A full explanation may be found in Parker's *Philosophy*, page 194.

Why does a gun *kick*? In reply to this question, J., of Columbus, O., says: "The rebound of the gun is certainly caused by the resistance the ball or wad meets with from the air at the moment of leaving the barrel, which resistance reacts upon the barrel, and drives it backward, or causes it to 'kick.'" The idea of a *vacuum* being produced in the barrel is, without doubt, erroneous, notwithstanding the authority of a so called scientific work.

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED BY OUR READERS.

From E. A. F., of Vt.

Why do the sun and moon appear so much larger when they rise in the east, than they do at the meridian?

From W. C. L., of R. I.

Is it injurious to health to keep plants in a sitting or sleeping room?

From J. B. W., of Ill.

Who first introduced the following arithmetical signs, viz: +, -, =, +, ÷?

ENIGMAS.

From HETTIE, of Painesville, Ohio.

I am composed of sixteen letters.

My 13, 11, 5, crowns many a head.

My 2, 11, 12, is a kind of grain.

My 11, 7, 5, is an example of industry.

My 16, 11, 12, is what every one does.

My 5, 11, 8, 12, 6, is often extravagantly indulged.

My 1, 14, 3, 3, 10, is generally a place of much controversy.

My 15, 4, 7, 8, is the singular of ours.

My whole is something that pleases every body.

I am composed of seven letters.

My 1, 7, 3, is one of the works of creation.

My 6, 4, 2, 3 is one of the passages through which the blood flows.

My 5, 7, 2, 3, descends to the earth.

My whole is a Heathen Goddess, and the name of the composer of this.

Record of Events.

POITION OF THE VISIBLE PLANETS.—**VENUS** will be found in the constellation *Gemini* during this month. It is now a morning star, hence will be visible in the east before sunrise. During the latter part of the month it will be visible in the daytime, when the sky is favorable. **JUPITER** is now in the constellation *Libra*, and near the middle of it. It can be seen in the west after sunset, and may readily be distinguished by its steady brilliant light. **MARS** is now in *Virgo*. It can also be seen in the west during the early part of the night. It appears much smaller than Jupiter, and gives a reddish light. **SATURN** may be found about the middle of *Aries*. It is visible during the latter part of the night. It gives a pale white light, and appears about the size of a star of the second magnitude. The rings of this planet are now visible with a telescope of even moderate power.

Planets may be distinguished from the fixed stars by their steady light, while the light from the stars constantly twinkles.

Two FULL MOONS IN ONE MONTH.—There was a full moon on the *first* of July, and another on the *thirtieth*. This circumstance, of two full moons in one month, had not occurred since 1776.

Kossuth's DEPARTURE.—On Wednesday, the 14th of July, Louis Kossuth left New York on board the steamship *Africa*, for England. He remained in this country a little more than seven months; and that period has been seven months of eloquent orations in behalf of humanity and freedom, pronounced from a moving rostrum, before the States of our Union. Most faithfully and nobly has he pleaded his cause, though surrounded by disheartening discouragements.

He obtained 90,000 dollars during his sojourn in this country, to aid him in efforts for the freedom of Hungary. In the opinion of many, his mission here has been a failure. Though he carries back with his return to the old world so little of the treasures of the new, yet his labors here have *not* been in vain. He has enkindled new ideas of freedom and humanity in the hearts of the American people which will not perish. The boys and girls who are school children to

lay will indorse and develop the noble principles of statesmanship, and the sublime examples of patriotism, which have been so ably and wonderfully exhibited by this Apostle of Freedom.

Our country owes him a debt of gratitude for his unremitting labors among us, and some day we shall pay it to his country in large measure. One generation hence the recollection of having heard his thrilling eloquence here will be sufficient to loosen the hands into beneficence toward the cause he pleaded. Not alone to us has Kossuth spoken, but to the world, and to the future; and the world shall yet learn his worth, and the future require his labors.

No where on the pages of history can be found a career of lofty, soul-stirring eloquence, and unwavering constancy to his country's cause, amid deepest trials and the most appalling discouragements, equal to that of Kossuth. Greece had its Demosthenes and its Epaminondas—Rome her Cicero and her Caesars—Scotland its Bruce—Switzerland her Tell—England its Earl of Chatham—Ireland her O'Connell—and America, happy, glorious America, her patriotic Henry and her immortal Washington; but *humanity* and the *world* has a *Kossuth*.

IRON PAPER.—At a late Prussian Industrial Exhibition, Count Renard, a large proprietor of iron works, exhibited sheet-iron of such a degree of tenacity that the leaves can be used for paper. One of the finest sorts the machinery rolls, is 70,040 square feet, of what may be called leaf iron, from a hundred pounds of metal. A book-binder of Breslau has made an album of nothing else, the pages of which turn as flexibly as the finest fabric of linen rags.

VINEYARDS IN OHIO.—There are at least 1,200 acres of vineyards around Cincinnati alone, giving employment to no less than 600 efficient laborers, at an annual cost of \$20,000, and producing in moderately favorable seasons, 240,000 gallons of wine.

CHOLERA.—This fearful disease prevails at the southwest, along the Mississippi River, in New Orleans, also at the Isthmus, on the route to California.

N. Y. STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.—The closing exercises of this institution took place at Albany, N. Y., on the 8th day of July; on which occasion eighteen ladies and nineteen gentlemen

were graduated. Prof. Geo. R. Perkins, who has been the principal of the school since the death of the lamented Page, has resigned. Samuel B. Woolworth, A.M., for many years the principal of the academy at Homer, N. Y., has been chosen to succeed Prof. Perkins. Mr. Silas T. Bowen remains in the school, as formerly. The friends of this noble institution have reasons for congratulation in view of the arrangements made for continuing its efficiency.

RECENT DEATHS.

HENRY CLAY.—This venerable statesman died at Washington, D. C., after a long illness, on Tuesday, the 29th of June. His last words were, "I am dying, I am going." His death was calm and peaceful as an infant's sleep. He was 75 years of age, and has been actively engaged in the public affairs of our government for half a century.

His remains were removed to Ashland, Ky., for burial; and conveyed from Washington by the way of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Louisville, and Lexington. His funeral obsequies have been celebrated in the principal cities of the Union. These ceremonies took place in New York on the 20th of July. The procession on this occasion was nearly four miles long. Places of business were closed, and the buildings along the route of the procession were draped in deepest mourning. All parties and all classes joined in this tribute to a departed statesman, and there was an universal expression of a nation's sorrow.

WHY DO SCHOOLS ACCOMPLISH SO LITTLE?

BY A. D. LORD.

IT is a common complaint that our schools are inefficient, that scholars seem to accomplish but little, comparatively, with all the boasted improvements of modern times. This is doubtless often true; we have no wish to deny it. It is equally true that there are reasons for the fact. Children do not act without motives—they will not study without inducements to mental effort; yet they can not be expected fully to appreciate the value of knowledge, or to improve their time because they feel the importance and necessity of so doing. Other motives than those

which impel the adult to seek information, the professional man to improve himself, or the man of science to prosecute his researches, must be brought to bear upon them. Among these motives, one of the most powerful is the love of approbation—not of their fellows merely, nor of their teacher alone. They need to feel that the eye of their parents, of the men and women in the district whom they are accustomed to respect and revere, are upon them; that if they conduct with propriety, it is seen; if they improve, it is noticed; if they manifest ingenuity and intelligence, it is observed; and that if they are courteous, frank, truthful, magnanimous and conscientious in all their intercourse, and faithful in all their duties, it will be *known and approved of all men.*

Let a score of the best workmen, in any trade, be employed upon a work which would require months for its completion; let each be paid for his day's work, whether he did little or much, and whether that was well or ill done; let no one of their fellow-citizens come near from one week to another, to compare the idleness of one with the diligence of another, the ingenuity and taste of a third with the dullness and awkwardness of his neighbor; and would it be possible for any master-workman, unless elevated almost infinitely above them, to prevent them from falling into habits of carelessness and indolence?

What motives to fidelity, to effort for improvement, could he bring to bear upon them? But let the same men be employed on the same enterprise, under the same superintendent, and let him frequently receive calls from his fellow-citizens, manifesting an interest in the work he had planned and which the laborers were embodying in fair and beautiful proportions under his direction; let them drop to the workmen expressions of their admiration of the plan and the skill of the designer; let men of character and influence commend the fidelity of the workmen; let gentlemen of intelligence and taste notice the individual artists and inquire their names; and would not these laborers be totally unlike the men they were in the former case? And could any thing short of superhuman power secure, in the first, any thing like the results which would be accomplished, without any appearance of effort on the part of the superintendent, in the second case?

Need we make the application to the course generally pursued with reference to schools of every grade? Children and youth are influenced in the same manner as adults, though to a much greater extent, by the motives above named. Need we say, that schools can not rationally be expected to prosper unless visited and encouraged by parents and citizens?—*Ohio Journal of Education.*

Editor's Cubit.

WORLD'S CONVENTION.

A NEW SCHOOL EXERCISE.

THE *Boston Traveler* gives an account of a novel school-exercise which has recently been practiced in one of the public schools in that city with great success. The exercise proves to be both interesting and profitable to the pupils there, and we doubt not would be found equally useful in other schools. We have styled it a World's Convention from its character, and for the benefit of teachers will describe the plan alluded to, hoping that many of our readers may be persuaded to try it. However, as the plan given here would not be adapted to all schools, each teacher will of course modify it to suit the class of pupils under his charge.

To each pupil of the most advanced class in school, let one or more of the countries of the earth be assigned. For instance, to one, Great Britain, to another, France, Switzerland and Italy, to another, Russia, Austria and Hungary, to another, Africa, to another, California, to another, the islands of the Pacific, to another, the Middle States, to another, the Southern, to another, New England, etc., embracing the whole globe. Let each of these pupils be considered as a representative of the country assigned to him, whose duty it shall be to prepare and give a brief description of his country, embracing its geographical position and features, its history, and from week to week, a summary of all matters of interest found among the recent news from his country.

Then, once a week or once in two weeks, as may be deemed most desirable, let a specified time be regularly set apart for hearing the reports of these representatives. It might be well to allow the whole school to participate in the exercise, as listeners. At the first meeting of this World's Convention, it would probably occupy sufficient time for the representatives to describe the location of their respective countries, giving also a brief geographical account of them. On the next occasion let the history be given, embracing its internal improvements, railroads, canals, telegraphs, etc., and the condition of society.

At subsequent conventions, the reports will consist chiefly of the matters of interest gleaned from the recent news of the day, with additions of such other historical, or other descriptions of the manners and customs of the people as may be gathered from narratives of travels. These reports may be made in writing, and read by the pupil, or related orally.

Suppose the school has assembled for this exercise on Friday afternoon, July 16th. The pupil who represents Great Britain will speak of the removal of the Crystal Palace, of the Catholic excitement there, of the proroguing of Parliament, and of the telegraph between Dublin and Holyhead. The one representing France would tell of the recent plot against Louis Napoleon, the extravagance of the government, the passage of a French steam vessel of war through the Dardanelles, etc. Another would relate the most important news from California. One might speak of the death of Henry Clay, and the removal of his remains from Washington to Ashland. Thus let the whole world be traversed, and the leading items of interesting news be gathered and related before the school.

Who will say that such an exercise will not prove highly advantageous? It will give scholars information which will become of great benefit to them. Thus, instead of little or nothing being learned in relation to the present history of the world as it transpires from day to day, the young will possess a knowledge of the current events, and store their minds with much useful knowledge. With the aid of the teacher's explanations the pupils engaged in such an exercise may be able to carry home much valuable information to their parents. It would also awaken an interest in the minds of the young to read something in the newspaper besides stories

and anecdotes; they would soon learn to seek for the department of intelligence, now so commonly neglected by them.

A similar plan might be applied to the sciences. Let one pupil be appointed to report every thing new relating to astronomy, another, to geology, another, chemistry, and another, mechanic arts, etc. Each of these may have the whole world for his field. Occasionally, let an hour be spent in hearing these reports of the advancements and discoveries in science, and the new inventions which have been made, and the teachers themselves will be surprised to witness the alacrity and interest with which pupils will study subjects generally considered dry and uninteresting. Who will try these exercises, and send us an account of their practical operations?

EDUCATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

N. Y. STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION will convene at the lecture room of the Presbyterian church, Elmira, N. Y., at 10 o'clock, A.M., on Wednesday, the 4th inst. This occasion is expected to be one of unusual interest.

A committee will be at the dépôt in Elmira, on the arrival of the passenger trains, to conduct delegates to the place of meeting, and to their apartments. Arrangements have been made by the generous-hearted citizens of the place to entertain the ladies gratuitously.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION, will hold its twenty-third annual meeting at Troy, N. Y., on Friday, Saturday, and Monday, the 6th 7th, and 9th days of this month.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EDUCATION will hold its annual meeting at Newark, N. J., commencing on Tuesday the 10th inst., and continue three or four days.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE will convene at Cleveland, O., on Wednesday, the 18th inst. Prof. Benj. Pierce, of Cambridge, is President of this Association for 1852.

Arrangements have been made for procuring tickets to go on the N. Y. & Erie R. R. to or from either of the first three of these conventions at half the regular fares. Certificates which will entitle the holders to this deduction can be obtained at the office of *The Student*, also at the Rooms of the Board of Education, City Hall, New York.

Literary Notices.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. New Edition. 12mo; 232 pages. Published by J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York.

Halleck's poetical fame is too well known to need any commendation from us. What school boy does not remember his "Marco Bozzaris?" Halleck stands among the foremost of American poets; and the present volume can hardly fail to prove acceptable, published as it is on the best of paper, and in the neatest style.

ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH. By Mrs. Moodie. Published by Geo. P. Putnam, No 10 Park Place.

This work forms Nos. 12 and 13, or the volumes for the 1st and 15th of July, of Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library. The writer of this interesting narrative emigrated from England to Canada in 1832. Her husband there engaged in farming in the pioneer settlements. This occupation was alike new to Mr. and Mrs. Moodie, and as might be expected under such circumstances, many trials and privations had to be encountered. Mrs. Moodie is a sister of Agnes Strickland, who wrote the histories of the Queens of England, and she also possesses reputation as a writer. In these volumes now before us, she has given a simple narrative of her own adventures, and the scenes she encountered in Canada. Her descriptions are pervaded by a freshness and humor which renders them highly entertaining. Travelers will find this capital companion during their summer rambles in the country.

THE KNIGHTS OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND SCOTLAND. By Henry William Herbert. 12mo; 426 pages. Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York.

This is a volume of tales and sketches, or legends of love and chivalry, in which history and romance are blended. The author has many admirers among the reading public, but for ourselves we have very little taste for this kind of literature, and less inclination to read it, hence only know of what the volume before us consists by a hasty glance.

A MANUAL OF ASTRONOMY, and the use of Globes, for Schools and Academies. By Henry Kiddle. Small 12mo; 130 pages. Published by Newman & Ivison, 199 Broadway, New York. 1852.

A work well adapted for the object it was designed to accomplish—that of furnishing a text-book on the subject of Astronomy for teaching the elements of this interesting science. While it is an elementary work, and contains but a few diagrams, yet it is more complete than many larger works, which are more profusely illustrated. Teachers desirous of using a work of this character will do well to examine the one now before us.

THE SCIENCE AND ART OF PENMANSHIP. By Edwin D. Babbitt, in two quarto books. Published by Newman & Ivison, New York. Price, Book I, 12½ cents; Book II, 18 3-4 cents.

Few persons who attempt to give instruction in penmanship possess any knowledge of its principles. They do not stop to learn the philosophy, and science, if it may be so termed, on which the formation of letters should depend, but by chance or otherwise, get a habit of making letters in a certain manner and shape, and then follow it themselves and teach it to others. Doubtless this fact has much to do with the cause of so many miserable writers. In the present work Mr. Babbitt has given and explained

the principles of a systematic penmanship, which, though the forms of some of his letters may not please all, will be found valuable to teachers and others.

POPULAR AND PRACTICAL SCIENCE. Under this title Mr. Geo. P. Putnam has commenced a series of attractive and popular treatises, to be issued in a form similar to the Semi-Monthly Library. Volume one has been published. It consists of a treatise on *The Solar System*, descriptive of the Sun, Moon, and Planets, including an account of all the recent discoveries, by J. Russell Hind, foreign secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society of London. 12mo, 198 pages, price 25 cents.

OUTLINES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Thomas B. Shaw, B.A., Professor of English Literature in the Imperial Alexander Lyceum of St. Petersburg. A New American Edition, with a Sketch of American Literature by Henry T. Tuckerman. 8vo; 500 pages. Published by Blanchard and Lea, Philadelphia.

Like the principal publications of Blanchard and Lea, this possesses a classical and standard merit. It traces the English Language from its origin to the present day, giving a brief, yet comprehensive account of the various authors and productions which form the landmarks of English Literature, from the age of Chaucer to the productions of Wordsworth, Moore, Hood, Dickens, and others of our own times. That portion relating to American literature commences with the colonies, and includes the distinguished authors from that period to the present.

The style of this work, and the masterly manner in which the subject is treated, renders it no ordinary production. No work has come under our observation containing as comprehensive and interesting views of the literary character and genius of the distinguished writers in the English Language, together with a biographical sketch of them, as the one now before us. To every one who is desirous of knowing to whose productions and characters we are indebted for the present condition of our language, and who have contributed most largely to its advancement, do we commend this work; and especially would we invite the attention of teachers to it.

THE FUTURE OF NATIONS: In what consists its security. This is Kossuth's farewell address to the American people, delivered at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, June 21, 1852. It is published by Fowlers and Wells in a very neat 12mo pamphlet of 48 pages, printed on the best of paper and plain type. Price ten cents.

The address is too long for our columns, or we should be happy to lay it before our readers, but we take great pleasure in commending it to the careful perusal of every body. The New York Evening Post, says of it: "Kossuth appears no where greater than in this able discourse. His comprehensive politics, his beautiful sympathies, his power over language, his poetic imagination, his magnetic and melting earnestness of purpose, are blended with that depth of religious feeling which gives to his character as a patriot the sanctity and unction of a prophet."

TALLIS' SCRIPTURE NATURAL HISTORY FOR YOUTH, Part 13, has been received. This is an interesting work; its illustrations are beautiful. J. Tallis & Co., 40 John Street, New York.

THE AMERICAN RAILROAD GUIDE, by Curran, Dinsmore & Co., 22 Spruce Street, New York; is worthy a place in all railroad traveler's pockets. It contains time tables, distances, fares, etc., of all the railroads in the United States. Price only 12½ cents.

THE STUDENT.

“THE LIVING STRIVE, THE DEAD ALONE ARE GLORIOUS.”*

BY MISS MARY C. SEELEY.

“The great, the good, the wise, the just,
Are never valued till they’re dust;
Nor till they mutter ‘earth to earth,’
Can men perceive another’s worth.”

How little we live in the present! Restless and unsatisfied, we fain would turn away from its earnest calls; fain would stray from its paths of dull reality, to rove 'mid other, more congenial scenes. Recollections and anticipations crowd upon the soul, and with their witching imagery beguile us from life's higher, sterner duties. The mighty past looms up before us, with its treasured joys and sorrows; and visions bright and sad come trooping through memory's vista, awakening long-slumbering thoughts, bringing forth smiles and tears, and stirring the heart's depths with strange and winning power. Departed years and early days, in all their happy freshness, come back again; dear, familiar faces, loved smiles, and kind voices seem with us once more, and a thousand fond associations throng around the heart.

Very pleasant, yet mournful to the soul, are these memories of the past; and oh! how we love to linger over them. They come to us all; in all times; upon the heart's pure tablet they are traced in lines that may never be effaced; a word, a look, a tone, or some olden strain, will touch the electric chord. They come like spirit-voices, whispering to the heart: “Look not mournfully upon the past. Wisely improve the present—it is thine.” Oh! precious, priceless is the boon of memory. Who would drink of Lethe's wave? Who would quaff from the oblivious bowl?

Nor yet alone amid the buried past does the heart love to roam. Even seeking that beyond its present grasp, disappointed with the world's *realities*, it surrounds itself

with the ideal, and revels 'mid scenes of its own pencilings, replete and glowing with beauty. In the buoyancy of youth, and in the vigor of maturity, it weaves for itself an ideal future, *brilliant* with immortality. Dreams haunt the soul—bright, bewitching, fascinating; and there are lofty longings for the high, the true, the beautiful—eager aspirations and earnest strivings for that which may not be attained. Prophetic visions of ever-changing hues, haloed all around with glory, enshrine themselves within the gallery of the soul, and with their magic presence urge and lure it onward to its distant goal.

Earth holds out her varied phantoms, and oh! how many immortal energies are wasted in seeking to grasp them! Pleasant, yet delusive, are their voices. Fame sounds loud her trumpet; she lifts on high her laurel wreath; and thousands of earth's gifted ones have toiled and struggled, oh! how earnestly, through a weary life, if but their names might be caught by the pean note, and echoed through coming ages. For, oh! “to live unknown, unnoticed, unrenowned! to die unpraised, unepitaphed!” to pass away, and be no more remembered, and “leave no *whisperings* of a name on earth—such thoughts lie cold about the heart,” and make it sad. Therefore would they toil, and suffer, and endure; ay,

“Would brave a life of tears,
To win an honored name;
One sweet and heart-awakening tone
From the silver trump of Fame.”

* At the Thirteenth Annual Commencement of the Rutgers Female Institute, New York, July 9, 1852, this production was selected as the Prize Composition of the First Department, for which a gold medal was awarded to the writer.

This is their earnest aim ; it becomes their every thought. This cheers them onward in their arduous career ; and if, at times, sadness, and weariness, and disappointment creep over them, they need but to look at their guiding star, and its dazzling radiance kindles new vigor ; and with higher hopes and loftier aspirations, they press onward to the accomplishment of their great purposes. Yet the world looks coldly on them ; it scorns them, it spurns them ; and dark and dreary is their path. Long years pass away ; youth's hopes have faded ; early dreams have vanished, and stern and bitter realities have chilled the heart. The taper of life burns low, and its light is fast dying away.

Worn and exhausted, these sons of genius lay themselves down and sleep their last, long sleep. Their work is accomplished. They have traced their names upon imperishable records. They have left behind the impress of their great minds, in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." And now the world, the "scorner of their living, becomes the patron of their dead merit." From lip to lip their names are passed ; from age to age they are handed down, and their glorious thoughts are sent forth upon the world, to be sought and won, and become enshrined within the hearts of the multitude, who little dream that

"The soul whence those high gifts were shed
Did faint in solitude."

The world stands over the graves of departed worth, and talks of gifted powers, of errors, of follies, and misfortunes. Oh ! could the lowly grave-stone speak, how many a tale of sorrow might it reveal !

Why is it that thus the gifted ones of earth are doomed to disappointment, to live unappreciated, to die almost unknown ? Their days begin in hope and gladness, but end in gloom and woe ; oftentimes in madness. They become familiar with want, and pain, and sorrow ; "with prison-bars, and the damp, weeping walls of dungeons." Not until they have passed away to the silent land, where the "weary are at rest," not until the long grass waves over their moldering forms, can the world perceive their greatness. Then Fame wakes up ;

upon the dead brow she places her laurel-wreath, and lifting up her voice, she swells her clarion notes till their tones reach every heart, and distant ages re-echo the deep, thrilling strains. All too late to THEM comes her pleasant song : for what is glory to the silent dead ? Too high the price ; too dearly bought is that bright, unfading wreath.

"How majestically such names appear in history—wrapped in gloom, yet glorious as a night with stars!" Through the long, dim vista of the past they come to us, encircled with a halo of glory—the glory of the dead. And though the dust of centuries lies over their forms, they live with us yet ; in their great thoughts ; in the mighty words they have uttered ; in the wondrous labors they have achieved.

We, too, would live in the memory of others. We, too, would be,

"When countless years have passed,
The good man's glowing theme."

We cling to earth and all its vanities, and strive through life to win an earthly name, that we may live in a future age, as the illustrious dead live in this. We can not bear to pass away, and be forgotten by the world. Forgotten ! 'tis a mournful word—heart-sickening, saddening to the soul.

Better is it to win the heart

"From all these dreams of strife
And toil, to write a name within
The glorious Book of Life."

"Then shall Old Time, who, rolling on,
Impels us toward the tomb,
Prepare for each a glorious crown,
Through endless years to bloom."

—♦—
SELF-EXAMINATION.—Frequently ask yourself *what* you have done, *why* you have done it, and *how* you have done it. This will teach you to inspect your *actions*, your *motives*, and the *manner* in which you *discharge your duty*.

You can not fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and plentiful it will be.



LADY JANE GREY

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

LADY JANE GREY, who in some of the historic annals of England, bears the title of queen, was the daughter of Henry, Marquis of Dorset, and a partaker of royal blood, through her mother, Frances Brandon, daughter of the Princess Mary, sister of Henry VIII., and Queen Dowager of France, at the time of her marriage with the Duke of Suffolk.

The subject of this sketch was therefore the great grand-daughter of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York. She was born in 1536, and distinguished in infancy and childhood by surpassing beauty. To this attraction, she added many accomplishments; such as taste and proficiency in the use of the needle and pin, skill in music, both instrumental and vocal, perfect grace of manners, and elegance in conversation.

Attainments still more profound were hers, and to a critical knowledge of her own language she added the French and Italian, Latin and Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic.

Learned men of the age assert that she

wrote in each with facility. These attainments, so far from inspiring self-conceit, were mingled with modesty, and embellished by a charm of a sweet and serene piety.

Domestic education was in those days marked by strictness of discipline; and it is remarkable that her own should particularly have been characterized by sternness and severity. The effect of this on a humble, amiable nature was to drive her to intellectual pursuits.

Depressed by the coldness and bitter chidings of her parents, she turned, as a refuge, to the lessons and encouragements of her more kind-hearted tutor. Nor did her firmly-balanced mind overlook the ultimate gain of even this harsh treatment, or omit to recount among God's benefits such sharp and severe parents and so gentle a schoolmaster. Doubtless her early and fervent piety thus derived strength. The tender heart, checked in its first unfoldings, and chilled by rigor, where it sought repose, turned to Him who breaketh not the bruised reed, and found conso-

lation. Daily devotion gave her spiritual vigor, and a visible blessing descended on her mental efforts and enjoyments.

A little incident related in the history of the times will illustrate her fondness for study. A gay party having gone out to hunt one delightful summer's day in her father's park, she was found by her tutor, Sir Roger Ascham, seated alone, intently reading the works of Plato, from the original. On expressing his surprise at seeing her thus employed, she replied, that she found more true pleasure in such pursuits than in all the splendor and excitement of fashionable amusement.

Her rank and participation in royal blood required her occasional attendance at court. There her grace and accomplishments, united to her singular humility, attracted the admiration of the young Edward the VI., who was himself an example of learning and piety.

At the age of sixteen she was married to Lord Guilford Dudley, a son of the Duke of Northumberland. The pomp of their nuptials, which were celebrated during the bloom and verdure of the month of May, gave the last gleam of joy to the palace of the declining king. Consumption had fastened on his vitals a deadly fang, and on the 6th of July following, at the age of sixteen, he ceased to breathe. The religion which had been his guide in health, revealed its sustaining power, under the debility of sickness, and at the approach of death.

Knowing his sister Mary, the heir to the crown, was an earnest devotee of the Romish faith, and dreading the conflicts and persecutions that might ensue to the realm, he meditated the appointment of Lady Jane Grey as his successor. This was strongly advocated, perhaps originally prompted, by the solicitations of the ambitious Duke of Northumberland, and one of the last acts of the enfeebled monarch was to authorize a deed of settlement, signed by himself and all the Lords of the Council, declaring Lady Jane Grey the rightful heir of the throne.

Of this transaction, she who was the most immediately interested, was entirely ignorant. Her father and the Duke of Northumberland, unexpectedly entering

Durham House, where she resided, announced the death of Edward, and her own exaltation. Speechless with astonishment, the color fled from her lips and cheeks, as they fell upon their knees and paid homage to their queen. As soon as she could command the power of utterance, she besought them in the most pathetic terms to desist from their design.

"Shall I trespass on the undoubted rights of Mary and Elizabeth? Shall I, who would not steal a shilling, usurp a crown? Even had I the right, how could I consent to accept what was at first unjustly torn from Catherine of Arragon, and then steeped in the blood of Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard? Shall my blood flow like theirs? Must I be made the third victim from whom that fatal thing has been wrested, with the head that wore it? Oh! if you love me let me remain in quietness and humility. I implore you not to force me to that exalted station, so sure to be followed by a fearful fall."

But her arguments and her tearful urgency were alike disregarded. Northumberland, with a tide of strong words, assured her that all was done according to law and the will of the people. Her father, whose slightest look she had been accustomed to obey, laid his commands upon her. Her mother, always so stately and stern, bowed down to beseech her. Her husband, whom she tenderly loved, entreated her to yield to their united wishes. Vanquished by their solicitations, with a reluctant and heavy heart, she suffered herself to be borne away to the Tower, more like a victim than like a queen. There she was proclaimed, and arrayed with the insignia of royalty. But the congratulations of the people were faintly expressed. The whole nation felt the illegality of infringing the rights of the daughters of Henry VIII.

On the tenth day after these events the Princess Mary was proclaimed queen, in London. The Duke of Suffolk imparted the intelligence to his daughter with a faltering voice and disturbed countenance. But with perfect sincerity she replied:

"These words are more pleasant to me than those in which you bade me to be a

queen. In obeying them I did violence to my nature, and deeply sinned. Gladly now will I make all the reparation in my power for the injustice of which I have been guilty."

Yet the relinquishment of the scepter was not deemed a sufficient explanation; and her heart was agonized at the calamities to her kindred, of which she had been the unoffending cause. Her father and father-in-law were arrested, and the latter brought to the block. The whole family of the Duke of Northumberland were thrown into prison; and thither she herself, with her husband, were remanded, after having received sentence of death.

This young and beautiful creature, so full of gentleness and sensibility, now exhibited a serene and heroic fortitude. Conscious rectitude and piety, that saw beyond the grave a brighter home, enabled her in this fearful adversity to be the comforter of others. No gloom shaded her countenance, no murmurs escaped her lips. Life and its enjoyments were dear, but the will of God was not only submitted to with resignation, but welcomed with benignity.

Her imprisonment was cheered by acts and offices of devotion. From one of her written prayers, which has been preserved, we extract the closing sentence:

"Gird me, I beseech Thee, with thine armor, that I may stand fast; having on the breastplate of righteousness, and the shoes of the Gospel of Peace. Above all things, may I take the shield of faith and the helmet of salvation, and the sword of thy Spirit, which is thy Holy Word. Praying always, that I may refer myself wholly to Thy will, abide in Thy pleasure, and thus find comfort in all the troubles which shall please Thee to send me, seeing that such troubles are profitable to my soul, and being assuredly persuaded that all Thou doest must be well."

This confidence in God was recompensed by perfect peace. The last night of her life she wrote a farewell letter to her sister, and sent her a Greek Testament, as a memorial of parting affection.

"As for my death, good sister, rejoice with me that I shall soon be delivered from this corruptible life, and put on im-

mortality. I pray God to send you His grace, that you may live in His fear, and die in true Christian faith, from which I exhort you never to swerve, either for any hope of life or fear of death."

The following lines were traced with a pin on the walls of her cell:

"Think not, oh mortal, vainly gay,
That thou from human woes art free,
The bitter cup I drain to-day,
To-morrow may be drained by thee.
Harmless all malice, if our God be nigh,
Rootless all joys if He His help deny;
Patient I pass these gloomy hours away,
And wait the morning of Eternal Day."

The 12th of February, 1554, was the time appointed for the execution of her husband and herself. With the early light of that fatal morning, he sent to request a farewell interview. But she felt that such a meeting would distress them both, and impair the fortitude requisite for the awful fate that awaited them, by quickening a love of that life they were too soon to leave. Denying her own desires once more to see him whom she tenderly loved, she returned a dissuasive message.

"Such a meeting would add to our affliction. It would disturb the quiet with which we should arm our souls for the stroke of death. Defer it until a few moments have passed. Then we shall meet where unions are severed no more, if we carry nothing terrestrial with us to hinder that eternal rejoicing."

When the beloved of her soul was led by, to the scaffold, she testified strong and involuntary emotion. But suppressing it with surprising self-command, she gave him her farewell from the window, and, like one whose treasures were now in heaven, prepared to follow him. In a brief space, his bleeding form, stretched upon a car, and his severed head, wrapped in a linen cloth, were borne by, under the same window. She gazed on the fearful spectacle immovably, as one with whom the bitterness of death was past. Then, without any tremulousness of hand, she inscribed on her tablet-book a few lines, which she presented to the Lieutenant of the Tower, as a token of grateful acknowledgement for the kindness he had extended to her during her imprisonment.

This parting memento consisted of a

sentence in Greek, implying that though his slain body might seem to convict before men, as the cause of its destruction, his most blessed soul would assert her innocence in the presence of God; one in Latin: That man had destroyed the body, but a merciful God preserved the soul; and another in English: That if her fault had deserved this punishment, her youth was still some palliation, and she committed her spirit to her Creator, and her cause to posterity.

Then, with a countenance serenely sweet, she obeyed the summons to the block, still reeking with her husband's blood. She was observed, as she moved gracefully onward, to have her eyes bent upon her prayer-book, and to give no heed to the Romish priests, who, surrounding her, urged and exhorted—for she had early and deeply imbibed the principles of the Protestant faith. Kneeling on the scaffold, she repeated in the most devout manner, and with touching intonations, the fifty-first Psalm: "Have mercy upon me, Oh God, have mercy upon me, according to thy loving kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions."

Her tuneful voice gathered strength as she proceeded, and the sad-eyed people listened as to an angel. When she ceased, the grim executioner knelt by her side and besought her forgiveness, which she readily gave. She suffered her woman to remove from her neck whatever might impede the stroke of the axe, and laying her beautiful head, rich with its fair tresses, upon the block, clasped her hands meekly, and raised her eyes to heaven, as her lips uttered for the last time on earth, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

"Lady Jane Grey had," says the historian, Fuller, "the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, and the stolidity of middle age; and all at the age of seventeen. She had the birth of a princess, the learning of a divine, and the life of a saint; yet for the offenses of her parents suffered the death of a malefactor."—*Selected.*

NEVER open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter also.

EXTRAVAGANT USE OF LANGUAGE.

BY C. A. NORMAN.

Of all ambitions man may entertain,
The worst that can invade a sickly brain,
Is that which angers hourly for surprise,
And baits its hook with prodigies and lies.

COWPER.

CONVERSATION, like written composition, should use only pure language, and employ such terms of expression as are best adapted to convey to the mind of the listener a clear and truthful idea of the subject. But we are sorry to know that the simple relation of truth, without the use of extravagant language, is quite too uncommon at the present day, especially among young people.

There is a lamentable practice among many young ladies, which is imitated by "nice young men," of using extravagant forms of speech, and of exaggeration in their remarks. Could one, listening to the conversation of this class of persons, really believe one half he hears to be literally true, he might well conclude them to be persons who have had a wide experience in remarkable adventures and hair-breadth escapes; and that they were the most favored of mortals, in having enjoyed such "supremely lovely scenes," and listened to such "deliciously charming music." Indeed, one might well wonder how *they* happened to be always so fortunate.

Perhaps, during a previous night, a young lady of this class was awakened two or three times; or may be she did not fall asleep for an hour or two after retiring;—in the morning she declares that she "did not sleep a wink in all night," and often confirms what sensible persons infer, from her foolish and exaggerated language, by adding, "I feel like a fool." If she takes a short walk during the day, it is quite remarkable if she does not bring home the announcement of her own departure from this life, by the exclamation, "Oh, dear! I'm tired to death."

Does she see a beautiful silk dress, or some other article which she very much admires, her exclamation is, "Oh, isn't that sweet? It is perfectly lovely!" Is she remarking upon some dainty food, upon

the table—"it tastes beautifully." Even flowers have an "elegant perfume"—in her hands. Who can describe that which constitutes a "beautiful taste" in food? What is an "elegant perfume?" Of the propriety of thus using adjectives, she does not stop to consider.

A gentleman attending an evening sewing society, was once struck with hearing the frequent use of the exclamation, "I thought I should have died," and of the inquiry, "Did you ever?" Curiosity led him to count, as well as he could, the number of times these expressions were used. During an hour and a half the exclamation was heard about *sixty times*, and the inquiry *one hundred times*. If the same gentleman would count the number of times the phrase "You know" is used, by many persons, during one half hour's conversation, we think the result would far exceed what he heard at the sewing circle. It seems singular that some persons can not tell any thing without so continually reminding you that "You know," that you almost forget what they are talking about.

How often, too, are heard such expressions as, "Swift as lightning;" "I was frightened to death;" and a multitude of similar ones. Yet these are but a few of the thousand phrases and expressions, the use of which many persons indulge habitually. They thus exhibit a reckless disregard for truth, and a foolish habit of conversation, which destroy the beauty and simplicity of their language.

We will introduce a sample of modern conversation, as given in the *Olive Branch*, which will further illustrate our subject, and exhibit some of the extravagances to which we allude.

"Good morning, Mrs. Elden; isn't it the loveliest day that ever was in this world?"

"Oh, *most heavenly*; did you go to the concert last night?"

"Yes, and positively I never *was so delighted in all my life*—I would give a *hundred worlds* if I could sing like L——."

"Let me see; what was the name of that second duet? I thought I should go *through the ceiling* during its performance, it was *so inspiring*."

"I felt just so, I assure you; I have forgotten the name, indeed, I forgot it last night, and I have been racking my brains to bring it back *every minute since*; if *I was to die*, I couldn't remember it."

"Did you see Prof. Boswork there?"

"Yes, he was quite near me, but I wouldn't know him; I'd as lief *be bitten by a poison snake* as to speak to him."

"Pray why?"

"Oh! I hate him worse than the plague; he's so officious and meddlesome; I would go *a mile out of the way* to avoid him."

"Well, there are persons toward whom I feel just so exactly; but why is your finger bound up?"

"I scratched it *terribly* with a pin yesterday; you can't think how it ached; it swelled up as big as two, and pained me so it seemed *as if I should die*. Upon my word I have been *awake all night with it*; and now I'm so nervous that *I feel like a fool*."

"Well, so do I; my head aches as if it would *split* every moment; it seems like a great *hogshead*, and I am all but *blind*; and I dread to go home, for you know how noisy M——'s children are. They fairly raise the house; there is no living with them."

"I know how that is, for Emma and William are such rude creatures that sometimes they actually *distract* me, and I don't know whether I am *dead or alive*."

Such, we are sorry to say, is too truthful an exhibition of the extravagance with which many persons use language in their ordinary conversation. Who can credit the testimony of such persons? When we know that one is in the habitual use of words, regardless of their true application and meaning, can we avoid distrusting their truthfulness? It would grieve them to know that their statements were not believed, that little or no confidence was placed in their words; yet such are the almost unavoidable consequences of their own practices.

Now, no harm is intended, or even thought of, in all this foolish manner of speaking, nevertheless it is a serious evil, and a habit which tends to much injury to those who allow themselves to indulge it. Persons may lose their reputation for ve-

racity simply by this habit of using exaggerated language, though they would scorn to tell a wilful lie. They mean no harm to themselves or others, nevertheless it comes upon them, in a loss of reputation. All the tendencies of this evil are pernicious; its effects upon language is injurious, and its influence upon character bad in its moral bearings.

The New York Times has some remarks on this subject which it affords us pleasure to quote in this connection:

"In figures, we outdo the Hebrews; in hyperbole we shame all the Orientals. We describe a moderate hill in language that would fitly treat of Mont Blanc; we speak of two or three level vacant lots in the city, in terms fit for a prairie; of the ripples on a forty feet canal in words that would accommodate the billows of ocean; of a moderate east wind as a tornado; of a sudden squall sufficient to snap a Balm of Gilead in the door-yard, as a perfect hurricane.

"It never rains but it pours; it is never dry but every thing is parched. A cataract always leaps from a *dizzy* height into a *profound* abyss. A mountain always *towers* to heaven; a chasm opens into *immeasurable* depths. All our autumnal woods are gorgeous; our landscapes inex-pressibly beautiful.

"Our wives are never weary, but they are 'tired to death'; never warm, but they are roasted; never chilly, but they are frozen. If they have a scratch on the finger, their hands are all raw. If they have a pain, it is deathly. If there is a spot on our linen, they tell us we are covered with ink, and a soiled dress is utterly ruined. When a friend goes home with us to try pot-luck, if the fire has been out once, it has been out forty times; if the beef is brown, it is burned to a cinder; if the soup is too savory, it is salt as brine.

"This extravagant waste of words bankrupts us, whenever really extraordinary circumstances demand description. We have no words to describe Niagara with, after we have written of a mill-dam. The superlatives due to the Mississippi, we have lavished on trout streams."

Now this extravagance is wholly unnecessary, as well as inconsistent. Our

language is sufficiently copious to express *all* our ideas, and it even has a word for every separate shade of thought. If we would express ourselves in strong or exalted language, we have words to convey strong or exalted ideas; but if we use all these up on common things, and common thoughts; if we call every thing *splendid*, every landscape *magnificent*, every waterfall *sublime*, we shall soon have no strong words for strong thoughts, nor exalted words for sublime language, for we shall have made them all weak. Oh, let none forget this important truth, and let every one use language accordingly.

THE SUNNY SIDE.

WOULD'ST thou live the most of life?

Would'st real happiness enjoy?

Would'st keep thy bosom free from strife?

Would'st all thy hours in *love* employ?

Be this thy motto, this thy guide—

Look always on the *sunny side*!

Afar down Poverty's dark vale,

Thou may'st be early called to go:

Courage! Let not thy courage fail!

Yonder a stream of light doth flow,

Beyond the clouds, serene and wide;

Look thither on the *sunny side*!

Petty annoyances will come,

At times, in swarms, and buzz around

Thee, till thy sometimes happy mind

Alive is to no happy sound.

Burst through them all with cheerful stride,

And view them on their *sunny side*!

Yes, all things earthly have their light

And shade: the *world itself* revolves

One half in day—one half in night!

Be therefore this of thy resolves,

The first: Whatever hap, what ill betide,

To ever look upon the sunny side!

Selected.

MEANNESS of birth is no obstacle to true merit, in which alone solid glory and real nobility consist.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

EDUCATION AND TACT.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY OLIVIA OAKWOOD.

A VERY pleasant and intellectual family was that of Mr. Stanley, a wealthy merchant of C——. Parents pious, and careful in government, children obedient, respectful, and intelligent; their dwelling furnished with comfort, yet simplicity, and every advantage of education extended to the children. The society which met under that hospitable roof embraced the most intelligent and refined in the country. Few young ladies were considered as intellectual as Miss Ellen Stanley, and few were as unassuming, and as truly amiable.

Among Ellen's most intimate friends, was Augusta Elmore, the daughter of a poor widow. Drawn together by the relations of the church, and a similarity of taste and opinion, the disparity in their circumstances offered no barrier to the sweetest of intercourse between the friends. Ellen delighted to assist Augusta in striving for an education, which her limited means rendered difficult for her to obtain; and Augusta reveled in the sunbeams of her friend's intellectual nature.

By hard study, quick perception, and laborious efforts united to much self-denial, Augusta at last became competent to take charge of a common school. The income derived from this enabled her to enter on more advanced studies in the intervals of time afforded her out of school hours. "EXCELSIOR" was her motto, and her aim the improvement of her undying spirit, and the elevation of the young minds under her care.

Ellen remained at ease under the overshadowing branches of prosperity, reveling and dreaming in the delights of the past, and the enjoyment of the present, without a thought of a preparation for the duties that might come upon her, should adversity cross her pathway. But ah! *Death* looked in at the door of her paradise, and a fond and devoted mother fell beneath his stern glance. Time passed on, and the indulgent, the beloved father,

was borne to the narrow house appointed for all living.

Again, shadows darkened her path, and coming storms lowered heavily over her head. An examination of Mr. Stanley's affairs proved him to have died insolvent, leaving not even a house to shelter Ellen and her young brother.

Those who know what it is to be thrust at once from the pinnacle of prosperity into the very depths of adversity, with a sensitive and refined nature almost shattered by the fall, can best imagine the sad situation of Ellen Stanley. Friends suggested that one of *her attainments* need never despond, as a wide field of usefulness and happiness was open before her. And thus encouraged, and aided by those friends in the selection of a most beautiful location, she opened a seminary for young ladies.

The physical and mental exertion, and the weight of care attendant on such an undertaking, and devolving, too, on a mind unaccustomed to exertion, was only rendered endurable by the alternative of the sternest poverty. With a full intention of carrying out the scheme thus formed, she labored daily to instruct a very pleasant class, which the knowledge of her character and attainments, and the influence of friendship, had gathered around her.

But alas! her teachings seemed to come forth like the breathings of a troubled spirit. There were no powers of illustration, no kindling of an eye reflecting the beams of its own perceptions upon the mental visions before her, or enthusiasm imparted to each step of the weary ascent. She could *feel*, and *enjoy*, but could not *communicate*, and with the most earnest wishes to succeed, her want of tact produced an utter failure. She possessed neither the faculty to systemize, or the capacity to govern. Her scholars soon developed the consequences of these adverse influences, wearied of their exercises, failed in improvement, and gradually in attendance.

Friends sympathized with her, but it was not in their power to repair the ruins of a deficient mind, and so, after repeated efforts, and repeated failures, Miss Stanley abandoned all designs of teaching. Borne

down by disappointment and mortification, oppressed by poverty and frail health, the usual attendant of a blighted spirit, she was at last compelled to resort for her daily bread to the *very humblest* of honest employments. Such was the result of **EDUCATION WITHOUT TACT**.

But Augusta, inured from her childhood to exertion, her powers of discrimination constantly exercised, and her self-reliance in perpetual demand, went onward, braving the storms, and collecting new energies, until she emerged into the sunlight of a joyful success. Hundreds of happy faces from year to year looked up to her as their teacher and their guide, and carried to their homes the most holy and elevating influences. Her practical education and *tact* in imparting knowledge, elicited the undeveloped powers of the hesitating; her gentle persuasions and interesting illustrations attracted the idle; and her own truthful genius led on the ambitious. Comfort and prosperity now surround her, and "her children rise up, and call her blessed."

Oh, daughter of Poverty! murmur not at thy lot, but remember, "it is good to bear the yoke in your youth." For thus will early discipline more readily induce *tact* in the great employment of *education*, whether it be that of *home* or *school*. And in the combination of these—*education and tact*—are found the surest principles of success.



MANUFACTURE OF STEEL PENS.

THE history of a steel pen is among the wonders of the present day; it is to us what pin-making was to our ancestors—a thing to be wondered at. We have the ore smelted and converted into iron, and the same changed into steel; then it is rolled into ordinary sheets, in which state it is received from Sheffield, when it is cut up into strips, pickled to remove the scale, and reduced also by rolls to the requisite thickness.

In this condition it is passed into the hands of a female, who is seated at a small press, worked by hand, and who cuts out with a single blow a thin flat piece of steel,

which is the future pen; side slitting and piercing then follows, which is also performed by hand-press, fitted up with punch and bolster; thereafter the blanks in this condition are annealed in considerable quantities in a muffle; stamping with the maker's name then follows; pressing into the concave form is the next process, and the operation of forming the barrel (if a barrel pen) is now completed.

Hardening, an operation which requires no little care and attention, is also performed by heating in a muffle, and when at a proper heat they are immersed in oil; the oil is then cleansed off them by agitation in a cylinder, and scouring follows by the same method, with the exception that pounded crucibles and other cutting substances are introduced along with them, which in the end produces on one and all a bright surface.

The grinding on the point, etc., is performed on an emery wheel, and is effected with great rapidity. In this state the pens are passed to the "slitter," who is provided with a pair of cutting tools, which are fitted into a hand-press. Their accuracy in fitting is such that a careful examination is necessary to detect that they are not one. The pen is rested upon the portion attached to the bottom of the press, the handle turned, and the slit is made.

The blue and straw color with which the pens are ornamented, is also produced by heat; the pens are introduced in large quantities into a cylinder which is made to revolve on a charcoal stove, and the change of color is watched; when that which is desired is obtained, the cylinder and its contents are removed. The brilliant appearance of the external surface is given by lac dissolved in naphtha; heat is thereafter applied, when the spirit is evaporated, and the lac alone remains, lending to the pens that brilliancy of finish which adds so much to their appearance.

At Mr. Gillott's manufactory upward of five hundred hands are daily engaged in the production of the pens, and order and cleanliness, whether in the personal attire of the workpeople or in their workshops, is the distinguishing characteristic. Of the number engaged, four hundred are females,

employed in the actual production and papering up of the pens ; the remainder are workmen, who are engaged in the more skillful or laborious departments, where female strength is not available. Some idea of the extent to which this manufacture is now carried may be gathered from the fact, that there are annually upward of one hundred and eighty millions of pens produced at Birmingham, Eng.—*Selected.*

THE WATCH AN EMBLEM OF SOCIETY.

THE following extract we find credited to Hon. Edward Everett ; but who-ever its author may have been, it contains thoughts worthy of being preserved and repeated :

I have now in my hand a gold watch, which combines embellishment with utility, in happy proportions, and is usually considered a very valuable appendage to the person of a gentleman. Its hands, face, case, and chain, are of chased and burnished gold. Its gold seals sparkle with the ruby, the topaz, the sapphire, the emerald.

I open it, and find that the works, without which this elegant chased case would be a mere shell, those hands motionless, and those figures without meaning, are made of brass. I investigate further, and ask, what is the spring, by which all these are put in motion, made of ? I am told it is made of steel. I ask, what is steel ? The reply is, that it is iron which has undergone a certain process.

So, then, I find the main-spring, without which the watch would be motionless, and its hands, figures, and embellishments but toys, is not of gold ; that is not sufficiently good, nor of brass, that would not do, but of iron. Iron is therefore the only precious metal ; and this watch, an apt emblem of society.

Its hands and figures, which tell the hour, resemble the master spirits of the age, to whose movements every eye is directed ; its useless, but sparkling seals, sapphires, rubies, topaz, and embellishments, the aristocracy ; its works of brass, the middle class, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master spir-

its of the age are moved ; and its iron main-spring, shut up in a box, always at work, but never thought of, except when it is disordered, broken, or wants winding up, symbolizes the laboring classes ; which, like the main-spring, we wind up by the payment of wages ; which classes are shut up in obscurity, and though constantly at work, and absolutely as necessary to the movements of society as the iron main-spring is to the watch, are seldom thought of except when they require their wages, or are in some want or disorder of some kind or other.

“TIS NOT FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.”

A PEACOCK came, with his plumage gay,
Strutting with regal pride one day,
Where a small bird hung in a gilded cage,
Whose song might a seraph's ear engage ;
The bird sung on while the peacock stood
Vaunting his plumes in the neighborhood ;
And the radiant sun seemed no more bright
Than the bird that basked in his golden light.
But the small bird sung to his own sweet words,
“Tis not fine feathers make fine birds !”

The peacock strutted—a bird so fair,
Never before had ventured there,
While the small bird hung in the cottage door—
And what could a peacock wish for more ?
Alas ! the bird of the rainbow wing,
He wasn't contented, he tried to sing !
And they who gazed on his beauty bright,
Scared by his screaming soon took flight,
While the small bird sung in his own sweet
words,
“Tis not fine feathers make fine birds !”

Then pray take warning maidens fair,
And still of the peacock's fate beware ;
Beauty and wealth won't win your way ;
Though they're attired in plumage gay,
Something to charm you all must know,
Apart from fine feathers and outward show ;
A talent, a grace, a gift of mind,
Or else poor beauty is left behind !
While the small birds sing in their own true
words
“Tis not fine feathers make fine birds !”

Selected.

Manufacture of Iron.—No. 2.

SMELTING THE ORE.

BY DR. J. R. HOWARD.

THE form in which iron is generally found, is that of *ore*; not in what we term the *metallic* state, or that adapted to its immediate conversion into the various manufactures for which it is used, but in intimate combination with other and foreign materials. These have first to be separated from it; or, more technically speaking, it has to be *smelted*.

For this purpose there has to be built a *furnace*, as it is termed. This consists, generally, of a large, cone-shaped building of brick, called a *stack*, supported at right angles by thick, strong abutments, rising with the stack, to enable it to support the great internal pressure of the ore, the iron, and other materials used in smelting.

On one side of this, between two of these abutments, at the proper distance from the ground, is an orifice, in which is inserted the end of a tube from the *bellows*, to supply the furnace with the "blast," as it is termed, or a strong current of air. This furnishes the necessary *oxygen* for the fire, and it continues the intense heat required. These bellows are generally worked by steam-power, the boilers for generating which are now usually placed over the top of the furnace, in order that the heat of the furnace may be used in producing the steam, thus combining economy with utility.

On another side is another orifice, placed at the proper elevation above the ground or hearth, for letting out the *cinder*, or "dross," as it accumulates; and on another side, opposite this, is a third orifice, at the proper elevation, for letting out the metal. But we must not omit to mention here, that the hearth of the furnace is made of sandstone; and that it is well lined inside with fire-proof bricks.

This is the description of the furnace, which is now prepared for effecting the change in the ore requisite to convert it into metal. In addition to the ore, there has to be placed in the furnace a supply

of charcoal and limestone. The places where the ore is found are termed "ore banks," or "ore beds," or "iron mines." It is dug out, and taken to the vicinity of the furnace; but is not yet ready to be put into it. It has first to be "roasted," as the term is; that is, submitted to the action of fire, to free it from the earth that adheres to it, and other impurities. Then it is broken up and separated from these, by an instrument similar to a coarse sieve.

It is now ready for the furnace, and is put in in certain measured quantities called "charges." And the limestone broken to pieces, and the charcoal, are also put in with it, in "charges," or certain measured quantities of each. That is, so many measures of *ore* are put in, then so many measures of *charcoal*, and so many of *lime-stone*.

The design and office of the charcoal are, not merely to produce the requisite heat, necessary and all-important as this is, for the fusion and separation of the metal from the ore, or from the foreign matters in unison with it in the ore; but by its *decarbonizing* properties, to effect a *chemical* change in this respect. This it does in conjunction with the *limestone*, when the carbonic acid gas is expelled from the latter by the heat of the charcoal, which also at the same time parts with its carbonic acid gas.

Through this action of the charcoal on the limestone, both by its heat and decarbonizing properties, the *alkali* of the limestone combines with the foreign matter of the ore, in a state of fusion, thus separates it from the metal, and forms that vitrified or glass-like substance called *cinder*, or "dross." This, too, the charcoal also probably aids in effecting by the alkali from its own ashes. This melted matter being lighter than the metal, floats above and upon it, and also forms a covering for the upper surface of the metal, to protect

it against the air, which is constantly driven in with great force and immense quantities, by the bellows; for the *oxygen* of the air, if suffered to come in contact with the separated metal in such vast quantities as it must, would, by its action upon it, in *oxygenizing* it, tend to change it back rapidly to its original state.

Here we see another use of the air, in the separation of the metal from the ore, by parting with its *oxygen*, which unites with the carbonic acid, and forms carbonic acid gas. And in the formation of this gas, we see another important and indispensable use of it, in separating the oxygen from the ore, and thus producing and facilitating the separation of the metal from the substances in connection with it in the ore; for the ore is principally an *oxide* of iron, or the combination of the oxygen gas with the metal, which is expelled by its union with carbonic acid, in forming carbonic acid gas. The cinder, in its melted state, while covering the metal in the furnace, is called "flux," from its *flowing*. All iron-men, however unacquainted they may be with the principles of chemistry, know well the use of this "flux," and the necessity and importance of limestone in its formation.

When the *cinder* accumulates in too great a quantity in the "flux," it is let out of the furnace at the orifice for this purpose, by breaking loose that hardened at the entrance, and letting it escape.

When sufficient *metal* has accumulated, that is also drawn off at the orifice for that purpose. This orifice is kept stopped with clay, and punched open by a strong iron instrument for that object. The metal then flows out into the form of those bars called "pigs." The shape is given them by molds in sand. Sometimes it is run into molds prepared of the proper shape for forming it into various kinds of machinery. It is also received into proper receptacles, and dipped out with strong iron ladles, to make various kinds of iron ware, as kettles, pots, ovens, etc. In short, it is then molded into all the various forms and shapes in which iron is required in that state. And here we stop for the present, designing next to show its change into the malleable state.

WHERE DOES WOOD COME FROM?

If we were to take up a handful of soil and examine it under the microscope, we should probably find it to contain a number of fragments of wood, small broken pieces of the branches, or leaves, or other parts of the tree. If we could examine it chemically, we should find yet more strikingly that it was nearly the same as wood in its composition. Perhaps, then, it may be said, the young plant obtains its wood from the earth in which it grows. The following experiment will show whether this conjecture is likely to be correct or not.

Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterward put into a large earthen vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain water, and a willow tree, weighing five pounds, was planted therein. During a space of five years the earth was carefully watered with rain water or pure water. The willow grew and flourished, and, to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, or dirt being blown upon it by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate full of very minute holes, which would exclude every thing but air from getting access to the earth below it.

After growing in the earth for five years, the tree was removed, and, on being weighed, was found to have gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds, as it now weighed one hundred and sixty-nine pounds. And this estimate did not include the weight of the leaves or dead branches which in five years fell from the tree. Now came the application of the test. Was all this obtained from the earth? It had not sensibly diminished; but, in order to make the experiment conclusive, it was again dried in an oven, and put in the balance.

Astonishing was the result: the earth weighed only *two ounces* less than it did when the willow was first planted in it; yet the tree had gained *one hundred and sixty-four pounds!* Manifestly, then, the wood thus gained in this space of time was not obtained from the earth; we are therefore compelled to repeat our question, "Where does the wood come from?"

We are left with only two alternatives; the water with which it was refreshed, or the air in which it lived. It can be clearly shown that it was not due to the water; we are, consequently, unable to resist the perplexing and wonderful conclusion—it was derived from the *air*.

Can it be? Were those great ocean spaces of wood, which are as old as man's introduction into Eden, and wave in their vast but solitary luxuriance over the fertile hills and plains of South America, were these all obtained from the thin air? Was the firm table on which I write, the chair on which I rest, the solid floor on which I tread, and much of the house in which I dwell, once in a form which I could not as much as lay my finger on, or grasp in my hand? Wonderful truth! all this was air.—*Life of a Tree.*



THE SOAP PLANT.

From a paper read before the Boston Society of Natural History, it appears that the soap plant grows all over California. The leaves make their appearance about the middle of November, or about six weeks after the rainy season has fully set in.

The plants never grow more than a foot high, and the leaves and stock drop entirely off in May, though the bulbs remain in the ground all summer without decaying.

It is used to wash with, in all parts of the country, and, by those who know its virtues, it is preferred to the best of soap. The method of using it is merely to strip off the husk, dip the clothes into the water, and rub the bulb on them. It makes a thick lather, and smells not unlike brown soap. The botanical name of the plant is *Phalangium pomaridianum*.

Besides this plant, the bark of a tree is also used in South America, for the purpose of washing. Several other plants have been used in different countries as a substitute for soap. The green and fresh leaves of the white oak, also of the post oak, possess a similar quality.—*Selected.*

LIFE IS SWEET.

“Oh, life is sweet!” said a merry child,

“And I love, I love to roam

In the meadows green, 'neath the sky serene—

Oh! the world is a fairy home.

There are trees hung thick with blossoms fair,

And flowers gay and bright;

There's the moon's clear ray, and the sun-lit day—

Oh, the world is a world of light!”

“Oh, life is sweet!” said a gallant youth,
As he conned the storied page;

And he pondered on the days by-gone,
And the fame of a former age.

There was hope in his bright and beaming eye,
And he longed for riper years;

He clung to life, he dared its strife,
He felt no dread nor fears.

“Oh, life is sweet!” came merrily
From the lips of a fair young bride;
And a happy smile she gave the while
To the dear one by her side.

“Oh, life is sweet! for we shall live
Our constancy to prove;
Thy sorrows mine, my trials thine,
Our solace in our love.”

“Oh, life is sweet!” said a mother fond,
As she gazed on her helpless child;
And she closer pressed to her gladdened breast
Her babe, who unconscious smiled.
“My life shall be for thee, my child,
Pure, guiltless, as thou art;
And who shall dare my soul to tear
From the tie that forms a part?”

“Oh, life is sweet!” said an aged sire,
Whose eye was sunk and dim;
His form was bent, his strength was spent—
Could life be sweet to him?
Oh, yes, for round the old man's chair
His children's children clung;
And each dear face and warm embrace
Made life seem ever young.

Thus life is sweet, from early youth
To weak, enfeebled age;
Love twines with life, through care and strife,
In every varied stage.
Though rough, perchance, the path we tread,
And dark the sky above,
In every state there's something yet
To live for and to love.—*Selected.*

Youth's Department.

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, to fix
The generous purpose, and the noble thought.

JANE MASON'S PUNISHMENT.

BY ELIZA A. CHASE.

WHAT do you think of our new school, Jane Mason?"

"I don't like her at all; she looks as if she could tell every thing one is thinking about."

"But surely, Jane, that is no reason for disliking her. Now I am much pleased with her; yet when I laughed so heartily while the teacher was absent with Mrs. Elton, I saw her blue eyes look so reprovingly at me, that I was instantly rebuked."

"Yes, Louisa, and when I answered to-night that I had kept the rules, she looked at me with as much surprise as if I had been a ghost. I do not care to have her reproofing me; and do you think that just for laughing and talking while Miss Carrington was absent, that I am going to answer to a violation, and thus lose my chance of going to that pic-nic and sail? No, not I; and if she tells the teacher, as, from that look of horror, I fancy she will, I will make this school a place that can not hold her."

"Why, Jane Mason! How you talk! Did you indeed answer to-night that you had obeyed the rules, when you know you left your seat, talked aloud, and threw books? And then you blame Alice Morton for being surprised and grieved at such conduct, when you added an untruth to it."

"Really, Miss Colmar, you are becoming very pious to take me to task, and you even say I have told an untruth. I feel your kindness very sensibly, but

I wish you distinctly to understand that I want neither advice nor reproof from you or your friend, Alice Morton."

"Now, Jane, be not angry. We have been friends too long for you to offend me by such harsh words. Do you not think it an untruth to answer as you did to-night?"

"It may not be strictly true, but still there is no harm in it. I intend, in general, to obey the rules of school. I learn my lessons well, but sometimes I whisper, or leave my seat, and I will not lose the pleasure of that ride for such affected squeamishness for truth, I assure you. And there is no need of such strict rules, I know. We might whisper when it is necessary, if Miss Carrington were not so cross."

"Let me tell you, Jane, you are wrong again. A strict and unflinching regard for truth is one of the greatest beauties of character, my mother has often told me; and it was one of the brightest traits of Washington. I believe we should be scrupulously exact in regard to truth, not so much for appearance, but to keep our consciences pure and tender. 'Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, oh, Lord,' was Mr. Dennis' text last Sabbath. I wish you had heard it, Jane, but you know you remained at home to read that novel, pleading a headache for excuse. If I am too plain with you, I ask your forgiveness; but this is a serious matter, dear Jane."

"And as to the strict rules, how can Miss Carrington do otherwise? Some of us might think it necessary to talk all the time, and a rule allowing us to do what we think necessary, would be much like a law granting the privilege to steal or commit other crimes when we deem it necessary. No, Jane, let us keep these rules, not in the letter only, but in the spirit, obedient, not to an outward law, but to an inward principle of right."

This conversation will sufficiently show the character of the two girls who have taken part in it. Louisa Colmar had been carefully educated by a truly pious mother; and the principles of perfect truthfulness had been firmly impressed on her mind. A wild, frolic-loving creature, she often ran headlong into error, but however much pain it cost her, she invariably told the strict truth, even when she knew severe blame would rest upon herself.

Jane Mason had been less carefully educated, and though she would have revolted from a certain kind of falsehood, she did not scruple, as in the present case, to make a story suit her own interest. Her teacher was well aware of her unhappy propensity; she often pointed out the fault in a direct manner, showing its consequences, and its certain injury to the character.

Miss Carrington had promised her pupils, that all who would obey her rules, should, at the end of the term, go to visit a celebrated waterfall, a few miles distant, and enjoy a pic-nic and a sail on the river. She adopted the common practice of asking her pupils at night if they had kept the rules, first telling them that they must learn to govern themselves, and that she should depend upon them for the truth; but if any one should elude her and go with the deserving ones, she must not expect to enjoy the ride while an outraged conscience was telling of guilt.

Alice Morton had entered the school that day, and as the teacher was called

out of the room for a few moments, she was surprised to see the conduct of some of the scholars. Louisa, hearing a laugh, raised her eyes from the book which she had been intently studying, and beheld Jane with a huge pair of spectacles on, standing in the teacher's place, with a look so comic that the lively girl burst into a fit of laughter, but stopped the moment she saw the distressed look of Alice.

Jane, after talking to the scholars, ordering out classes and the like, resumed her seat, and took her book just in time for Miss Carrington to enter the room and find her diligently studying.

But it happened that the teacher, hearing the laughter, stopped a moment at the door, and heard Jane's words, and stepping out again, caught a glimpse of her through the window as she was passing to her seat, still wearing the spectacles.

Jane was angry with herself, and though convinced by Louisa's reasoning, she kept a sullen silence till they parted, and from that time there was less friendship between the two. Louisa attached herself more and more to Alice, whose disposition, more diffident than her own, was its counterpart in truthfulness.

Time passed, and Jane continued her wrong practice till she could tell, unflinchingly, falsehoods that once would have shocked her. Her violations of school discipline were frequent, though so slyly conducted that they were rarely detected by the teacher, who failed not to speak kindly but firmly of the offense, telling her pupils that there were some whose names were without a mark, but who had certainly broken the rules of the school; but she called no names till the day before the anticipated ride.

Then, reading the names of those reported as obedient, she observed, "It is with great pain that I must say there is a name here registered as perfect, which is far from being so. A young girl has repeatedly violated the rules of

school, and to this has added the greater sin of falsehood. I shall not now speak of the guilt of this offense; you have often heard it before. I would not hold out a temptation for any of you to tell an untruth, but I know you must learn while you are young to control yourselves, and to respect law.

"I had hoped that upon your hearts was written a law to which all others must bend, the law of right, the fear and the love of God. But I am mistaken. What shall I think of the girl whom I have seen standing in my desk, playing the part of a teacher, talking, making the others laugh by the disguise she attempted to put upon herself? It pains me to leave any one behind, but such a girl must remain with those who, having done wrong, have had the honesty to confess it. But remember, my dear young friends, there is a way to amend, and most happy shall I be to assist you in it, and I freely forgive the wrong you have done me. May you seek forgiveness from a higher source."

A sorrowful day did Jane Mason pass while her companions were enjoying themselves to their heart's content. But the bitterness of that day proved a medicine for her. She realized not her disappointment alone, but the enormity of her offense, and in length of time, not without many a struggle, however, she learned the sacred duty of truthfulness, and said no more, "there is no harm in that."

Young reader, there is harm in the least deviation from truth. It is a blight that, like the loathsome leper-spot, spreads till the whole mind is diseased. Have you not seen a small cloud arise upon the fairest sky, then spread and spread till the whole heavens were black? Beware, then, of the tempter, and like that noble one whom all may safely take for an example, feel that you can not tell a lie."

◆◆◆

He that loses his conscience, has nothing left that is worth keeping.

Aside from the meritorious cause advocated in the following lines, which we found in an exchange paper, they possess interest from their ingenious combination of words of a like intonation, and a similar termination.

[*Ed. Student.*]

A TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.

BY J. N. HUME, M.D.

Ye friends of moderation,
Who think a reformation,
Of moral renovation,
Would benefit our nation;
Who deem intoxication,
With all its dissipation,
In every rank and station,
The cause of degradation,
Of which your observation,
Gives daily demonstration;
Who see the ruination,
Distress and desolation;
The open violation
Of moral obligation;
The wretched habitation,
Without accommodation,
Or any regulation
For common sustentation,
A scene of deprivation,
Unequaled in creation;
The frequent desecration
Of Sabbath ordination;
The crime and depredation,
Defying legislation;
The awful profanation
Of common conversation;
The mental aberration
And dire infatuation,
With every sad gradation
To maniac desperation;
Ye who, with consternation,
Behold this devastation,
And utter condemnation
Of *all* inebriation,
Why sanction its duration?
Or show disapprobation
Of any combination
For its extermination?

We deem a declaration,
That offers no temptation,
By any palliation
Of this abomination,
The only sure foundation;
And under this persuasion
Hold no communication

With noxious emanation
Of brewer's fermentation,
Or poisonous preparation
Of spirit's distillation,
Nor any vain libation
Producing stimulation.

To this determination
We call consideration,
And, without hesitation,
Invite co-operation;
Not doubting imitation
Will raise your estimation,
And, by continuation,
Afford you consolation;
For, in participation
With this association,
You may, by meditation,
Insure the preservation
Of a future generation
From all contamination.

And may each indication
Of such regeneration
Be the theme of exultation,
Till its final consummation.

HE GIVETH ALL THINGS GOOD.

BY ANNA DARLING.

A LITTLE child was sitting
In the shadow of a tree,
While gayly round were flitting,
Bird, butterfly, and bee.
The sky was bright above him,
The earth was glad and gay,
And earth was all a gladsome dream
To the happy boy that day.

And as he gazed about him,
Above, beneath, around,
Where'er his mild blue eye could rest,
God's glorious gifts he found.
And thought, that e'en in childhood's hour
Goes forth with tireless wings,
Awoke the wish to know what power
Made all earth's beauteous things.

He asked the green trees' waving boughs,
And the deep-blue, far-off sky,
The rustling grass, the opening flower, 99s
But none of them reply.

He asked the mountain streamlet
That sparkled at his feet,
Who guided all its waters
So surely yet so fleet.

But the silver streamlet hurried on
With course still free and wild,
Nor was there in its mystic tone
An answer for the child.
He sped to ask his mother,
"Who is it ever brings,
To cheer this earth, and make it bright,
Earth's many glorious things?"

The mother spoke in accents mild,
Of a Being great and good,
Whose spirit dwelt in forest wild—
In field, and fount, and wood.
Of Him who made each tiny flower,
Who bade each fountain flow,
Of Him who guards us every hour
From want, and care, and woe.

She told him that His eye beheld
The children of His love,
That when they died He took them
To His better home above;
A home where flowers unfading bloom,
Where sin, and care, and pain,
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Might ne'er oppress again.

"Will you, too, come and see me there
And call me by my name?
That I may love you as on earth,
And love you still the same?
Dear mother, don't you wish that God
Would come for me to-night?
'Twould be so pleasant, waking
In that far-off land of light."

The days went by, an evening came,
And on his couch to sleep
The boy was laid; there angel bands
Their faithful vigils keep;
And ere the roseate hues of morn
To deck the earth were given,
That pure and sinless little boy,
Woke to the joys of heaven.

It is better to sow the young heart
with generous thoughts and deeds than
a field with corn, since the heart's har-
vest is perpetual.



BLUE JAY.

MONG the most active and noisy birds found in America, is the Blue Jay. If in the forest groves, he is continually hopping among the branches, exhibiting various nods, jerks, and other gesticulations. He is almost everywhere to be found, and on going among the woods, particularly in the fall of the year, you may be sure that he will force himself on your acquaintance.

However, no sooner do you approach him, than he sets up a vehement outcry, and flies off, screaming with all his might. His voice is peculiarly harsh, and he does not appear to have any desire for improving the quality of its tones.

This bird has a brilliant plumage, chiefly of a blue color. It has a black ring about the neck, and its head is ornamented with a crest of feathers, which he can elevate or depress at pleasure. The tail and wings are mostly white, marked with bars of black. When once known, such is his plumage that he may be readily distin-

guished, without a probability of mistaking him for any other bird.

The Blue Jay feeds on chestnuts, acorns, corn, and insects. He is also fond of eggs, and sometimes devours small birds, when other food becomes scarce. Being a great pilferer by habit, he chiefly obtains his living by plundering visits to corn-fields, birds' nests, and barn-yards.

Unless he has some mischievous object in view, he is seldom silent. But while engaged in his depredations he works silently until discovered, when a scream of triumph is heard, and he instantly makes his escape.

To the sportsman this bird is often exceedingly troublesome. Often, just as he is about to fire upon something of which he has been in pursuit for a long time, he commences his frightful scream, and alarms the game.

Many a hunter has been placed in a most awkward and provoking position by such an interference. Perhaps he has been half a mile around, wading

through mud and water, to get within gun-shot of a flock of ducks; just at the moment when his object is accomplished, he sees a Blue Jay sitting quietly above him, and before he has time to take aim at the ducks this bird squalls out, and away goes his game.

Perhaps, in revenge, the gunner fires at the Jay for his provocation, but this is generally useless, for the cunning bird takes care to get on the wing as soon as he begins his alarm.

This bird also seems to take much satisfaction in teasing other birds. The owl, of which he is a great enemy, he particularly delights to annoy. When he has discovered one, he gathers a flock of his own species around him, and they fall upon the poor creature with a terrible outcry; but the owl remains in his position, returning each approach of his tormentors with a broad stare.

Mr. Wilson says this bird possesses considerable talent at mimicry, and seems to find enjoyment in mocking and teasing small hawks, by imitating their cries whenever he sees them, and squealing out as if captured. This soon brings a number of Jays about him, who all join in the frolic, darting at the hawk, and imitating the cries of the bird sorely wounded, and already in the clutches of the devourer.

But this ludicrous farce often ends in the destruction of one of the actors. The hawk, after bearing these insults for a time, singles out one of the most noisy and provoking, and at one swoop brings him to the ground. The cry of distress instead of being a mockery, now becomes real, all the Jays at the same time changing their tone into loud screams, to give notice of the disaster.

Mr. Wilson mentions, also, an incident, in which a Blue Jay was brought up in the family of a gentleman in South Carolina. This bird had the tricks and loquacity of a parrot, and would pilfer every thing he could conveniently carry off. When called he

answered to his name, and could articulate several words quite distinctly. When he heard any loud talking, or uncommon noise, he seemed impatient to contribute his share to the general festivity.

HINTS ON MANNERS.

NEVER enter a house with your shoes loaded with mud. Always remove your hat or cap from your head before entering a parlor.

Never rudely stare people in the face. But if you are conversing with any one, look him in the face with a cheerful, dignified, and respectable assurance. To stare idly or wildly at strangers, or any one, as though you had never seen a human face, is exceedingly impolite, and a mark of ill-breeding.

Be polite, modest, and respectful to every one. What is more unlovely and disgusting in conduct, than a mere strippling youth assuming an air of self-importance and disrespect toward his fellows?

In going about the house, step lightly and quickly. Never walk with a heavy, dragging step.

Never go slip-shod, with your shoes untied, or down at the heel.

Never slam doors or window shutters. Be cautious and gentle in all your movements, as all polite and genteel boys and girls are.

Never be clownish. Some rude boys seem to pride themselves in low, vulgar tricks, antic gestures, foolish jesting, and cant phrases, for the purpose of exciting laughter. Foolish persons may laugh at it, but persons of good common sense look upon such behavior with disgust.

By all means never get the habit of smoking or chewing tobacco. Some boys think that such a practice will make them men, or manly. This is a very foolish and mistaken idea—it makes loafers of them instead of men.



THE ANT-EATER.

THIS animal is a native of South America. It received the name—Ant Eater—because it feeds exclusively upon ants. He is about as large as a bull-dog, and covered with long, coarse, black hair, mixed with gray. He has a long, slender nose, small black eyes, short ears, a narrow mouth, without teeth, and with a slender tongue two and a half feet long, which lies double in his mouth.

His feet are armed with strong hooked claws. Its legs are so strong that few animals can extricate themselves from its gripe. It will fix upon the panther so firmly, that both sometimes fall and perish together; and it is said it will not relinquish its hold even after it is dead.

His motions are so slow that he is not able to harm man; besides, he is easily killed by a blow on the head. When attacked, he rises and sits on his hind feet like a dog, and defends himself with his sharp claws.

To procure his food he digs into anthills so as to disturb the inmates, then thrusting out his long tongue, which is covered with a glutinous moisture, and upon this the ants collect in large numbers. He then draws his tongue in suddenly and devours all collected upon it at once.

This animal has been domesticated; and then he would eat bread, meal

moistened with water, and sometimes even meat. His flesh is black, and without fat. It is eaten by some people in South America. This is one of those animals whose appearance and habits render them repulsive to us; nevertheless, he is not to be despised.

In him we see another instance of God's wisdom; for in the ant-eater we behold an animal designed to make prey of others, and thus prevent their becoming too troublesome. In a country where these insects are so numerous, as in South America, it is a wise provision that some means should be furnished to destroy them, aside from the agency of man.

A GOOD RULE.

*'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our fortune call,
With a friendly glance, an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.*

*Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.*

Selected.

"To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one. And why should it not! It will have seven days more experience."

THE COCOA-NUT TREE.

GOVES of cocoa-nut palm-trees are everywhere to be found growing in the Sandwich Islands, in the sands by the sea-side, and in clefts of grisly lava, where nothing else will thrive. When young, no vegetable product in the whole range of nature can exceed the beauty of such a grove; each stem supporting an endogenous growth of fan-like, glossy branches, that grow out of the central bud, as if, in a Louisiana forest, the top of every cypress should be plumed with verdure.

Destroy this plume or tuft of verdure, and you destroy the tree, because it is of the class of plants called endogenous, whose stems increase by internal growth, without distinction of pith, wood, or bark. Removing its crown, therefore, is like laying bare the entire brain of an animal, and death at once ensues, the trunk speedily rotting downward. It is not easy to calculate how benign a gift of Providence this single tree has been to the Pacific islanders.

Year after year the islander reposes in its shade, both eating and drinking of its fruit; he thatches his hut with its boughs, and weaves them into baskets to carry his food; he cools himself with a fan plaited from the young leaflets, and shields his head from the sun by a bonnet of the leaves; sometimes he clothes himself with the cloth-like substance which wraps round the base of the stalks, whose elastic rods, strung with fibers, are used as a taper; the large nuts, thinned and polished, furnish him with a beautiful goblet; the smaller ones with bowls for his pipes; the dry husks kindle his fires; the fibers are twisted into fishing lines and cords for his canoes; he heals his wounds with a balsam compounded from the juice of the nut; and with the oil extracted from its meat, anoints his own limbs, and embalms the bodies of the dead.

The noble trunk itself is far from be-

ing valueless. Sawn into posts, it upholds the islander's dwelling; converted into charcoal, it cooks his food; and, supported on blocks of stone, incloses his land. He impels his canoes through the water with a paddle of the wood, and goes to battle with clubs and spears of the same hard material.

Its fruit-bearing powers are not surpassed by any tree of the kind. An Englishman at Hawaii, who had lived there sixteen years, told me he had taken four hundred nuts, full grown, from one tree, in a single year. Two hundred of them, besides innumerable white blossoms of others, have been counted upon the same tree at one time, and no two of them at precisely the same state of growth.

The location where it best flourishes is upon the sea-shore, where its roots, if not actually washed, are watered by the sea.

The method of planting it is thus described by an observer. Selecting a suitable place, you drop into the ground a fully ripe nut, and leave it. In a few days, a thin lance-like shoot forces itself through a minute hole, pierces the husk, and unfolds three pale-green leaves in the air; while, originating in the same soft, white sponge, which now completely fills the nut, a pair of fibrous roots push away the stoppers that loose two holes in an opposite direction, penetrate the shell, and strike vertically into the ground.

A day or two more, and the shell and husk, which, in the last germinating stage of the nut, are so hard that a knife will hardly make an impression, spontaneously burst by some force within; and henceforth the hardy young plant thrives apace, and, needing no culture, pruning, or attention of any sort, rapidly advances to maturity. In four or five years it bears; in twice as many more, it begins to lift its head among the groves where, waxing strong, it flourishes for near a century.—*Selected.*

For Children.

"To aid the mind's development, and watch
The dawn of little thoughts."

OPENING THE GATE.

I WISH you would send a servant to open the gate for me," said a well-grown boy of ten, to his mother, as he paused with his satchel upon his back, before the gate, and surveyed its clasped fastening.

"Why, John, can't you open the gate for yourself?" said Mrs. Easy. "A boy of your age and strength ought certainly to be able to do that."

"I could do it, I suppose," said the child, "but it's heavy, and I don't like the trouble. The servant can open it for me just as well. Pray what is the use of having servants, if they are not to wait upon us?"

The servant was sent to open the gate. The boy passed out, and went whistling on his way to school. When he reached his seat in the academy, he drew from his satchel his arithmetic, and began to inspect his sums.

"I can not do these," he whispered to his seat-mate; "they are too hard."

"But you can try," replied his companion.

"I know I can," said John, "but it's too much trouble. Pray what are teachers for, if not to help us out of difficulties. I shall carry my slate to Professor Helpwell."

Alas! poor John. He had come to

another closed gate—a gate leading into a beautiful and boundless science, "the laws of which are the modes in which God acts, in sustaining all the works of His hands"—the science of mathematics.

He could have opened the gate and entered in alone, and explored the riches of the realm, but his mother had injudiciously let him rest with the idea, that it is as well to have gates opened for us, as to exert our own strength.

The result was, that her son, like the young hopeful sent to Mr. Wiseman, soon concluded that he had no "genius" for mathematics, and gave up the study.

The same was true of Latin. He could have learned the declensions of the nouns, and the conjugation of the verbs, as well as other boys of his age; but his seat-mate very kindly volunteered to "tell him in class," and what was the use in *opening the gate* into the Latin language, when another would do it for him.

Oh, no! John Easy had no idea of tasking mental or physical strength when he could avoid it, and the consequence was, that numerous gates remained closed to him all of his life—*gates to honor—gates to riches—gates to happiness.*

Now, children, why have we told you about this boy who did not like the trouble of opening the gate? Why are we printing so much in *The Student* about the conduct of boys and girls, at home and at school? Did you ever think of this when you read these stories?

We will tell you why we do it. Because we love children, and desire to have them *do right*, and grow up good men and good women. We are sure that all of you would like to become such, and we will tell you how you may accomplish it.

It is by being good children, good boys and girls, and then good young men and young women. But how shall I learn to become such, you may ask. Our answer is, by imitating the good conduct of others, and avoiding their bad actions—by always *doing right*, and “opening the gate” yourselves.

VALUE OF SELF-RESPECT.

WHEN our young friends have read the following interesting incident, we hope they will try to remember what their teachers and parents tell them, as well as this little boy did.

“Do you want to buy any berries to-day?” said a poor boy to me one afternoon.

I looked at the little fellow, and he was shabbily clothed; gray pantaloons, very much patched, an old cotton shirt, and a miserable felt hat, making up the whole of his dress.

His feet were bare, and travel-stained. In both hands he held up a tin pail full of ripe raspberries, which were

peeping out from amid the bright-green leaves that lay lightly over them.

I told him I should like some; and taking the pail from him, stepped into the house. He did not follow, but remained behind, whistling to my canaries, as they hung in their cage in the porch. He appeared engrossed with my pretty pets, and the berries seemed forgotten.

“Why do you not come in and see me measure your berries?” said I; “how do you know but I may cheat you, and take more than the quart I have agreed upon?” The boy looked up archly at me, and smiled.

“I am not afraid,” said he, “for you would get the worst of it. It is less to lose a few berries than to lose one’s self-respect, my teacher says.”

THE FOLLY OF WISHING.

ONE day in summer little Amy Willis said to her father, “How I wish it was always summer; don’t you?”

“No, Amy,” said he, “I do not, indeed.”

“Well, I am surprised that you don’t; the evenings are so cool, and the flowers smell so sweet, and every thing looks so beautiful! And then it is so charming to eat one’s supper out of doors. O! I am sure I should like it always to be summer.”

Mr. Willis made no further observation, but waited till a better opportunity presented of correcting her judgment.

Autumn came, and Amy thought no more of summer. She rambled among the cornfields, joined in the cries of

harvest home, and enjoyed the fruits that were in abundance around her.

Winter succeeded, but Amy played at snowball, slid on the ice with companions as merry as herself, and never once lamented the enjoyments of summer or autumn.

And now spring returned; the hedges were white with blossoms, and cowslips and daisies covered the meadows.

"Look, father, look!" exclaimed Amy, displaying her bonnet, which she had decorated with the flowers she had gathered. "Are they not pretty? O! I should never be tired of spring. I wish it would last forever."

"Ah, Amy!" said her father, "happy it is for you that there is a good and wise God, who rules the seasons as He sees fit, and whose purposes are not to be moved by our fancies. It is not very long since you wished it could always be summer; had your desire been granted, you would have lost the enjoyments of autumn, the pastimes of winter, and the gay flowers of spring."

Amy colored, and, laying her head on her father's arm, she said—"How silly I have been! I see it now."

"Learn, then," replied he, returning her caress, "to be content with that which the Almighty gives you. He only knows, in all things, what is best for us; and never does He show mercy more clearly than when He denies the foolish wishes we are all, both young and old, too apt to form."—*Selected.*

Boys that have been properly reared are men in point of usefulness at sixteen, while those brought up in idleness will be a nuisance at twenty-one.

"THAT'S A BOY I CAN TRUST."

I ONCE visited a large public school. At recess, a little fellow came up and spoke to the master; as he turned to go down the platform, the master said, "*That is a boy I can trust. He never failed me.*"

I followed him with my eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. I thought a good deal of the master's remark.

What a character had that little boy earned. He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city, and what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community.

I wonder if the boys know how soon they are *rated* by older people. Every boy in the neighborhood is known, and opinions are formed of him; he has a character, either favorable or unfavorable.

A boy of whom the master can say, "*I can trust him; he never failed me,*" will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness, and industry which he shows at school, are in demand every where.

He who is faithful in little, will be faithful also in much. Be sure, boys, that you earn a good reputation at school. Be trusty—be true.—*Child's Paper.*

Be not angry that you can not make others as you wish them to be, since you can not make yourself what you wish to be.

THE DISOBEDIENT BOY.

BY ANNIE PARKER.

LITTLE William played truant from school one day :
 "Now," said he to himself, "I'll have plenty of play.
 Mamma will not know it, papa will not hear,
 So I'll do what I choose without any fear

"I've enough of those tiresome books, I am sure,
 I'll leave them, and go where the river runs pure,
 I'll launch the new boat Robert gave me to-day—
 Oh ! 'twill be such fun by the river to play.

"Mamma said, it is true, that I must not go there,
 But I don't see the harm, if I only take care,
 Besides, she won't know it, so why should I stay :
 There is nothing to hinder my frolic to-day."

Little William forgot that our Father above,
 Who for all little children feels tenderest love,
 Always looks with displeasure upon them, if they
 Their father's or mother's commands disobey.

So he went to the river to play with his boat,
 And laughing and shouting he set it afloat ;
 He watched it awhile, and feared 'twould be lost,
 So swiftly away by the current 'twas tossed.

"I'll get it," he cried—"I'm sure I can't lose
 My nice little boat—I will take off my shoes,
 And wade in the water—there's nobody near,
 And the water's not deep—I have nothing to fear."

But the water *was* deep, and the current was strong,
 William struggled awhile, he could not struggle long,
 The blue waves closed o'er him—poor William thought then
 He would ne'er disobey his dear mother again.

A kind man at work in a meadow close by,
 Ran down to the river—he heard William cry ;
 He plunged in the water, and quick as a thought,
 In his arms to the shore little William he brought.

Oh, many a long summer's day passed, I ween,
 Before William again in the school-room was seen,
 But the lesson he learned from his folly, was not
 Through all his long life for a moment forgot.

Our Missions.

ORIGIN OF "DUN."—In the town of Lincoln, England, there was a famous bailiff (an officer appointed by the sheriff, who collects dues, arrests persons, etc.), whose name was *John Dun*. He was very active and successful in his business, and when a man refused to pay his debts, the creditors sent John Dun to collect for them. From this circumstance, and the fame of this officer, the word *Dun* came to be applied to the asking a person to pay his debts.

MINIATURE OAKS.—If an acorn be suspended by a piece of cord within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a glass, and permitted so to remain without disturbance for a few months, it will burst, send a root into the water, and shoot upward a straight, tapering stem with beautiful little green leaves. In this way a young oak tree may be produced on the mantle-shelf of a room, and become an interesting object. The chestnut will also grow thus, and probably other nut-bearing trees. The water should be often changed when the plant has appeared.

NOBLE REPLY.—In 1516, Philip II. sent the young Constable de Castile to Rome, to congratulate Sextus the Fifth on his advancement. The Pope impudently said :

"Are there so few men in Spain that your King sends me one without a beard?"

"Sir," said the fierce Spaniard, "if his majesty possessed the least idea that you imagined merit lay in a beard, he would doubtless have deputed a goat to you, not a gentleman."

THE SCOTCH THISTLE.—The origin of the national badge is thus handed down by tradition : When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day ; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of stratagem ; and, in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his foot upon a superbly prickled thistle, and uttered a cry of pain, which dis-

covered the assailants to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with great slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

BULWER gives the following key to self-knowledge, and the knowledge of others :

"To know *thyself*—in others self discern ;
Wouldst thou know others? read *thyself*, and
learn!"

Of friends and foes he says :

"Dear is my friend—yet from my foe, as from
my friend, comes good ;
My friend shows what I can do, and my foe
shows what I *should*."

WARM RECEPTION.—An Eastern paper, speaking of the arrival of some great man, had the following quotation. "He was escorted from the boat by a great *conflagration* of people." He must have had a warm time of it. Oh typo!

YANKEE HASTE.—A genuine Yankee is never overwhelmed by the astonishing. He walks among the Alps with his hands in his pocket, and whittles with his jack-knife on the brink of Niagara. One of this class sauntered into a telegraph office, and inquired how long it would take to send a letter to Washington. On being told "ten minutes," he exclaimed, "I can't wait."

JOHN RANDOLPH'S SARCASM.—So terrible was Randolph in retort, that no hyperbole of contempt or scorn could be launched against him, but he could overtop it with something more scornful and contemptuous. Opposition only maddened him into more brilliant bitterness. "Isn't it a shame, Mr. President," said he one day in the Senate, "that the noble bulldogs of the administration should be wasting their precious time in worrying the rats of the opposition?" Immediately the Senate was in an uproar, and he was clamorously called to order. The presiding officer, however, sustained him ; and, pointing his long, skinny finger at his opponents, Randolph screamed out—"Rats, did I say? mice, mice?"

PROPORTIONATE USE OF LETTERS.—Some estimate may be formed of the relative frequency with which the various letters of the English language are used, from knowing that printers' cases are made up as follows: For every 100 of the letter *z* there are 200 of *x*, 400 of *k*, 800 of *b*, 1500 of *c*. 4000 each of *i*, *n*, *o* and *s*, 4250 of *a*, 4500 of *t*, 6000 of *e*.

TRAVELS OF A PRINTER'S HAND.—A good printer will set 6000 ems a day, or about 12,000 letters. The distance traveled over by his hand will average one foot per letter, going to the boxes in which they are contained, and of course returning, making two feet every letter he sets. This would make a distance each day of 24,000 feet, or more than four miles, and in the course of a year, leaving out Sundays, that member travels about 1400 miles.

Conversation is the legs on which thought walks, and writing the wings by which it flies.

A little boy, anxious to become a man, said to his papa, one day, "Pa, am I not growing tall?" "Why, what is your height, my son?" "I am seven feet lacking a yard."

POETRY AND BLANK VERSE.—Many original illustrations are attributed to the descendants of the African race, but we have seldom seen one more strikingly peculiar than the following distinction between poetry and blank verse:

"Now, Caesar, just let me explain poetry and blank verse. When I say—

'The plank went over the mill-dam
And came down ker-slam,'

that is *poetry*. But when I say

'The plank went over the mill-dam
And came down ker-splash,'

that is *plank verse*."

REPLIES TO QUERIES.

H. S. R., of Steuben Co., N. Y., says: "The phrase, 'Which requires more hands than ours to lop their wanton growth,' is from Book IV., of *Paradise Lost*. With due deference to the analysis of G. H. S., permit me to give my opinion in regard to the word *ours*. We ascertain to what part of speech a word belongs, by the office it performs in a sentence. In the above phrase, the word *than* performs the office of the preposition *beside*; therefore the word *ours* is in the objective case, and governed by the preposition

than; or more properly *ours* is equivalent to *our hands*, and *our* is in the possessive case, and governed by the word *hands* understood, and the word *hand* is in the objective case, and governed by the preposition *than*."

The letter E is

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end,
And the end of every place.

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED BY OUR READERS.

From T. B. T., of Phelps, N. Y.

What causes the stars to twinkle, while the planets shine with a steady light?

Why do bodies of drowned persons rise to the surface when cannon are fired over or near them?

From H. M. S., of Virgil, N. Y.

If a man should commence lifting a calf when it was young, and continue to lift it every day, could he lift it when it had become an ox?

Where does cinnamon grow? What is it, and how is it obtained?

Where does arrow-root grow? For what is it used?

Which is the highest mountain in the United States? Which is the highest one in America?

Record of Events.

TELEGRAPHHS.—Less than ten years ago there was not a single mile of electric telegraphs in existence; now more than *twenty-seven thousand miles* of it are in operation in the United States, alone.

AMERICAN ENGINES FOR EUROPE.—It is significant fact that steam-engines are building in the city of New York for navigation of the Danube, in Central Europe.

THE STEAMBOAT HENRY CLAY was burned on the Hudson River, on the 28th of July, while on her way from Albany to New York. The vessel was run on shore bow foremost, when discovered to be on fire. Most of the passengers were on the stern of the boat, and being prevented from reaching the bow by the flames they were compelled to jump overboard, and more than eighty persons thus perished.

Among the latest discoveries at Nineveh, one coffin was found containing the body of a lady of the royal house; many of her garments were entire, also the gold studs which fastened her vest. The most singular discovery, however, was a mask of thin gold pressed upon the face, so as to assume and retain the features of the deceased.

AN ANCIENT TREE.—The old oak, beneath whose branches Elliot preached to the Indians, at South Natick, in 1690, is still standing—a “hale, green tree,” and still affords a grateful shade to weary travelers. A neat monument has been erected to the memory of Elliot near this place, which bears on one side his name, and on the other the title of his Indian Bible—“Up Bibrum God.”

CONGRESS still continues in session at Washington.

HIGH BRIDGE.—The bridge on which the Buffalo and New York City Railroad crosses the Genesee River, near Portageville, is 800 feet long and 234 feet high. Stone piers of solid masonry rest on the bed of the river, and rise *thirty* feet high. On these stands the wooden structure reaching up 204 feet higher. About 100 feet below the bridge is a fall in the river of 66 feet, thus giving the height of the bridge from the foot of the fall, 300 feet.

To furnish the 1,500,000 feet of timber used in this stupendous structure, more than 250 acres of land were required. Besides this, it contains 60 tons of iron bolts. The whole cost is about \$140,000. This bridge is one of the most wonderful achievements of art in this country. Only think, a locomotive with a train of cars passing in the air *three hundred feet* above you! higher than the top of Bunker Hill Monument.

Editor's Table.

NEW YORK STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE seventh annual meeting of this association was held at Elmira, N. Y., on the 4th and 5th days of August. A much larger number of teachers were in attendance than on former occasions, and the convention was not only interesting, but by it we trust a new impulse has been given to the noble cause of education in the Empire State.

The subject of Union and Central High Schools was reported upon and ably discussed; as was also that of Teachers' Institutes and County Superintendence, all of which were approved and strongly recommended. Resolutions were adopted in favor of county examiners for licensing teachers—the examiners to be chosen by county Teachers' Associations, from among their own members, instead of leaving the examinations, as at present, to persons of all professions, and to those of no profession at all. In accordance with these resolutions a committee was appointed to memorialize the legislature on this subject, asking for a modification of the laws in relation to licensing teachers.

Several interesting lectures were delivered

before the Association, among which were the following: by Prof. Upson, of Hamilton College, on the History, Characteristics, and American Peculiarities of the English Language; by Geo. Spencer, Esq., of Utica, on Thought and Language relatively considered, being a plea for the Study of Language; by Rev. Dr. Murdock, of Elmira, on the Necessities developed by Railroads and Telegraphs for a more Advanced state of Education among the Masses; also by C. H. Anthony, of Albany, on Law and its Sanctions.

Resolutions were passed in favor of establishing a state teachers' paper, to be called *The New York Teacher*. This paper is to be published monthly, at one dollar a year, and to be edited by twelve teachers, residing in different portions of the state. The board of editors have power to choose a thirteenth as a local editor, who shall reside where the paper is published, and have the immediate supervision of it. The following comprise the Board of Editors for the ensuing year: W. W. Newman, Buffalo; N. W. Benedict, Rochester; W. C. Kenyon, Alfred, Alleghany Co.; C. R. Coburn, Owego; Wm. Hopkins,

Auburn; Prof. A. J. Upson, Hamilton College, at Clinton; A. G. Salisbury, Syracuse; Zenophen Haywood, Troy; E. S. Adams, Albany; E. W. Keyes, Hudson; David B. Scott, New York; J. W. Bulkley, Williamsburg. Mr. T. W. Valentine, of Albany, was appointed local editor. The paper is to be published at Albany, and the first number issued on the first of October next.

The following were elected officers of the Association for the ensuing year:

PROF. CHARLES DAVIES, New York, President.

W. D. Huntley, Buffalo,

D. H. Cruttenden, N. York,

E. A. Sheldren, Syracuse,

E. J. Hamilton, Bath,

} Vice Presidents.

T. W. Valentine, Albany, Corresponding Sec.

James Nichols, Genesee,

J. H. Fanning, N. York, } Recording Secretaries.

John Dole, Buffalo, Treasurer.

The next meeting of the Association is to be held at Rochester, commencing on the first Tuesday in August, at 2 o'clock, P.M., and continue three days.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EDUCATION, held at Newark, N. J., was well attended, and an interesting occasion. Several important subjects were brought before the convention which elicited practical discussions. We regret that our space will not permit presenting some of the valuable thoughts expressed on that occasion, in lectures and by discussion, but hope to be able to give some of them at a future time.

This Association is to meet at Pittsburg, Pa., next year.

OUR MONTHLY SCHOOL READER.—The practicability of introducing periodical reading into schools is not an experiment. Its utility has been proven by hundreds, and testimonials such as the following tell how highly The Student is prized where it has thus been used.

“DEAR SIR:

“Please add three copies more of The Student to my package, and hereafter send me *thirty copies*, monthly, instead of twenty-seven. Your paper is doing more for our school than all or any other means of its kind.

“ANSON PORTER,
“Fredonia, N. Y.”

While hundreds of teachers are using The Student in their schools, there are hundreds of

others who have not given it one thorough, impartial thought. They are contented to plod on, and lead their pupils in their (to them), “good old way,” of dull, monotonous, hum-drum reading. Now, is this as it should be? Are such fulfilling the expectations of those parents who have entrusted to their charge their children; and are they training them to become intelligent readers?

Often have our ears been pained by the tones of children when reading aloud—sounds worse than monotonous, and such as ought to shame any teacher who has had these children under his training for three weeks, and enough to deprive him of all claim to the responsible position of teacher, who would allow such reading by any child who had been under his instruction for three months.

But how can the teacher break up those disagreeable tones? By properly training pupils in reading that which is interesting, and from which they can acquire something new, and thus learn that there is an intimate connection between reading and pleasure, and intellectual improvement.

As a valuable, and often acknowledged aid to the teacher in this important part of education, we offer him The Student. If you, reader, are one of that class whose business it is to discipline youthful minds, please give this subject a careful examination and try The Student in your school, at least as an occasional reader.

Literary Mutili.

TIME AND TIDE; or Strive and Win. By A. S. Roe, 12mo; 243 pages. Published, by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This work, by the author of James Montjoy, is written in that attractive style which gives much interest to its characters. It belongs to that class of fiction designed to impress important moral principles, and to show the dangerous results of an evil course of conduct. While it exhibits the ruinous effects of extravagant living, the folly of the distinctions made in society by the possession of wealth, the blighting influence of avarice upon the human heart, and those affections which contribute so largely to man's happiness, it also presents their counter-parts. The dangers of city life to young men from the country, and a dishonest course of conduct, are contrasted with the solace and happiness of a cheerful, contented family in the country, and a course of strict integrity. Its descriptions of scenes are often exaggerated and unnatural, which though it may give it more interest to those who love the thrilling and romantic, will, we think,

render its influence less beneficial on the minds of the mass of readers.

THE MEN OF THE TIMES; or, Sketches of Living Notables—Authors, Architects, Artists, Composers, Demagogues, Divines, Dramatists, Engineers, Journalists, Ministers, Monarchs, Novelists, Philanthropists, Poets, Politicians, Preachers, Savans, Statesmen, Travelers, Voyagers, Warriors. 12mo; 564 pages. Published by Redfield, New York. Price \$1 50.

This useful compilation includes sketches of nearly one thousand living persons, who have attained distinction in some sphere of life. A work of this character has long been needed, to furnish a kind of information for the general reader, as well as men in public life, which heretofore could no where be obtained. It forms a valuable manual of reference, and an important appendix to the Biographical Dictionary. Such a work can not be prepared without many difficulties, and probably it is chiefly owing to this fact that several important names have been omitted. Nevertheless, with all its imperfections it will occupy an important place among books of reference.

LITERATURE AND ART. By S. Margaret Fuller. Two parts in one volume. 12mo; 348 pages. Published by Fowlers and Wells.

This work is Margaret Fuller's Essays and Criticisms, which have appeared in periodicals and papers. Among others they embrace the following: Essay on Critics; Prose works of Milton; Modern British poets; Poets of the People; Lives of Haydn, Mozart, Handel, Bach, Beethoven; American Literature; Methodism at the Fountain. Of these Horace Greeley says: "I can not believe that the world will soon be ready to dismiss to oblivion these Papers of Margaret Fuller."

THE CLASSICAL MANUAL; An Epitome of Ancient Geography, Greek and Roman Mythology, Antiquities, and Chronology. Chiefly intended for the use of schools. Compiled by James S. S. Baird, of Trinity College, Dublin. 12mo; 200 pages. Published by Blanchard & Lea, Philadelphia.

It has been the object of the compiler of this volume to present in a small compass much information on the subjects which it embraces. It will be found useful to teachers as a work of reference, enabling them to answer many questions suggested by the school lessons.

THE LAWS OF LIFE, with special reference to the Physical Education of Girls. By Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D. 12mo; 180 pages. Price 25 cents, in paper covers. Geo. P. Putnam, New York.

This is volume second of Putnam Series of Popular and Practical Science. It consists of a series of lectures recently delivered before a class of ladies, who induced the author to publish them. The introductory lecture treats of the Laws of Life, then follows one on General Principles, succeeded by one on organic Life, and another on Related Life. Next comes the Criticism on our manner of life and the physical training of children. The series closes with practical suggestions on the subject of true education, and the means for a reform. The whole subject is treated in a popular style, giving deductions from physiological facts and medical science, and directions for applying these principles for the benefit of the human race. Throughout, the work evinces great breadth of observation, a thorough scientific education, and rare practical sense. We would commend it to all parents, and espe-

cially to those who have entrusted to their care the training of girls. The subject is one of the utmost importance, and demands serious attention.

MITCHELL'S SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY AND ATLAS.—Fourth Revised Edition. Political changes, geographical discoveries, and the rapid increase of towns, new counties, and new states, renders it important if not indispensable that a new and thoroughly corrected edition of geography should be issued once in ten years. The work now before us claims to have been entirely re-written, and brought up to the present time, and to have noticed every discovery and important change during the past ten years. The Atlas accompanying this new edition contains thirty-two maps, including several new ones, beside nine quarto pages of statistical matter compiled from the recent census, and other sources. Published by Thomas Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

MARTIN LUTHER said, "Music is the only Art that can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight." Be this so or not, music is a most useful art, and should be universally cultivated; and should especially be taught in every school in our land. Its influence is greater and better than most persons suppose. We are glad to know that an unusually favorable opportunity is now presented to school teachers, and all who wish to acquire a thorough knowledge of the Theory and Practice of Music, in Mr. Willis's *Musical Studies for the Million*, published in the "Musical World and Times." The particulars may be found on the cover of this number.

MUSIC.—From Firth, Pond & Co., Franklin Square, we have received the following pieces of sheet music: "Oh, How I Love my Mountain Home," by J. P. Webster—one of the songs of the Alleghanians. It is excellent; "Pearl Polka," "Rainbow Schottich," and "Elena Polka," all good music.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for August has an unusually interesting table—the editor, and publisher, too, have been making tours and country excursions, which seem to have invigorated them not a little, as they bring home an abundance of good things, fresh from the country. I. K. Marvel still continues his history of the Fudge Family. S. Hueston, publisher, 139 Nassau Street. Terms \$3 00 a year.

PUTNAM'S SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY is furnishing the traveling public, as well as the family circle, with valuable reading at a cheap rate. The volumes for August 1st and 16th are *The Arctic Journal*; or, Eighteen Months in the Polar Regions, in search of Sir John Franklin, by Lieut. S. Osborn; and *Home and Social Philosophy* (second series), by Charles Dickens. The Arctic Journal is an interesting volume, and quite appropriate for hot weather—it seems to exert such a cooling influence upon the reader, as he follows his narrator amid the fields of ice and perpetual snows; and at the same time he finds in it much to interest him in relation to that desolate region.

TALLIS' SCRIPTURE NATURAL HISTORY FOR YOUTH, Part 14, is received. This number treats mostly of birds. Its engravings—sixteen in number—are beautiful as usual.

Original Music.

WE DELIGHT IN OUR SCHOOL.

By William B. Bradbury.

1. We de - light in our school, We'll o - bey eve' - ry rule, And the
 2. We will not lag be - hind, In the race of the mind, But will

high - way to knowledge pur - sue; So our teach-er will say, At the
 strive to be found in the van; By hard stu - dy and care, It will

close of the day, That we're dil - i - gent, peace - ful, and true.
 not be un - fair To out - strip all the rest, if we can.

3.

But if then we should fail
 Over all to prevail,
 Seeing this may be out of our power,
 Although losing the prize,
 It would never be wise
 To be peevish, and moody, and sour.

4.

All our words shall be kind,
 All our conduct refined,
 Above all, we will try to do **RIGHT**;
 Then, although we may grieve,
 When the school we shall leave,
 We will think of it oft with delight.

THE STUDENT.

THE CHARACTER OF PAUL.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

PAUL, in his natural character, before his conversion, resembled Bonaparte more than any other man; I mean both in his intellectual development and energy of will. He had the same inflexibility of purpose, the same utter indifference to human suffering, when he had once determined on his course, the same tireless, unconquerable resolution; the same fearlessness both of man's power and opinions, and that calm, self-reliance, and mysterious control over others.

But the point of greatest resemblance is in the union of a strong, correct judgment, with rapidity of thought and sudden impulse. They thought quicker, yet better than other men. The power, too, which both possessed, was all practical power. There are many men of strong minds, whose force, nevertheless, wastes in reflection, or in theories for others to act upon. Thought may work out into language, but not into action. They will plan better than they can perform. But these men not only thought better, but they could work better than all other men.

The same control and perfect subjection of his emotions, even terror itself, to the mandates of his will, are exhibited in his conduct when smitten to the earth, and blinded by the light and voice from heaven. John, when arrested by the same voice on the isle of Patmos, fell on his face as a dead man, and dared not stir or speak till encouraged by the language, "Fear not." But Paul (or Saul), though a persecutor, and violent man, showed no symptoms of alarm or terror. The voice, the blow, the light, the glory, and the darkness that followed, were sufficient to upset the strongest mind; but he, master of himself and his emotions, instead of giving way to exclamations of terror, simply said: "Lord,

what wilt thou have me do?" With his reason and judgment as steady and strong as ever, he knew at once that something was wanted of him, and, ever ready to act, he asked what it was.

From this time on, his track can be distinguished by the commotions about it, and the light above it. Straight back to Jerusalem, from whence he had so recently come with letters to legalize his persecutions, he went to cast his lot in with those he had followed with violence and slaughter. His strong heart never beat one quicker pulsation through fear, when the lofty turrets of the proud city flashed on his vision. Neither did he steal away to the dark alleys and streets, where the disciples were concealed, and tell them secretly his faith in the Son of God.

He strode into the synagogues, and before the astonished priests preached Christ and Him crucified. He thundered at the door of the Sanhedrim itself, and shaking Jerusalem like an earthquake, awoke a tempest of rage and fury on himself. With assassins dogging his footsteps, he at length left the city. But, instead of going to places where he was unknown, and where his feelings would be less tried, he started for his native city, his father's house, the home of his boyhood, for his kindred and friends. To entreaties, tears, scorn, and violence, he was alike impervious.

To Antioch and Cyprus, along the coast of Syria and Rome, over the known world he went like a blazing comet, waking up the nations of the earth. From the top of Mars' Hill, with the gorgeous city at his feet, and Acropolis and Parthenon behind him; on the deck of his shattered vessel in the intervals of the crash of billows, in the gloomy walls of a prison, on

the borders of the eternal kingdom, he speaks in the same calm and determined tone. Deterred by no danger, awed by no presence, and shrinking from no responsibility, he moves before us like some grand embodiment of power.

The nations heave around him, and kings turn pale in his presence. Bands of conspirators swear neither to eat or drink until they have slain him; rulers and priests combine against him, and people stone him; yet, over the din of the conflict and storm of violence, his voice of eloquence rises clear and distinct as a trumpet call, as he still preached Christ and Him crucified. The whip is laid on his back till the blood starts with every blow, and then his mangled body is thrown into a dungeon; but at midnight you hear that same calm voice which has shaken the world, poured forth in a hymn of praise to God, and lo! an earthquake rocks the prison to its foundations; the manacles fall from the hands of the captives, the bolts withdraw of themselves, and the massive doors swing back on their hinges.

One can not point to a single spot in his career, where he faltered a moment, or gave way to discouragement or fear. Through all his perilous life, he exhibited the same intrepidity of character and lofty spirit. With his eyes fixed on regions beyond the ken of ordinary mortals, and kindling on glories it was not permitted him to reveal, he pressed forward to an incorruptible crown, a fadeless kingdom. And then his death, how indescribably sublime!

Napoleon, dying in the midst of the midnight storm, with the last words that fell from his lips a battle cry, and his passing spirit watching, in his delirium, the torn heads of his mighty columns, as they disappeared in the smoke of the conflict, is a signal that awes and startles us. But behold Paul, also, a war-worn veteran, battered with many a scar, though in a spiritual warfare, looking back not with alarm, but transport; gazing not on the earth, but heaven. Hear his calm, serene voice ringing over the storms and commotions of life: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have

finished my course, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." No shouts of foemen, nor smoke or carnage of battle surrounded his spirit struggling to be free; but troops of shining angels, the smile of God, and the songs of the redeemed—these guarded him and welcomed him home.—*Selected.*

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TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.

MR SOULE, speaking on a bill before the California Senate, authorizing women to hold property and transact business for themselves, uttered the following beautiful tribute to her worth:

"I love woman; I have loved her all my life—through boyhood, youth, manhood, and maturer years. I expect to love her all my life, and dying, to be found faithful to the same high and inspiring sentiment. For amid all the varied scenes, temptations, struggles, and hopes of existence, one star, brighter than all others, has lighted and guided me onward. If I have ever had any high and noble ambition, the exciting energy has been in the approving smile of woman.

"Gentle in her affections, yet mighty through their influence, her medium of rule is as powerful as the ballot-box, and she only needs the protection of law against those who have no law in their habits and propensities. She has ruled me from my boyhood with the soft and winning influence of her virtues and beauty. I remember my first love—my baby affections at four years of age. I have been in love nearly every month of my life since, save the dark and rayless days and years which succeeded the desolate hearth, and made the heart too desolate.

"And never, sir, while I remember my mother, long since in her grave; never, while I recollect my sisters, and the abuses that might have been theirs; never, while I hold in memory one other—and her memory is all that is left me—shall I refuse to give my voice, and my influence, and my vote, for any measure necessary to protect and cherish the weaker and better portion of creation, against the oppression, neglect, or abuse of my own sex."

WATCHING.*

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

SLEEP, love, sleep!
The dusty day is done.
Lo! from afar the freshening breezes sweep
Wide over groves of balm,
Down from the towering palm,
In at the open casement cooling run;
And round the lowly bed,
Thy bed of pain,
Bathing thy patient head,
Like grateful showers of rain,
They come;
While the white curtains, waving to and fro,
Fan the sick air;
And pityingly the shadows come and go,
With gentle, human care,
Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,
The night begun;
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!
Is there no magic in the touch
Of fingers thou dost love so much?
Pain would they scatter poppies o'er thee now,
Or, with its mute caress,
The tremulous lip some soft nepenthe¹ press
Upon thy weary lid and aching brow,
While prayerful watch I keep—
Sleep, love, sleep!

On the pagoda² spire
The bells are swinging,
Their little golden circlet in a flutter,
With tales the wooing winds have dared to utter,
Till all are ringing,
As if a choir
Of golden-nested birds in heaven were singing;
And with a lulling sound
The music floats around,
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear;
Commingling with the hum
Of the sepoy's³ distant drum,
And lazy beetle ever droning near.
Sounds these of deepest silence born,
Like night made visible by morn;
So silent, that I sometimes start
To hear the throbings of my heart,
And watch, with shivering sense of pain,
To see thy pale lids lift again.

The lizard,⁴ with his mouse-like eyes,
Peeps from the mortise in surprise

At such strange quiet after day's harsh din;
Then ventures boldly out,
And looks about,
And with his hollow feet
Treads his small evening beat,
Darting upon his prey
In such a tricksy, winsome sort of way,
His delicate marauding seems no sin.
And still the curtains swing,
But noiselessly;
The bells a melancholy murmur ring,
As tears were in the sky;
More heavily the shadows fall,
Like the black foldings of a pall,
Where juts the rough beam from the wall;
The candles flare
With fresher gusts of air;
The beetle's drone
Turns to a dirge-like, solitary moan;
Night deepens, and I sit, in cheerless doubt, alone.

* These lines are from a volume of poems by Mrs. Judson—"An Olio of Domestic Verses"—just published by L. Colby, N. York, and were evidently written in India during Mrs. Judson's lonely watches by the bedside of her dying husband. They breathe the gentle sorrow and trembling tenderness of a woman's heart, amid the gathering shadows of a half-anticipated bereavement. No poem with which we are acquainted gives a more perfect reflection of an Oriental night.

¹ Nepenthe, a medicine that relieves pain, and exhilarates.

² The temples for idol-worship in India are called Pagodas. These terminate in a spire, which is surmounted by an inverted basket of gilded iron net-work, called a *tee*, or umbrella. This umbrella is fringed with a large number of small bells, placed so near together, and hung so lightly, that even in the stilllest atmosphere they keep up a perpetual vibration. During the bustle of day they are scarcely heard, but at night the whole air is filled with their pleasing melody.

³ Sepoys are the native soldiers of India, and are often employed to guard the houses of missionaries at night from the plundering attacks of marauders.

⁴ The little house-lizard hides in cracks and crevices of the dwellings, and comes out at evening and catches mosquito with the most comical adroitness. While this affords the animal a full banquet, it seems also a most agreeable pastime to him. This lizard is perfectly harmless, and after the first natural feeling of disgust has been overcome, it is impossible not to feel a patronizing sort of an interest in the bright-eyed visitor, which takes up the same position every evening, and wages deadly war with the most troublesome enemy.

The dusty day, the sickly air, the distant tinkling of pagoda bells, the sepoy guards, the bright-eyed lizard darting upon his prey, the solemn silence, and many other incidents peculiar to an Oriental night, are all beautifully mirrored in those interesting lines.] Ed.



JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.*

THE feet of three men have pressed the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, whose names are associated forever with those vast ranges: Humboldt—the Nestor of scientific travelers; Audubon—the interpreter of Nature; and Fremont—the Pathfinder of Empire. Each has done much to illustrate the Natural History of North America, and to develop its illimitable resources.

The youngest of all is likely to become as illustrious as either; for fortune has linked his name with a scene in the history of the Republic, as startling to the world as the first announcement of its existence. To his hands was committed the magnificent task of opening the golden gates of our Pacific Empire.

His father was an emigrant gentleman from France, and his mother a lady of Virginia. He was born in South Carolina, January, 1813. Although the death of his

father left John Charles an orphan in his fourth year, he was thoroughly educated; and when, at the age of seventeen, he graduated at Charleston College, he contributed to the support of his mother and her younger children. From teaching mathematics he turned his attention to civil engineering, in which he displayed so much talent, he was recommended by Mr. Poinsett, Secretary of War, to Nicollet as his assistant, in the survey of the basin of the upper Mississippi. Two years he was with that learned man in his field labors, and he won his applause and friendship.

On his return to Washington, he continued his services to the geographer for two years longer, in drawing up from his field-book, the great map which unfolded to science the vast tract they had explored. Thirsting for adventure, he now planned

* The following biographical sketch is from the "Gallery of Illustrious Americans."

the first of those distant and perilous expeditions which have given luster to his name.

Having received a lieutenant's commission in the corps of Topographical Engineers, he proposed to the Secretary of War to penetrate the Rocky Mountains. His plan was approved, and in 1842, with a handful of men gathered on the Missouri frontier, he reached and explored the South Pass. He achieved more than his instructions required. He not only fixed the locality and character of that great Pass, through which myriads are now pressing to California—he defined the astronomy, geography, botany, geology, and meteorology of the country, and designated the route since followed, and the points from which the flag of the Union is now flying from a chain of wilderness fortresses. His report was printed by the Senate, translated into foreign languages, and the scientific world looked on Fremont as one of its benefactors.

Impatient, however, for broader and more hazardous fields, he planned a new expedition to the distant Territory of Oregon. His first had carried him to the summits of the Rocky Mountains. Wilkes had surveyed the tide-water regions of the Columbia river: between the two explorers lay a tract of a thousand miles, which was a blank in geography.

In May, 1843, he left the frontier of Missouri, and in November he stood on Fort Vancouver, with the calm waters of the Pacific at his feet. He had approached the Mountains by a new line, scaled their summits south of the South Pass, deflected to the Great Salt Lake, and pushed examinations right and left along his entire course. He joined his survey to Wilkes' Exploring Expedition, and his orders were fulfilled. But he had opened one route to the Columbia; and he wished to find another. There was a vast region south of this line, invested with a fabulous interest, and he longed to apply to it the test of exact science.

It was the beginning of winter. Without resources, adequate supplies, or even a guide, and with only twenty-five companions, he turned his face once more toward the Rocky Mountains. Then began that

wonderful expedition, filled with romance, achievement, daring and suffering; in which he was lost from the world nine months, traversing 3,500 miles, in sight of eternal snows, in which he explored and revealed the grand features of Alta California, its great basin, the Sierra Nevada, the valleys of San Joaquin and Sacramento, explored the fabulous Buenaventura, revealed the real El Dorado, and established the geography of the western part of our continent.

In August, 1844, he was again in Washington, after an absence of sixteen months. His report put the seal to the fame of the young explorer. . . . He was planning a third expedition while writing a history of the second; and before its publication, in 1845, he was again on his way to the Pacific, collecting his mountain comrades, to examine in detail the Asiatic slope of the North American Continent, which resulted in giving a volume of new science to the world, and California to the United States.

We can not trace his achievements during the war with Mexico, nor will future time inquire how many, nor how great, battles he fought. After the conquest of California, Fremont was made the victim of a quarrel between two American commanders. Like Columbus, he was brought home a prisoner over the vast territory he had explored; stripped by the court-martial of his commission as lieutenant-colonel of mounted riflemen, and reinstated by the President.

Fremont needed justice, not mercy, and returned his commission. His defense was worthy of a man of honor, genius, and learning. During the ninety days of his trial, his nights were given to science. . . . Thus ended his services to the government, but not to mankind. He was now a private citizen, and a poor man. Charleston offered him a lucrative office, which he refused. He had been brought a criminal from California, where he had been explorer, conqueror, peacemaker, governor. He determined to retrieve his honor on the field where he had been robbed of it.

One line more would complete his surveys—the route for a great road from the Mississippi to San Francisco. Again he

appeared in the far West. His old mountaineers flocked around him, and with thirty-three men, and one hundred and thirty mules, perfectly equipped, he started for the Pacific. On the Sierra San Juan, all his mules and a third of his men perished in a more than Russian cold; and Fremont arrived on foot at Santa Fé, stripped of every thing but life. It was a moment for the last pang of despair which breaks the heart, or the moral heroism which conquers fate itself.

The men of the wilderness knew Fremont; they re-fitted the expedition; he started again; pierced the country of the fierce and remorseless Apaches; met, awed, or defeated savage tribes, and in a hundred days from Santa Fé, he stood on the glittering banks of the Sacramento. The men of California reversed the judgment of the court-martial; and Fremont was made the first Senator of the Golden State. It was a noble tribute to science and heroism.

His name is identified forever with some of the proudest and most grateful passages in American history. His 20,000 miles of wilderness explorations, in the midst of the inclemencies of nature, and the ferocities of jealous and merciless tribes; his powers of endurance in a slender form; his intrepid coolness in the most appalling dangers; his magnetic sway over enlightened and savage men; his vast contributions to science; his controlling energy in the extension of our empire; his lofty and unsullied ambition; his magnanimity, humanity, genius, sufferings, and heroism; make all lovers of progress, learning, and virtue rejoice that Fremont's services have been rewarded by high civic honors, exhaustless wealth, and the admiration and gratitude of mankind.



WHAT is commonly called friendship is no more than a partnership; a reciprocal regard for one another's interests, and an exchange of good offices: in a word, a mere traffic, wherein self-love proposes to be a gainer.

No disguise can long conceal love where it is, nor feign it where it is not.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

BY M. M.

THIS distinguished woman, whose life was one of great interest, was born on the island of Martinique, June 23, 1763. M. Thrasher, her father, joined the army while very young. In 1758, he retired from service to the West Indies, and settled on an estate called La Pagori. He was married, in 1761, to Mademoiselle de Sanois, of whose youth but little is known.

Of their daughter Josephine, a complete history can not be gathered. She was exceedingly kind to every one, and was much admired and caressed. She had a great passion for music, and would sometimes stray into the forest, or to the sea-shore, and, alone, sing her sweetest songs, and warble her plaintive tunes, unheard by human ears. Study was but amusement to her.

She has said, "I did not like the restraint of my clothing, or to be cramped in my movements. I ran, and jumped, and danced, from morning till night. Why restrain the wild movements of my childhood? I wanted to do no hurt to those from whom I received any evidences of affection. Nature gave me a great facility for any thing I undertook. Learning to read and write was a pastime."

In her youth, Josephine passed much of her time at the house of an aunt, and nearby, there lived an English family, who had lost their possessions, and had exiled themselves on the island of Martinique. Young William de K., the only son of this family, Josephine had known from her childhood, and as the parents of both consented, they were promised to each other in marriage, when a more mature age would render it proper. But Mr. De K. was suddenly called to England, and took with him his son. It was a hard trial for Josephine.

Josephine was at length hopelessly separated from William de K. by parental opposition, from what cause, she never learned.

She became acquainted with Viscount Alexander de Beauharnais soon after, and was married to him in her sixteenth year.

They visited France, and she received the most marked attentions from Maria Antoinette.

Josephine had two children. Eugene, who became Viceroy of Italy, was born in 1780; and Hortense, who was afterward Juan of Holland, born in 1783. At length, Beauharnais became enamored with another lady, and separated from Josephine, who returned to her home in Martinique. But after several years, tidings reached her that Beauharnais was ready to welcome her back again with kindness, and she prepared with joy to go to him.

Josephine was again united to Beauharnais soon after her arrival at France. Beauharnais died in 1794 upon the scaffold, by the order of Robespierre, and Josephine also received summons to prepare for the guillotine. But the fall and dreadful end of Robespierre saved her, with seventy others.

She was married again, in March, 1796, to Napoleon Bonaparte. Hortense was married January, 1802, to Lewis Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon. The only son of Hortense died in his youth. Not long after the marriage of Hortense and Lewis, Napoleon became Emperor of France. His residence was at St. Cloud.

One day she told the ladies of her court, as they were admiring her splendid collection of jewels, that of all the presents she ever received, one of an old pair of shoes gave her the most delight and satisfaction.

She said, that after being separated from Beauharnais, she was very far from being rich, but was obliged to return to France, and took passage in a ship, where she was treated with the greatest kindness and respect. Hortense was so lively and obliging, that she greatly amused the sailors, who became her most favorite society. An old quarter-master was particularly attached to her.

With running, skipping, and dancing, the light shoes of Hortense were soon worn out, and she had not another pair. She tried to conceal it from her mother, fearing she would not allow her to go on deck any more. But Josephine one day saw her return, leaving every foot-print in blood, her foot being torn by a nail. It was impossible to get another pair of shoes

before their arrival at France, and poor Hortense began to weep bitterly at her disaster, when the old quarter-master came to her, and inquired the cause of her grief. As soon as he learned, he went to his chest, and brought an old pair of shoes, which he said Josephine could cut into shape, and he would put them together again; and so, before night, Hortense could resume her delightful duties upon deck.

Twelve years after his marriage with Josephine, he was divorced from her. She returned to Malmaison. In 1810, Napoleon married a second time, and in 1811, a son was born, who was called the King of Rome.

A story is told of the two Empresses, which clearly illustrates their character. The distinguished artist Redonte, was one morning passing the Tuilleries, when he beheld in the garden a hurrying multitude, and heard shouts of "The King of Rome! The Empress!" By the side of Maria Louisa, was a little carriage drawn by four white goats. He paused, but his eye fell on a pale mother near him, whose tears dropped freely on the face of the child, which she clasped in her arms. He heard her say, in accents of grief—

"My poor little one! my darling! you have no carriage, my angel; no playthings; no toys of any kind. For him, abundance, pleasure, every joy of his age; for thee, desolation, suffering, poverty, hunger! What is it, that he should be happier than you, darling? Both born the same day, the same hour. I as young as his mother, and loving you as fondly as she loves him. But you have now no father, poor babe; you have no father!"

The artist kindly addressed the woman, asking her why she did not make her situation known to the empress. She said she had written to her, but the empress had not deigned to answer. He got her address, and when he met Josephine, related to her the incidents, and the next morning they visited the poor creature together.

Josephine caressed the orphan, and on rising, placed a purse in his hand, promised her a physician, and a more comfortable dwelling. At that moment, the door

opened, and Maria Louisa entered with an escort. She did not recognize Josephine, who spoke :

" Your intention is most laudable, doubtless, madam, but you are rather late ; the young mother and child are under my protection."

Maria replied haughtily,

" I have some reason to believe that my patronage will be a little more advantageous."

For two years Josephine protected the widow and the orphan. She died the 29th of May, 1814. When near her end, she said,

" At least, I shall die regretted. I have always desired the happiness of France ; I did all in my power to contribute to it, and I can say with truth to all of you now present, at my last moments, that the first wife of Napoleon *never* caused a single tear to flow."

Thus lived, and thus died, the amiable, self-sacrificing *Josephine*.

ORIGIN OF "UNCLE SAM."

MUCH learning and research have been exercised in tracing the origin of odd names and odd sayings, which, taking their rise in some trifling occurrence or event, easily explained or well understood for a time, yet in the course of years, becoming involved in mystery, assume an importance equal at least to the skill and ingenuity required to explain or trace them to their origin.

Who knows but a hundred years hence some "learned commentator" may puzzle his brain to furnish some ingenious explanation of the origin of the national appellation placed at the head of this article. To aid him, therefore, in his research, I will state the facts as they occurred under my own eye.*

* It would have afforded us pleasure to have given the name of this author ; but this article we copied from an exchange paper, where it appeared without any credit. The careless indifference manifested by some editors, of copying original articles without giving any credit for them, renders it quite impossible, in many instances, to ascertain whose production we are reading. When we meet with one of these fatherless-like articles, whose authorship we can not determine, and desire to give it a night's lodging under "The Student's" roof, we affix *selected* at the close of it, thus announcing that we lay no claim to it, further than to welcome it to our table.

Immediately after the declaration of the last war with England, Elbert Anderson, Esq., a contractor of provisions to supply the army of the United States, visited Troy, on the Hudson, where he purchased a large quantity of beef, pork, etc. The inspectors of these articles at that place, were Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (invariably known as "Uncle Sam") generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who, on this occasion, were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the contractor for the army.

The casks were marked "E. A.—U. S." —This work of marking fell to the lot of a facetious fellow in the employ of the Messrs. Wilson, who, on being asked by some of his fellow workmen, the meaning of the mark (for the letters U. S. for the United States were then entirely new to them), said, "he did not know, unless it meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam," —alluding exclusively to the said "Uncle Sam" Wilson.

The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently ; and "Uncle Sam" himself being present, was occasionally rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions.

Many of these workmen being of a character denominated "food for powder," were found shortly after following the recruiting drum, and pushing toward the frontier lines, for the double purpose of meeting the enemy, and of eating the provisions they had labored to put in good order. Their old jokes of course accompanied them, and before the first campaign ended, this identical one first appeared in print. It gained favor very rapidly, till it penetrated and was recognised in every part of our country, and will, no doubt, continue so long as the United States remain a nation.

The term *Uncle Sam* originated precisely as above stated ; and the writer of this article distinctly recollects remarking, at the time it first appeared in print, to a person who was equally aware of its origin, how odd it would be should this silly joke, originating in the midst of beef, pork, pickle, mud, salt, and hoop poles, eventually become a national cognomen.—*Selected*.

Coats of Arms, or State Seals.—No. 29.



KENTUCKY.

On the Seal of the State of Kentucky is the plain and unadorned device of two friends embracing, with the motto, "UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL."

Formerly, Kentucky was a part of Virginia, but in 1790 it became detached, and formed a constitution for itself. This state is situated in the center of the United States, with the Alleghany Mountains to the eastward, and the high lands of Tennessee on the south. Occupying the table-land of this portion of the Union, it enjoys a salubrious climate, free from all extremes.

It is bounded on the north by the state of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, from which it is separated by the Ohio River. It is separated from Virginia, on the east, by the Big Sandy River and the Cumberland Mountains, and bounded south by Tennessee. The western extremity extends to the Mississippi River, by which it is divided from the State of Missouri.

The only portion of this state that can be called mountainous, lies in the eastern

part, and is traversed by ridges of the Cumberland range. Hilly and broken land, however, is found along the Ohio River, but the soil of this region is good. The bottom lands, lying immediately on the river, are usually about a mile in width, and of rich, fertile soil; but they are subject to frequent inundations. The country between the Cumberland and Green Rivers is called the "Barrens."

In 1800 the legislature of the state bestowed this tract gratuitously on actual settlers, believing that it was of little value; but it proved to be excellent grain land, and also well adapted to grazing and raising of cattle; still, it is inferior to the rich prairie land.

The "garden of the state" lies east of the Green River. It is about 150 miles in length, and from 50 to 100 miles in width. The surface of this district is gently undulating, and the soil black and fertile. The forests here produce black-walnut, black-cherry, honey-locust, buck-eye, paw-paw, sugar-maple, mulberry,

elm, ash, cotton-wood, white-thorn, etc. The principal agricultural productions are wheat, rye, barley, Indian corn, oats, cotton, tobacco, potatoes, hemp, and flax.

The whole state, below the mountains, rests on a bed of limestone, which is usually found about ten feet below the surface. Through this formation there are numerous apertures, called "sink holes." Into these the waters of streams and rivers frequently disappear. The banks of the rivers in this state are peculiarly striking in their formations, and deep channels seem to have worn in the calcareous rocks. In many places, the scenery thus presented is truly sublime.

Between the Green and Cumberland rivers, in the southern part of the state, there are several wonderful caves. The most remarkable one is the Mammoth Cave, situated in Edmondson County. It has been explored some nine miles under ground, and it is supposed to extend many miles farther. It contains many winding avenues, waterfalls, lakes, and spacious apartments; the largest of these covers about eight acres, overspread by one solid arched roof of limestone, one hundred feet high. The Mammoth Cave is indeed a wonder of indescribable variety, which will increase in attractions as the world knows more of it.

The first permanent settlement in Kentucky was made by the celebrated hunter, Daniel Boone, in 1775, at the place where Boonesborough is now situated. In 1792 this territory was admitted into the Union as a state. Since that period it has rapidly progressed in population and wealth. It now has a population of 982,405, of which number about 211,000 are slaves. The state contains an area of 37,680 square miles, and is divided into 101 counties. Its capital, Frankfort, has about 4,500 inhabitants, and is situated on the Kentucky River, 60 miles from its junction with the Ohio.

The principal commercial city in the state is Louisville, on the south bank of the Ohio River, immediately above the Falls. It has a population of nearly 44,000 inhabitants. The State of Kentucky contains nine colleges, one theological seminary, and two each, of law and med-

ical schools; besides about 150 academies, and 1,200 common schools, with a still larger number of private ones.

This state has only 94 miles of railroad completed, and no canals, except for some two miles and a half around the rapids in the Ohio River. The elections are held the first Monday in August; the legislature meets the first Monday in December; the governor is chosen once in four years, and has a salary of \$2,500.

A DAY IN A LONDON WHOLESALE BOOKSTORE.

THE business of the day begins at nine o'clock, and in some houses a little earlier. Punctuality of attendance is so essential, that in houses where many assistants are kept, it is customary to have a book in which they sign their names as they arrive. This book is removed into the private counting-house as the last stroke of nine vibrates, and the unlucky arrivals after that instant have to proceed thither to sign their names in red ink, and sometimes with a pen handed to them with studious politeness by one of the heads of establishment. This contrivance is generally successful in enforcing punctuality, and punctuality is necessary, for "the post is in."

The medium mail of a first-rate house is from one hundred to one hundred and fifty letters, but often the number will run as high as three hundred, and these almost all contain orders for books, nearly the whole of which will be packed and sent off the same night, though each letter may require twenty different places to be visited to collect the various works required.

The letters are first received by the head porter, who is a man very superior to the porters generally employed. He cuts them open, and takes them into the counting-house, where they are inspected by one of the principals, or by a party appointed for that purpose. Their contents, if remittances, are handed to one party; if orders, to a second; if other business, to a third. Each department is complete in itself; and from constant practice, there is no difficulty.

ty in assigning every communication to one or other of them.

As the execution of the orders is the most laborious part of the business, I will follow a clerk with a bundle of open letters in his hand into the "country department." The arrangements of this important branch are admirably adapted for executing the numerous and complicated orders from the country quickly and accurately. The portion of the house allotted to this part of the business is divided into compartments, each fitted with desks, and benches, and all necessary conveniences. Each compartment is called a "division," and each division takes entire charge of so many letters of the alphabet as are allotted to it. All customers whose names begin with those letters, are, of course, the property of that particular division, and to those it attends, and to none other.

These compartments are each as distinct and complete in all their arrangements as so many separate houses of business. Each one consists of a "head" or manager, a "second" or assigning clerk, two or three collectors, a packer, and frequently there are several "extras" or assistants. These divisions are from two or three to six in number, according to the size of the house. Round each division are several wooden compartments, to receive the books ordered as they are collected; the orders are placed with them, that the goods may be called over with the letter previous to packing.

Each head of a division finds sundry signs affixed to the letters he receives for his special instruction. Thus those orders which the firm may not wish to execute, from the correspondent's account being over-due or doubtful, or from any other cause, are marked with a round O, signifying that the order is to be read as naught; books on which no commission is to be charged for the trouble of getting are marked with an X: and there are marks for other matters requiring attention.

Seated at his desk, the head of each division receives the letters handed to him by a clerk from the counting-house of the principal. First, the name and address of each correspondent are entered in a diary, and opposite each are put certain cabalistic

signs, to denote by what conveyance the parcel is to be sent off. Then the letter is handed to one of those under the direction, to be "looked out."

The stock of books kept by a large house is immense. The "London Catalogue" of modern publications contains the titles of 46,000 distinct works, and it will be easily understood, that without careful and exact arrangement it would be impossible to pick out particular books from a vast collection as soon as wanted. All the walls of every room are covered with shelves, and on these the books are ranged in piles in alphabetical order.

There are usually twenty alphabets of books; one for quarto, cloth; another for quarto, sewed; one for imperial octavo, cloth; another for imperial octavo, sewed; and so on, according to the size of the book, from quarto, a sheet folding into four leaves, down to 32mo, a sheet folding into thirty-two leaves; and sometimes there is a folio, and a miniature alphabet, for sizes above and below these.

Every book has a label stuck in its side, with its name and price clearly written on it; and when the last copy of a book is taken out of the alphabet, the label is "thrown up"—that is, put into a box kept for the purpose. The stock-clerk visits these boxes every day, and clears them, and the alphabets are replenished with such books as are kept tied up in large quantities. Those that can not be thus replaced, are kept in a book called the "Out-of-book," and the letters are arranged alphabetically in a drawer or cupboard until wanted again.

Following a clerk in his "looking-out" expedition, I go up stairs and down stairs, through what seem to me endless rooms and passages, passing by miles of books, sometimes stooping to the floor, sometimes mounting ladders to the ceiling, occasionally getting glimpses of heaven's light, but most often pursuing the search by aid of candles. This clerk is one of those who read as they run, his practiced eye catches the titles of books far off, almost before I can discern the label.

This process is repeated with each letter of orders, until the whole of them are "looked," or, in other words, until all the

books ordered in them that are contained in the stock are procured. But as a large proportion of the works ordered are not "kept in stock," it is necessary to dispatch messengers to purchase such books from their various publishers. This is the next business of the collectors. They carry with them a blue bag, and a book containing the order they have to execute.

By one o'clock it is expected that the work of "looking out" from the stock is finished. The head of the department then goes through each letter, and marks the books not found in stock with an E or W, according as the books wanted are published east or west of the Row. The letters are then passed through the hands of the east and west collectors, for each to extract the orders which belong to him. This done, the collectors' books are carefully read over by a person who has the most extensive knowledge of literature and publishers, and whose business it is to check every order, and see that nothing is purchased which is contained in stock, and that the collectors thoroughly understand the books wanted. The parties who thus watch over the stock and the collectors are remarkable for their capacious memories, and one or two of them are perfect living catalogues. The late Mr. Taylor, of Simpkin & Marshall's house, had most marvelous powers of recollection in this way.

The process of "taking down" in the memorandum book being completed, the collector commences the second branch of his day's labor. Often this requires a walk of many miles, requiring from three to four hours. At six o'clock these collectors have all returned, from the East and the West, laden with their burden of books. Thus every country bookseller has the books he orders, collected over a surface of many miles, and from a score of publishers.

Still, every order is not executed; some books are "out of print," some being printed in the country, and the London agent being out of them, are described as "none in town;" others are binding, and said to be "none done up;" and others again can not be met with at all, and are set down in the invoice as "can't find."

While the collectors are out, the heads

and seconds of the divisions are entering up the day-books, and preparing the invoices, and until the collectors return, at five or six o'clock, the houses are very quiet. As they come in the parcels are "called," which consists in calling over each item, and carefully examining the books "looked out" or "collected." The invoices are then completed, the prices are filled in from the collectors' books, and the parcels are handed over to the packers; and, lastly, dispatched to the booking-offices for conveyance to their destinations. The invoices are usually sent off by post that evening.

This is the general routine of each day's business of the wholesale houses; and when we consider the magnitude of the publishing trade, and the number of new books continually issued, it is surprising to what perfection the system is carried, and how correctly it works.—*The British Journal, a London Monthly Magazine.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A mother's love, so deep and pure,
Its worth can ne'er be told;
'Tis brighter than the purest gem,
And richer far than gold.

A mother's love, so fond and true,
It ne'er forsakes her child,
The dutiful and faithful, nor
The wayward and the wild.

A mother's love, God's precious gift!
How sad the lot of those
Who never knew its blessedness,
But feel an orphan's woes!

A mother's love, I feel it now,
As, bending o'er my boy,
I thank my Father for this gift,
Which fills my heart with joy.

A mother's love long may he know,
And feel her ceaseless care,
And in his future life fulfill
His parent's earnest prayer.

Boston Olive Branch.

Manufacture of Iron.—No. 3.

MALLEABLE IRON.

BY DR. J. R. HOWARD.

HAVING, in our last, traced the manufacture of iron to the extraction of the metal from the ore, through the different processes which it has to undergo in the furnace, we now come to its conversion from the brittle to the malleable material.

When it comes from the furnace in which the ore is smelted, it is hard and brittle, and unfit for the usual manufacturing purposes for which malleable iron is required. It is true that in this state it answers many valuable purposes, and several for which the wrought iron, as the malleable is generally termed, is used.

It is *cast* into a great variety of useful articles and utensils, as stoves, pots, ovens, kettles, etc.; but it can not, in this state, be *worked* in the smith's forge, and converted into all the different and almost endless variety of articles, of every form and shape, for which it is required. This can be done only in its malleable state; and hence it has to be converted into that.

For this purpose, long bars, called "pigs," are taken, and broken in pieces, and put into small, open furnaces. The quantity put in is called a *charge*, and usually consists of about three hundred pounds. There are generally several of these furnaces together, arranged in the best manner for convenience. They are blown by a large pair of cylindrical bellows, moved by steam, with tubes or pipes leading to each furnace, to conduct the air to them.

Each furnace has also a small stream of water (from a reservoir above, to which it is raised by pumps) constantly running by its side, to use in smothering down the fire when necessary, cooling the iron instruments when they become too hot, etc. The metal placed in the furnace has added to it a large quantity of charcoal, by which it is again melted. It is now constantly stirred, for about two hours and a half, with strong iron rods. Charcoal is added from time to time, as may be necessary,

and water used to deaden the fires, when they become too hot. During this process, by the constant action of the oxygen of the atmosphere, from the stream of air sent in from the bellows, aided by the charcoal and heat, the metal parts with a large portion of its carbon, and gradually assumes the malleable state.

By the constant stirring of the metal, while thus hot, and the attractive influence of the particles in uniting together, as they assume the malleable state, it becomes formed, at length, into a large, round, rough ball, called a "loop." It is now ready for the hammer. This consists of a very large, massive block of cast iron, weighing about eight thousand pounds, called a "tilt hammer." It has a separate face screwed fast and fitting to it, of properly tempered wrought iron or steel. Under it is placed an anvil of cast iron, with a similar face. This hammer is raised and let fall upon the anvil, by machinery propelled by steam.

The "loop" is brought and placed on the anvil, upon which it is turned about by large tongs, until hammered into an oblong, square-shaped piece of iron, called a "bloom." Sometimes, when required of smaller size, at a proper stage in the process it is cut in two by a "chisel," and then formed into two or three blooms. Scales that fall off, in this process of hammering, are called "hampsel." These are carefully preserved, taken back to the different furnaces, and added occasionally to the metal, during the stirring, to facilitate the changing it into the malleable state. This process of rendering the metal malleable is called "nobbling," where *charcoal* is used, and the men or hands employed in it are called "nobblers."

But there is another process of changing the metal into the malleable state, somewhat different from the above. It is called "puddling," and the men or hands engaged in it are called "puddlers." In this the

metal is weighed out in much larger "charges," consisting of several hundred pounds weight, broken to pieces, and put into large, close furnaces. Stone coal and wood are used principally in this process.

The metal is first melted down, when it foams or "boils" up, awhile, and then sinks down again. Hence the process is sometimes called "boiling," and the iron made by it "boiled iron."

As soon as the metal boils and sinks down, it is stirred and worked in a manner somewhat similar to "nobbling," until formed into several "loops" of convenient size, when it is ready for the hammer. This iron, though as good for some purposes as the other, is not as valuable for general purposes as the "nobbled" iron; but as it is an easier, more economical, and cheaper process, as it can be made in larger quantities than the "nobbled" iron, hence it is sold cheaper.

It is not the metal from every furnace that will make good malleable iron. In fact, the metal from some furnaces will not, of itself, make iron fit for such use. In this case, it has to be mixed with metal from other furnaces, when it will make good iron.

INDIGO.

WHAT IT IS, AND HOW PREPARED.

INDIGO is obtained from a shrub-like plant, common in the equatorial regions, growing from two to three feet in height. This plant requires a rich, light soil, and a warm exposure. As it approaches to maturity, the leaves undergo a sudden change in color, from a light to a dark green. As soon as this change is observed, the branches are cut off from the parent stem early in the morning, and spread out in the sun till the afternoon, by which time the leaves have become sufficiently dry to be beaten off.

These leaves are then placed in storehouses, where they are closely packed by the natives. The plants soon send forth a new crop, which is gathered in the same manner as the first. In a favorable season, this process of gathering is repeated three

or four times, after which the ground is plowed for another sowing. The dried leaves are kept in the storehouses about a month, during which time they change from the dark green to a light lead color.

These dried leaves are next placed in a steeping-vat, where water is poured over them, in the proportion of six volumes of water to one of leaves. After remaining in this position a few hours, during which time the oxygen of the atmosphere changes the color to a blue, the liquid is drawn off into another vat, where lime-water is thoroughly mixed with it. The *indigo* now settles on the bottom of the vat, from which the water is withdrawn. It is then placed in a straining cloth, and the water allowed to drain from it. Next it is put into a copper boiler, and a little water added, when it is boiled.

From the boiler it is transferred to straining cloths, and again drained. Then, after having been worked by the hands of the natives, to free it from air-bubbles, it is placed in pressing-boxes, where, by means of a powerful screw, the water is separated from the indigo, which is now in square cakes, about two inches in thickness. These cakes are gradually dried in the shade, and the indigo becomes fit for exportation.

Indigo is cultivated in Central America, and in the West and East Indies.

MAXIMS TO GUIDE THE YOUNG.

KEEP good company or none.
K
Never be idle. If your hands can not be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth.
When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Never listen to loose and infidel conversation.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

Never speak lightly of religion.
Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Youth's Department.

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, to fix
The generous purpose, and the noble thought.

THE TWO SCHOOL GIRLS; OR, A LESSON OF FORGIVENESS.

A GROUP of little girls were standing, one clear day in summer, on the green in front of their school-house. They were in earnest discussion, and long and loud were the voices, while one modest-looking child in the center was trying in vain to wipe away the tears, that, in spite of all her efforts, would roll over her cheeks.

"Never mind, Mary," said one, "we all know you ought to have been at the head; and that you would have been, if it had not been for Margaret Nelson."

"I feel sorry I lost my place," said Mary, "but I am not crying for that. I loved Margaret, and I thought she loved me; but I do not like to think that any one could have been so selfish and mean."

"You might have let me tell Mrs. Carter, and I know you would not have lost your place then, Mary."

"Oh, no, Ellen; I do not want to disgrace Margaret in Mrs. Carter's eyes. It is bad enough that you happened to hear her, and to know it."

"I don't believe there is a single girl in our class who will speak to her after this, unless you do."

"I hope I shall try to do right about it," answered Mary.

"I'll leave her no peace," said Lucy, "for I'll talk to her every chance I can get; and I only wish I could make my voice sound as if it came from all corners of the room, like a ventriloquist, and she should hear all sorts of sounds."

"I don't believe that would do any good, Lucy. It is best to say nothing about it."

"I will not promise to say nothing about it," replied Anna; "for I do not think I can help speaking. The mean, contemptible girl!"

"Well," answered Mary, "we shall not be in season for our dinners, if we talk here much longer. We must go."

Mary and Anna turned down the road, and the other girl went in an opposite direction.

"Now, what are you going to do?" asked Anna. "You surely will not treat Margaret just as you did before, will you?"

"I ought to do it; but I can not say that I shall. I hope I shall be able. But it is very hard not to make any difference; and, in spite of myself, my manner or my tone might show I felt injured, if my words did not. I am sure I did not think, last Sunday, when Miss Deane, my Sunday-school teacher, told us about forgiveness of injuries, that I should have to practice it so soon."

"If you do," said Anna, "you will be the first school girl that ever did. But you are a dear, good girl, Mary," added Anna, kissing her; "and we all know where your place should be, if Mrs. Carter does not. Good-bye." And Anna ran across the street, leaving Mary on her own door-steps.

Mary stood in the large entry closet, while she was putting away her bonnet and shawl, and tried to feel kindly toward Margaret; but it was hard work, and Mrs. Coleman saw, when she raised her eyes, as Mary entered the parlor, that her face was clouded.

"Well, dear," she said, inquiringly,

"tell me all about it. Your face tells a history, though I am not quite skillful enough to read it exactly."

"I can tell you the story, mother; but I think I had better not tell you the name of the person, except I will say that she is one of my best friends. She was next to me in the class, and I always thought she did not care to get above me; at least she has often told me so. To-day there was a hard question in arithmetic, and I asked her the explanation of it in recess, because I had seen her ask Mrs. Carter just before, and knew she must have told her the right one. She gave me the explanation, and two or three of the other girls listened, and heard it, too. The question came to me, and I explained it as she had told me. Mrs. Carter said it was wrong, and passed it to her, without waiting to hear what I had to say. She did it correctly, and went above me. I thought I must have mistaken what the girl had said, though I did not see how I could have done so; but Sarah Lee was standing by the desk when Mrs. Carter explained the sum; and she showed it afterward to one of the girls who had heard what my friend had said. This girl was coming to tell me; but recess was over before she could find me. Sarah accused her of telling me the wrong way, when school was done; and all the girls who were near said she looked very guilty, and muttered something to herself, and then hurried off as fast as possible."

"Could any child do such a mean, selfish action? I can hardly believe it."

"I tried not to believe it, mother; but it must be true. I can not bear to think any one would do it."

"Did you tell Mrs. Carter, after school?"

"No, mamma. I did not want her to know it. The girls were going to tell her, but I begged they would not. I feel troubled about it, and grieved that any one I love should do so."

"Are you sure you are not *angry*, instead of grieved?"

"I think so, mamma. I was very angry at first, but I do not feel at all as I did then."

"I am sorry that this should have happened; but I want you to try to do right about it. Try to treat her as if she had not injured you." Mary promised to do her best.

At school, in the afternoon, Margaret studiously avoided Mary, and turned her head whenever she saw her approaching. When school was out, she ran home, without waiting for any of the girls.

A matter so generally known in school could not fail to reach the ears of Mrs. Carter. In fact, she heard it the very next day. She was walking home behind Sarah Lee and Lucy, when she heard the latter say, "She is an *abominable cheat*, and I wish she would leave the school."

"Who is such a cheat?" she asked.

The girls turned, and seeing Mrs. Carter, looked very much confused; but on her repeating the question, Lucy answered: "I wanted to tell you all about it yesterday, but Mary Coleman would not let me. But, as you have asked, now I shall tell you." And she related the whole affair.

Mrs. Carter was surprised and grieved. "Why," she inquired, "was Mary unwilling that I should know it? She would certainly have kept her place."

"Because she said Margaret was injured in the good opinion of the scholars, and she did not wish her to lose your good opinion, too."

At the corner of the street, Mrs. Carter bade the scholars "good morning," and went home, forming a plan to punish Margaret. At school, that afternoon, she called Margaret to her, and had a long talk with her. The girl returned to her seat, weeping violently, but shook off the hand Mary placed on her shoulder, rather seeming angry at being found out, than sorry for having been so deceitful and selfish.

More than a week passed by, and Margaret still avoided Mary. One day, in recess, however, Mary saw her friend crying, as if in great trouble. She went to her, and kindly asked her the cause of her tears. Her tone was so pleasant and sympathizing, that Margaret said she could not perform her questions in arithmetic, and that none of the girls would show her. Asking the teacher was out of the question, as she was engaged with a gentleman. Mary sat down by her, and helped her. She was finishing the last question when the bell rang.

After school, she asked Margaret to walk with her, and the two were soon chatting pleasantly as ever. As they came near home, on their return, Margaret grew silent, and scarcely answered her companion; but, just as they were about to separate, she made a great effort, and said: "Mary, I shall never feel happy till you have your right place again. I do not know what could have tempted me to treat you so unkindly. I have not had a happy hour since; and when I tried to pray, morning and night, the words choked me. Do say you forgive me, and don't refuse to take your place again." Mary had refused to do this, though Mrs. Carter had urged it several times.

"I will take the place," she answered, "when I get above you fairly, but not till then. I had *forgiven* you long ago. I did feel very angry at first, and afterward was sorry that you did so; but let us never say any more about it."

The girls parted; Mary with the lightest of hearts, and Margaret resolved to follow Mary's good example. We may add, that this example was not lost upon others among her schoolmates, who were led to forgive, not perhaps as serious offenses, but little matters which are often a root of bitterness among school-girls; and Margaret herself always remained a firm friend to Mary, and prayed and strove sincerely for the spirit of forgiveness.—*Child's Friend.*

NIGHT AND DAY:

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY ELIZA A. CHASE.

NIGHT and Day disputed with each other for the preference. The fiery, glowing boy, Day, began the dispute.

"Poor, dusky mother," said he, "what hast thou like my sun, my heaven, my fields, my active, restless life? What thou hast killed I resuscitate to the sense of a new existence; what thou hast exhausted I arouse."

"Dost thou receive thanks for thy tumult?" said the modest, veiled Night. "Must I not revive what thou hast wearied? And how could I do it, but through forgetfulness of thee? Whereas I, the mother of gods and men, take all that I have created in my bosom. As soon as they touch the hem of my garment, they forget thy false show, and gently bow down their heads. And then I exalt; then I nourish the tranquil soul with heavenly dew. To the eye that in thy sunbeams could not look toward heaven, I, the veiled Night, reveal a host of innumerable suns, innumerable pictures, new hopes, and new stars."

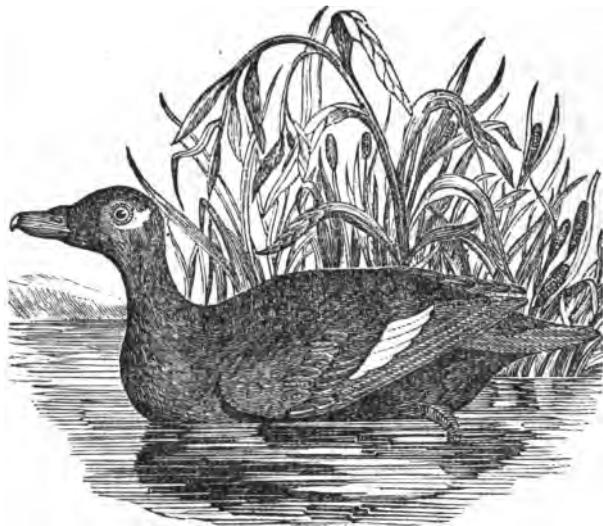
The prattling Day just touched the hem of her garment, and silent and languid he sunk on her enveloping bosom. But she sat in her star-mantle, on her star-throne, with an eternally peaceful countenance.

AGAINST LYING.

OH! 'tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does *one* fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it *two*.

Selected.



THE DUCK.*

THE Duck tribe differs from the Goose, chiefly in size and color, their form and habits being similar to those of geese. Like geese, some of this tribe have been long domesticated, while most of the species remain wild.

Through all their varieties, Ducks are much alike in most of their manners and habits. They all dive, fly, or swim, as occasion requires. Most of them inhabit the salt water; but some kinds live entirely among rivers, lakes, and ponds, and never approach the sea.

Ducks are stupid and careless birds. Even in nurturing their young, they do not usually display that attention and vigilance so common to the feathered race. The female seems to be a heedless, inattentive mother, and often forgets her young when they most need her care.

Having led them to the pond, she seems to think that she has provided for all their wants, by showing them the water. She does not, like the hen, call her family around her, and teach them how to provide for themselves.

If the vermin about the pond destroy

her young, she does not miss them, and if she hears them cry, she takes little notice of their distress. While sitting, she sometimes loafers away her time at the pond, ducking and refreshing herself in the water, until her eggs grow cold and lifeless.

The hen is a nurse of much better character. She sits on her eggs with the most determined perseverance; never leaves them, but for a few moments at a time, and hurries back as though her presence was of the utmost consequence.

If her mistress prefers to have her hatch a brood of ducks instead of her own offspring, she adopts the little strangers, and brings them up with the same care as if they had been her own chickens. And when the little ducklings, from instinct, plunge into the water, and swim and flutter, happy in their own element, the frightened foster-mother stands amazed at the sight, and clucks and calls them to come away from a place she so much dreads.

* This article is compiled chiefly from "Comstock's Natural History," published by Pratt, Woodford, & Co, New York.

The name *Duck* was doubtless given this fowl from its habit of plunging in the water. The principal varieties of Ducks are the "Wild, or Black Duck," the "Eider Duck," and the "Canvas-back." The Wild Duck is represented by the engraving at the head of this article. This class is the parent stock of the tame ducks.

The EIDER DUCK is about twice the size of a common Duck. It inhabits the Western Isles of Scotland, the coasts of Norway, Iceland, Greenland, and the northern parts of North America. It has long been celebrated on account of the down which it affords, and which, in Europe and America, is considered a great luxury, because of its lightness and warmth. This is called *eider down*.

The inhabitants of the countries where the Eider Ducks are common, make it a part of their business to plunder these poor birds of their eggs and their down. Their eggs they use for food, and by the sale of the down they obtain considerable sums of money.

The nests of these ducks are formed of dry grass and sea-weed, and lined on the inside with down, which the female plucks from her breast for this purpose. In the nest thus made soft and warm, she lays five eggs, which she also covers with down.

The inhabitants, having found these nests while building, know where to visit them again; and after the eggs are all laid, they go and take them away, together with the down which covers them, and also that with which the nest is lined.

The female then begins again, and a second time strips her breast, lines the nest with the down, and lays more eggs; but again she is deprived of both by the same hand that plundered her before.

Once more the poor bird, in her anxiety to raise a family, begins to prepare a place to hatch them; but her breast being naked, can afford no down with which to furnish it. In this extremity the male kindly comes to her relief, and

plucks his own breast to give her the proper quantity of down. The down from the male is known from its being whiter than that of the female.

Frequently these cruel robbers take away that which had been so generously bestowed by the male bird, and the poor ducks, after being thrice robbed, finding that no mercy is shown them, abandon their nest in despair, and seek a more solitary situation, where, unmolested, they can raise their brood.

It is said that a duck will thus furnish half a pound of down in a single season. This is so valuable, that it sells, in Lapland, for two dollars a pound. In 1750, the Icelandic Company sold \$4,000 worth of this down. This same company procure from fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds of it every year.

Eider down is extremely fine, soft, and warm, and so elastic that three quarters of an ounce of it will fill a large hat.

The male Eider Duck is exceedingly attentive to the female while she is sitting on her eggs, and during that time remains near the shore, swimming backward and forward not far from the nest, to see that nothing disturbs her. But as soon as the young are hatched, he sails away, and leaves the brood to take care of themselves.

The mother, however, has more feeling for her young. She takes care to early introduce them to the water, as the place on which their after lives are chiefly to be spent. Having led them to the edge of the water, she makes the whole brood crawl upon her back, and then swims off a little distance from the shore.

After floating the young ducks about in this manner for awhile, she dives under the water, leaving her brood to exercise themselves in swimming. This is their first lesson, and they improve it so well that they are afterward seldom seen upon the land.

The CANVAS-BACK is found in great numbers along the creeks and ponds of

eastern and southern New Jersey, and the vicinity of Chesapeake Bay, during the months of November and December.

The flesh of this duck is considered such a luxury in Philadelphia and New York, that a single pair will sell for from one to three dollars.

A NOBLE ACT OF HUMANITY.

As I was returning from school, a few days since, my attention was attracted to the opposite side of the street by the singular appearance of an old man, who, with a cane, and by means of clinging to the fence, seemed vainly endeavoring to proceed. My first impression was that he was intoxicated; but I was soon convinced that I was mistaken.

He was apparently very old and feeble. His head was covered with hair of snowy whiteness, and his steps were so irregular, that it seemed as if his trembling limbs could not carry him much farther.

After proceeding a short distance, as I had anticipated, he fell prostrate on the ground. My first thought was to offer him my help, but I did not; I know not why I was restrained from so doing. I looked at him, and perceived that his features were frightfully distorted, his eyes projected from his head, and his limbs seemed rigidly extended.

While I stood looking at him, uncertain what to do, there came by two little girls, apparently about ten years of age. They were twin sisters. Perceiving the prostrate man, they went immediately to him, and with a courage and presence of mind with which I was greatly astonished, and with as much tenderness as if he had been their father, they administered to his aid.

One of them stooped on the frozen ground, and lifting his head, supported it with her little hands, and parted the disheveled hair over his wrinkled brow, while the other wiped the moisture from

his face, on which her tears, called forth by the sight of his suffering, were dropping fast.

I inquired if they knew him. They replied that they never saw him before. I could not persuade them to leave him until some one came and conveyed him away in a carriage. They raised him up, and with the united strength of their little, frail arms, supported him.

This incident, though apparently simple, was to me a very interesting and beautiful one. It is something that will never fade from my memory. I was strongly impressed with the scene, and it caused emotions which I never experienced before. It seemed so beautifully emblematical of the innocence and fearlessness of children, to see those little girls supporting that aged man.

They seemed to think they were only doing their duty; and when I interrogated them as to how they ventured to perform the part which they had, they wondered at my words, and said, "Why should we fear to go to him? We never injured him; *why* should we fear that he would injure us?"

I believe it is a true saying, that those who know no sin know no fear; and I am sure it was exemplified in the conduct of these fearless ones, who did not hesitate to approach one whom they never saw before, and perform an act of humanity which would have done honor to persons of twice their age. May they ever be as ready to aid and befriend the old and wretched, and they can not but be happy.—*Boston Traveler.*

THE WAY TO BE BRAVE.

SPEAK kindly to that poor old man,
Pick up his fallen cane,
And place it gently in his hand,
That he may walk again.
His bundle, too, replace with care,
Beneath his trembling arm;
Brave all the taunts that you may hear,
To give his life a charm.

A braver deed than scorners boast
Will be your triumph then;
A braver deed than angels tell
Of some distinguished men.
Yes, leave that thoughtless, sneering crowd,
Dare to be *Good* and *Kind*,
Then let them laugh, as laugh they may,
Pass on; but never mind.

Pass on; but think once more of him,
The wreck that you have seen,
How, once a happy boy like you,
He sported on the green:
A cloudless sky above his head,
The future bright and fair,
And friends all watching o'er his couch,
To breathe affection's prayer.

But oh, the change! He wanders now
Forsaken, lone, and sad—
Thrice blessed is the task of those
Who strive to make him glad.
Speak kindly to that poor old man,
Pick up his fallen cane,
For that will ease his burdened heart,
And make him smile again.

Selected.

KINDNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

THE sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, that are bright all the time. In the nursery, on the play-ground, in the school-room, there is room all the time for little acts of kindness, that cost nothing, but are worth more than gold or silver.

"To give up something, where giving up will prevent unhappiness; to yield, when persisting will chafe and fret others; to go a little around, rather than come against another; to take an ill word or a cross look quietly, rather than to resent or return it; these are the ways in which clouds and storms are kept off, and a pleasant sunshine secured."

My young friends, will you not learn to practice all these acts of kindness during youth? They will gain you many friends, and make your days happy.

THE AUTUMN WIND.

BY LUCIA.

WHAT music wild and thrilling
Is borne upon the gale?
It sounds around my casement
Like a saddened spirit's wail.

Along the mountain forest
It pours its solemn song,
Through waves of dying foliage,
And cedars high and strong.

'Mid bowers of fading myrtle
I hear its touching strain,
Above the withered chaplets,
Which will not bloom again.

I love the gale of autumn,
It sighs above decay
A requiem for summer,
And fair things passed away.

It warns me, too, that beauty
And youth will quickly fade,
And the spirit's icy signet
On every form be laid.

Wail! mournful winds of autumn,
I love thy sweeping wing;
It bears a richer music
Than sweetest minstrels sing.

NEVER GIVE UP.

NEVER give up; for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup;
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword, *Never give up!*

Never give up!—'tis the secret of glory,
Nothing so wise, can philosophy preach;
Think on the names that are famous in story—
Never give up, is the lesson they teach.

Selected

IN walking, always turn your toes out and your thoughts inward. The former will prevent you from falling into cellars, the latter from falling into iniquity.

For Children.

"To aid the mind's development, and watch
The dawn of little thoughts."



LOOKING THROUGH THE TELESCOPE AT THE STARS.

OH, grandpa! How many stars I can see!" exclaimed little Susan, as she put one hand over her right eye, and looked at the stars through the telescope in her grandfather's study.

"Let me look," said Henry; "I want to see them too."

Susan was a kind-hearted little girl, and always ready to please her brother. She soon let Henry take her place on the stool, and then she began to ask a great many questions about the stars.

"Grandpa, what are the stars?"

"We believe them to be suns, which give light and heat to other worlds, as our sun does to us."

"But, grandpa, they must be very

little suns, and I should not think they would give much light or heat."

"Ah, my dear, they appear so small to us, because they are so very far away. Their distance from us is so great, that we can hardly tell the number of miles.

"When you rode forty miles an hour in the cars, the other day, you thought it was going very swiftly; but it would take the cars more than two hundred and fifty-six years to go as far as the distance from us to the sun, should they run forty miles an hour all the time, day and night.

"But, my dear, the stars are a great way farther off than the sun is. The nearest one is more than two hundred

thousand times more distant than the sun."

"Grandpa, I have been looking at the 'Seven Stars,'" said Henry, "and I counted as many as thirty stars in that cluster. Why is this, grandpa?"

"Because, my child, some of the stars are so very far away that we can not see their light at all with the naked eye; but when we look through a telescope they may be seen. That is the case with those stars that you see in the group called the 'Seven Stars.'"

"How wonderful! I never knew before that the stars were so far away, or that any body thought them suns, like ours. But, grandpa, where can we learn more about the stars?"

"By reading books that treat of Astronomy. But at some other time I will tell you much more about the heavenly bodies."

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I MEAN TO BE GOOD TO-DAY.

LITTLE Emma said, one day, "Now, mother, I mean to try and be a good girl all day, and see if the smiles will not come creeping, creeping all over my face." And she put up her little fingers and traced around her cherry mouth and little rosy cheeks. "They will come creeping, creeping, just so, mother, and I shall have a little smiling face all over."

Oh, I thought, if all little children would make such a resolution as that, every morning, what a set of happy, smiling faces we should see!

Did you never see a little child who looked very cross in the morning, who would cry when her mother washed her,

stick out her little feet when her mother put on her shoes and stockings, and shake her little shoulders when she put on her dress, and be sulky for full an hour? Would the "smiles come creeping, creeping" over that cross child's face? No; I fear they would wait a long time before they came there.

Emma is sometimes cross in the morning, and then she seems to think about it, and say, "I mean to be a good little girl, mother; you shall have no naughty Emma to-day." And then her mother looks at her, and a little smile is creeping, creeping over Emma's face, and she is all one smile.

Emma is a very little girl; she was only two years old last August; but I never knew a little girl who kept trying to be good all the time as she does. Every night she says, "Our Father, please make Emma a good little girl, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Children, when you feel cross, and do not want to be washed, and dressed, and have your hair brushed, or when you speak in a sulky voice, and pout, and cry, think of little Emma, and say, "Now, I mean to be a good child to-day, and then the smiles will come creeping, creeping."

Your mother loves to see the smiles. When she sees the pouting lips, and the tears in the eyes, she grieves, and wonders how soon they will be changed for a cheerful face, where the smiles will love to come.

So put away your sour looks, little children, and see, see, the smiles are coming, creeping, creeping out of the corners of your mouth, over the little rosy cheek, lighting up the blue eyes,

and the whole face looks like a pleasant landscape, when the sun shines upon it.

But the frowning face is like a landscape when a dark cloud comes over the bright sky, and all is black and dismal.

Our Father in heaven loves to see the cheerful face of a little child, for it tells of a cheerful heart.

So try every day, little girls and little boys, try if you can not be good children every day, and look out, and you will see the smiles come creeping, creeping.—

Well-Spring.

◆◆◆
A TRUE HERO.

PAUL and James were brothers, one nine and the other twelve years of age. They attended the same school. James, the youngest, was ill-tempered and obstinate, but much beloved by Paul. The teacher, one day, was about to punish James, when Paul stepped up and said to him—

“I wish you would punish me, and spare my little brother.”

“My dear Paul,” said the teacher, in surprise, “you are one of my best boys. You have done nothing to deserve punishment. I can not punish you, my boy.”

“But,” said Paul, “I shall suffer more to see my brother’s disgrace and punishment than I should from any thing you can do to me.”

“Why, Paul,” said the teacher, “what do you mean? I can not punish you.”

“My brother is a little boy, younger than I am,” said Paul. “Pray, sir, allow me to take all the punishment. I can bear any thing from you, sir. Do

take me, and let my little brother go.”

“Well, ‘James,’ said the teacher, “What do you say to this noble offer of Paul?”

James looked at his brother, and said nothing.

“Do let me be punished, and let my dear brother go,” urged Paul.

“Why, Paul,” said the teacher, “do you wish to receive the stripes instead of James?”

“Jesus gave his back to the smiters,” said Paul, “and received stripes for the good of his enemies. James is my brother. Oh, sir, do forgive him, and let me be punished.”

“But James does not wish me to forgive him,” said the teacher. “Why should you feel so anxious about it? Does he not deserve correction?”

“Oh, yes, sir,” said Paul, “he has broken the rules, and is sullen and willful, and somebody must suffer. Do take me, and spare my brother.”

Paul threw his arms around his brother’s neck, and wept as if his heart would break! This was more than James could bear. His tears began to flow, and he embraced his generous brother.

The teacher clasped both in his arms and forgave James, for he was more sorry for his conduct than if he had been punished ten times.—*Selected.*

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DROWNING THE SQUIRREL.

WHEN I was about six years old, one morning, going to school, a ground-squirrel ran into his hole in the road before me. They like to dig holes in some

open place, where they can put out their head to see if any danger is near.

I thought, now I will have some fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole till it would be full, and force the little animal up, so that I might kill it.

I got a trough from beside a sugar-maple, used for catching the sweet sap, and was soon pouring the water in on the poor squirrel. I could hear it struggling to get up, and said, "Ah, my fine fellow, I will soon have you out."

Just then I heard a voice behind me. "Well, my boy, what have you got in there?"

I turned and saw one of my neighbors, a good old man, with long white locks, that had seen sixty winters.

"Why," said I, "I have a ground-squirrel in here, and am going to drown him out, if I can do it."

Said he, "Jonathan, when I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged, one day, just as you are—drowning a ground-squirrel; and an old man like me came along, and said to me—

"'You are a little boy; now, if you were down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come along and pour water down on you, to drown you, would you not think I was cruel? God made that little squirrel, and life is as sweet to it as it is to you; and why will you torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?'"

Said he, "I have never forgotten that, and never shall. I have never killed any harmless creature for fun since. Now, my dear boy, I want you

to remember this while you live, and when tempted to kill any poor little innocent animal or bird, think of this; and mind, God don't allow us to kill his pretty little creatures for fun."

More than forty years have since passed, and I never forgot what the good man said, nor have I ever killed the least animal for fun since.

Now, you see it is ninety years since this advice was first given, and it has not lost its influence yet. How many little creatures it has saved from being tortured to death, I can not tell; but I have no doubt a great number, and I believe my whole life has been influenced by it.

Now, I want all the little boys, when they read this, to keep it in mind; and when they see pretty birds or harmless animals playing or hunting their food, not to hurt them. Your Heavenly Father made them, and he never intended them to be killed for fun.—*Child's Paper.*

A STORY FOR BOYS.

IT is related of a Persian mother, that, on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said, "Go, my son; I consign thee to God, and we shall not meet again till the day of judgment."

The youth went away, and the party he traveled with was assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had, and he said, "Forty dinars are sewed up in my garments." He laughed, thinking he jested. Another asked him

the same question, and received the same answer.

At last the chief called him, and asked him the same question, and he said, "I have told two of your people already that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes."

He ordered the clothes to be ripped open, and found the money.

"And how came you to tell this?" said he.

"Because," replied the child, "I would not be false to my mother, whom I promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother at thy years, and I am insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it." He did so, and his followers were all struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to the chief, "be the same in the path of virtue;" and they instantly made restitution of spoils, and vowed repentance on the boy's hand.

There is a moral in this story, which goes beyond the direct influence of the mother on the child. The noble sentiment infused into the breast of the child is again transferred from breast to breast, till those who feel it know not whence it came.—*Mrs. Whittelsey's Magazine.*

"HE NEVER TOLD A LIE."

Mrs. PARK, in his Travels in Africa, relates that a party of armed Moors having made a predatory attack on the flocks of a village at which he was stop-

ping, a youth of the place was mortally wounded in the affray.

The natives placed him on horseback and conducted him home, while his mother preceded the mournful group, proclaiming all the excellent qualities of her boy, and by her clasped hands and streaming eyes discovered the inward bitterness of her soul.

The quality for which she chiefly praised the boy formed of itself an epitaph so noble, that even civilized life could not aspire to a higher. She said, with pathetic energy, "He never, never, never told a lie."—*Selected.*

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES

ANGRY looks can do no good,
And blows are dealt in blindness;
Words are better understood,
If spoken but in kindness.

Simple love far more hath wrought,
Although by childhood muttered,
Than all the battles ever fought,
Or oaths that men have uttered.

Friendship oft would longer last,
And quarrels be prevented,
If little words were let go past—
Forgiven, not resented.

Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
For angry thoughts reveal them;
Rather drown them all in tears,
Than let another feel them.

Gems from the Spirit Mine.

BE very careful in your promises and just in your performances; and remember, it is better to do and not promise, than promise and not perform.

Our Mississ.

ORIGIN OF FOOLSCAP.—Every school-boy knows what foolscap paper is, but we doubt whether one in a hundred that daily use it can tell why it was so called.

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I., he caused the stamp of the cap of Liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., having occasion to use some paper for dispatches, some of this government paper was brought to him. On looking at it, and discovering the stamp, he inquired the meaning of it, and on being told, he said, "Take it away; I'll have nothing to do with a fool's cap."

Thus originated the term *Foolscap*, which has since been applied to a size of writing paper, usually about 16 by 18 inches.

AN UNFORTUNATE PUPIL.—“*Feller Citizens*,” said a candidate for office somewhere out West; “*Feller citizens*; you are well aware I never went to school in my life but three times, and that was a night school. Two nights the teacher didn’t come, and t’other night *I hadn’t any candle!*”

Selfishness is base metal, out of which we forge rack-wheels to torture Justice.

The Psalms are a jewel cluster made up of the gold of doctrine, the pearls of comfort, and the gems of prayer.

Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice.

“A COMPANY OF HORSE AND FOOT.”—A Canadian pedagogue sends us, as the opinion of his “First Grammar-Class,” that the words *horse* and *foot* in this phrase, are not nouns, but adjectives, used to qualify the noun *men* understood; thus making the sentence read, “A company of *horsemen* and *footmen*.”

Suppose we admit that the idea is just as clearly expressed by *horsemen* and *footmen*, nothing would be gained by it; for in that case the words *horse* and *foot* would *not* be adjectives, but become part of the compound word, or

noun, and must be parsed in the same manner as *horse* and *foot*. But according to Bullion’s, Wells’, and Clark’s grammars, the words *horse* and *foot* are nouns in the singular form, and used in the plural sense.

“SHAKESPEER,” sent us an enigma for *Our Museum*, which contained the following specimens of orthography:—“greate generel; defeted candidate; distnguist statesman; assistent; Ashberton trety; wourld; yused on wgons; definet Article; evry.” We would suggest to “Shakespear” the propriety of studying spelling awhile before sending any more contributions for publication.

WHAT IS A FOP?—Mr. Stark, in a lecture before the Young Men’s Association, at Troy, N. Y., answered the above question:

“The fop is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-fourth walking-stick, and the rest gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry, there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor’s goose.”

In October, 1852, there are five Fridays, five Saturdays, and five Sundays.

THE QUESTIONS.—As only a few of the questions in the last two numbers have been answered, we will omit giving the solutions this month. Let us soon receive replies to all, that we may publish the answers in the November number.

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED BY OUR READERS.

Which is the highest mountain in the United States, east of the Mississippi; and where is it situated?

What are *yams*? Where and how do they grow?

When, and by whom was the electric telegraph invented?

Why is the weather warmer in summer than in winter?

How should *worth* be parsed in the following sentence? “The goods are not worth the cost of transportation.”

Record of Events.

OSCILLATION OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—An immense pendulum, hung within Bunker Hill Monument, has led to the knowledge of a variety of interesting facts. Among them is one which we see given on the authority of Professor Horsford, of Harvard College, stating that the monument swings backward and forward like a pendulum, every day! By an apparatus, which it is unnecessary to describe, it has been ascertained that there is a very slight but perceptible movement, in the morning to the westward, at noon to the northward, and in the evening to the east. It is caused by the unequal expansion of the sides of the monument by the heat of the sun. This theory is confirmed by the fact that a shower suddenly cooling one side, also produces a movement.

FATTENING YOUNG LADIES IN TUNIS.—Colonel Keating, in his *Travels in Europe and Asia*, mentions the following singular marriage custom in Tunis:—A girl, after she is betrothed, is cooped up in a small room, with shackles of gold and silver upon her ankles and wrists. If she is to be married to a man who has discharged, dispatched, or lost a former wife, the shackles which the former wife wore are put upon the new bride's limbs, and she is fed till they are filled up to the proper thickness. The food used for this custom, worthy of barbarians, is a seed called *drough*, which is of extraordinary fattening quality. With this seed, and their national dish, *cucusoo*, the bride is literally crammed, and many actually die under the spoon.

A NEW NOSE.—Mr. Edward Clarke, of Pittsburgh, Pa., publishes a statement, describing a new nose, made for him by Dr. Pancoast, of that city, to supply the one he had lost some sixteen years ago. A piece of flesh from the forehead was sewed into the cheeks; a gutta percha mold of his father's nose was placed over it to give it the proper shape, and gold tubes were inserted for the nostrils. He says he has now a new nose, sound and well-formed, with the senses of feeling and smell as fine as they ever were.

A SMALL GREAT SPY-GLASS.—It is stated in some foreign papers, that a spy-glass has been exhibited in London of no greater diameter than

a walnut, yet so powerful that the lineaments of a person's face can be distinctly seen by it at the distance of a mile and a half. It weighs only one and a half ounces, and can easily be carried in the vest pocket.

STEAMBOAT DISASTERS.—Since the destruction of the *Henry Clay*, two other dreadful calamities have occurred with steamboats plying on our inland waters.

The Steamboat Atlantic, on her way from Buffalo to Detroit, on Lake Erie, came in collision about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 20th of August, with the propeller *Ogdensburg*, soon after which the former sunk, and it is supposed that more than 100 lives were lost. The largest portion of these were Norwegian emigrants, going to seek homes in the far west.

The Steamboat Reindeer, a day boat between New York and Albany, while on her way from this city to Albany, on Saturday, the 6th of September, burst one of the steam-pipes connecting with the boiler, killing and scalding, so that they have since died, about 34 persons.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST.—It has been computed that the northwestern territory belonging to the United States, and now without white inhabitants, if as densely populated as Belgium, in Europe, would support nearly *two hundred millions of human beings*.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

THIS was the subject of a report made by Mr. R. L. Cooke, of Bloomfield, N. J., before the American Association for the Advancement of Education, at its late meeting in Newark, N. J. Alluding to the defects and difficulties of female education, the report stated that, too much reliance had been placed upon lectures, as a method of teaching; too much kindness had been shown in "helping" pupils, doing hard problems, translating difficult lines, etc., instead of teaching them how to help themselves.

We live and move at a steam-rate, and expect our children to learn at the same gallop, hence the evil of rapidity of study. Again, school-books have so multiplied upon us, that we begin to think there is no need of teachers; so we rely too much upon the letter, and too little upon the character and qualifications of the teacher. There is also a desire for precocious develop-

ments, manifested by both parents and teacher. This is an absurd pride, and deleterious to both mind and body.

Another evil is leaving school too soon. We have no boys and girls; the children hardly pass the juvenile school before they become young men and young women, and rush, all unprepared, into active life. One great evil is the crowd of studies undertaken at one time, all carried on together, and all alike neglected.

The future destiny of our race demands a thorough education for those into whose care this is intrusted. Education is the business of a lifetime; it begins in the cradle, and ends in the grave. Infant education should be mainly physical, that the mind may grow up in a sound body. Ill-constructed school-houses, absurd and unnatural dress, want of exercise, and exposures, have given to this country more sickly mothers and debilitated children than all other causes put together. But the moral element in education should never be divorced from the intellectual; there is room enough for this without meddling with sectarianism.

On the subject of this report, Mr. Geo. B. Emerson, of Boston, said he would give the school lecture a good place, for it was highly important that pupils should learn how to *listen well*, and this faculty would be cultivated by listening to lectures. The power of giving undivided attention to a speaker is of great consequence, and is of much value as a discipline for the mind. Reading well, not prettily, but *well*, is another matter of great importance. To learn how to read a book properly, understandingly, with close attention, with logical acumen, is one of the most important of school acquisitions for ladies.

The time allotted to certain studies may be materially diminished. For instance, girls might omit many of the processes usually studied in arithmetic, without disadvantage. We do not expect every woman to measure the earth, and compute the distance of the stars; these higher branches may be left to the other sex. But if a girl has much time to devote to study, she should obtain a clear knowledge of mathematics, if for no other purpose than to regulate and discipline the mind.

A careful study of physiology is of paramount importance to females. If that important science is to be studied and thoroughly understood by any one, it should be by that being who

stands at the portals of creation, and brings into existence and rears to maturity the human race. Every female should be thoroughly versed in the true principles of physiological science, and taught all that can be known of the laws of life, of physical culture, and of proper training of the body. Female education should also be perfect in the matter of understanding and teaching the system of morals as given us in the Word of God. If any one can sow the good seed of morality in such a manner, and at such times as to produce righteous fruit, it is the mother. She teaches with a power that no one else can possess nor no one else can command.

Mr. J. KINGSBURY, of Providence, R. I., spoke on the subject of Female Education. He remarked, that it was formerly thought that women needed accomplishments only, in order to be educated. Hence, many a girl has left school under the impression that she was educated, merely because she could paint the parting of Hector and Andromache, or embroider a weeping willow over the tomb of some friend—or even Napoleon. Are we not, however, liable to a different extreme now, and to suppose that in every respect, woman is to be educated as man? Is it not proper to inquire how far the feeling in regard to woman claiming the elective franchise has arisen from this cause? Allow me, Mr. President, to say that the education of the sexes should be the same, so far as it may be necessary to give woman perfect attention, concentration of all the faculties of the mind, and a full command of the reasoning powers; provided that we do not lose sight of that playful fancy, that susceptibility of feeling, of delicate emotion, which are the crowning glory of woman, and without which she could not execute her mission on earth. Allow me briefly to allude to three particulars in which there should be, in my estimation, a difference in the education of the sexes:

First. The education of girls should not be so public. Is there no danger, by bringing the girls before the public in unnecessary display at exhibitions, of exciting that very feeling which leads women to demand the forum as their sphere of action? The education of girls should be as parental as possible, while, at the same time, they should have the advantages of that discipline which comes from contact of mind with mind in the school-room. I do not mean, by *parental*, education at home. Because, if a girl is

educated at home, she loses that great lesson by which she is to be fitted to live with those around her, and to shape her conduct wisely in all the duties of life.

Second. The imagination should receive a different cultivation. That of girls is more susceptible, more easily misdirected, and when so, ends in sickly sentimentality. That of boys is less easily excited, and its extravagant tendencies are readily corrected by the every-day realities of life. Now, in what way can we find that counterpoise to the imagination of girls, which boys find in the rough-and-tumble of life? I answer, in the cultivation—yes, *cultivation*—of common sense. It may be said that common sense is the gift of God. So is the memory; and common sense, whether it be a function or power of the mind, is not less susceptible of cultivation than memory. If due regard, therefore, be paid to common sense, you may educate women in the whole circle of science and literature, and she will never disturb you with her pedantry. The more thoroughly and extensively she is educated, the more fully she will be fitted for all the foreseen and unforeseen duties of life.

Third. There should be a difference in the management and discipline. The government which is adapted to boys may be unsuitable to girls. It is more difficult to govern girls than boys; that is, more persons will fail in the government of the former than of the latter. Some suppose that they are so amiable they need no government. They soon find out their mistake, and they proceed by harsh and severe measures to correct it. Thus, proceeding from one extreme to the other, they lose their influence, their patience, and make shipwreck of their school. Let me say, then, that no teacher requires more firmness and decision than he who directs female education. Therefore, he who would aspire to the highest results in female education, should know how to blend firmness and tenderness together, so that neither the one or the other should lead him astray.

REV. DR. SEARS, of Boston, made further remarks on this subject. There is a radical difference in the natural strength of male and female; man, alone, is formed for greater and enduring strength. There is also a wide difference in the natural minds of either sex. There is certainly a peculiar feminine tone in the mind of woman of which man never partakes. The minds of both are approached by the same means,

yet there should be a difference of treatment. Man may pursue the more abstract investigations; woman study things more in the concrete. Woman's quicker perceptions fit her more for observation than for research.

At the close of this discussion the President—Bishop Potter—made some suggestive remarks on the subject. . . . What is the true vocation of woman? Some say it is teaching. Dr. Sears adds, that she is not only to teach, but is to be the companion of man. Matrimony is evidently a ruling idea with the gentlemen here. But should not "House-keeping" and "Property-keeping" be included in Female Education to qualify her for the true sphere of woman? Is not the cultivation of the faculty of common doings truly important to woman? Woman's highest purpose of education should not be to prepare for marriage. Woman was made to be an angel of mercy, a heart consoler, to bind up the broken spirit.

In my own observation of the treatment of daughters, I have often seen them lounging in parlors, while the mother was slaving in the kitchen. These girls are taken by husbands who desire some beautiful toy, but they are all unfitted for the responsibility which follows. Men are so much engrossed in business that women ought to be capable of taking care of the house; and in case of the death of the husband, to assume the charge of an estate, and manage the interests of her posterity. Such an education should be secured to females.

COURAGE, TEACHER!

ONE of the Roman kings, in pursuing some of his military schemes, had occasion to cross the Adriatic Sea. No other opportunity occurring, he hired a simple boatman to row him across. In the midst of the sea a storm arose; the boatman was alarmed, and relaxed his efforts. The future Emperor of Rome thus addressed him: "Courage, my man! you carry Cæsar and his fortunes!"

Art thou ever depressed, teacher, and ready to faint at the obstacles that surround thee? O remember that in the mind of every one of those pupils committed to your trust, you carry more than Cæsar or his fortunes. Courage! then, courage!—Selected.

Editor's Chbr.

EDITORIAL COURTESY.

In the September number of the "Monthly Literary Miscellany," published at Detroit, Mich., the editor says: "We have noticed in one of our exchanges, three articles, in one issue, taken from the Miscellany without credit. We are very glad if we can gather up any thing that will be useful to the world, and help in forming right principles among men, and we are not sorry when an able paper recognizes the propriety of our course, and the correctness of our judgment by copying our articles, but it affords us additional pleasure when the courtesies of editorial life are practiced toward us by our brethren of the quill, and our unpretending magazine is credited for its articles."

Friend Quimby, we can sympathize with you, for the literary pirates have also committed depredations on our property. Notwithstanding we have repeatedly stated that *all* articles appearing in our columns, without being credited to some other work, or, in case we can not tell to what source credit is due, are marked at the end—*Selected, were written for The Student*, yet there have been numerous instances where these original articles have been copied without any credit whatever to The Student, and we have even seen our own productions going about from paper to paper, credited to others. Since we are obliged to bear our own faults, it is no more than just that we should have credit for our virtues also.

While on this subject, will the editor of the Miscellany tell us where he obtained the article, "I Mean to be a Man; or, Early Influences," on page 163, Vol. VI. of his magazine? Also, "The Contrast," on page 239 of the same volume? Those articles were both original in The Student, yet no credit is given in the Miscellany. How happened this?

NEW POSTAGE LAW.

On and after the first day of October, 1852, the postage on newspapers, periodicals, and all other printed matter (except books) not exceed-

ing *three ounces* in weight, will be *one cent* to any part of the United States. When exceeding three ounces the postage will be two cents; when exceeding four ounces, three cents, and so on, one cent for each additional ounce.

When the postage is pre-paid, either quarterly or yearly, only one half those rates shall be charged. But this deduction does not apply to transient matter; that must be pre-paid at the place where it is mailed, or it will be charged double the above rates; *i. e.*, two cents for three ounces; four cents for four ounces; six cents for five ounces, etc.

Books, bound or unbound, not weighing over *four pounds*, may be sent by mail. For any distance under 3,000 miles, if pre-paid, the postage will be *one cent an ounce*. For any distance over 3,000 miles, pre-paid, two cents an ounce. The postage on books, when not paid at the place of mailing, will be charged fifty per cent. in addition to the above rates.

POSTAGE ON THE STUDENT.

Hereafter, the postage on The Student, to any post-office in the United States, when paid quarterly in advance, will be *one cent and a half* for three months; *three cents* for six months; and only *six cents a year*!

This is a great reduction in the cost of our magazine to those subscribers who reside more than 500 miles from New York. Now those who live west of the Mississippi River, and those in the far sunny South can receive The Student at the same rate as those residing in our own vicinity.

NEW VOLUME.

The present number closes our *fifth volume*. The sixth will commence next month; hence, *now* is just the time to procure new subscribers. Will not you who now take The Student, show it to your friends, and get them to subscribe also? Can you not obtain four new subscribers, and thus receive your own copy *free*? Try it. The Student already has many thousands of readers, east, north, south, and west, but we wish it to greet many thousands more, and it

will if you who now take it will each get a few of your friends to subscribe for it.

We do not like to proclaim The Student's praise ourself, but are sometimes persuaded to tell what others say about it. Here are a few words for our readers in the great West, from a minister at St. Louis.

"You were kind enough to present me with some numbers of *The Student*, which I read on my way home, with both *pleasure* and *profit* to myself. I do feel that it will fill a hiatus in the family, which has not yet been filled, save by itself, by the whole periodical corps. I assure you that I shall consider it a privilege to extend its circulation among the families with whom I may have any influence.

"Respectfully yours,
CHARLES J. JONES."

Are there not many hundreds among our thousands of subscribers who would also deem it a "privilege" to place the work in every family circle of their acquaintance?

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF "THE FAVORITE."

Arrangements have been made with us to supply the subscribers to "The Favorite"—a monthly magazine published in this city by Meessrs. Hyatt and Jacques—with *The Student*; that magazine having been discontinued. Hereafter they will receive *The Student* instead of "The Favorite."

Literary Notices.

STRAY MEDITATIONS; or, Voices of the Heart, in Joy and in Sorrow. By Joseph F. Thompson, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle church. 12mo; 228 pages. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., 51 John Street, N. York.

It requires a vast amount of courage and humility to open the sanctuaries of the heart, and allow its hidden workings, amid scenes of "joy and sorrow," to reveal themselves in unrestrained voices. Besides, it demands a rare sense of propriety, and a thorough knowledge of heart experiences, to record such personal thoughts and feelings for the gaze of the world. But in all these Mr. Thompson has shown himself fully competent to the undertaking. Though these "meditations" came chiefly amid scenes of grief and sorrow, he ever preserves a cheerful frame of mind, and a healthy tone of feeling. Religion is his key-note, and most harmonious and soul-strengthening are the strains discoursed.

To those enjoying the happiness of a sweetly cherished home, "where the vine blooms, and the olive plants flourish in their green and tender beauty," and also to those over whom have come changes of sickness, death, and sorrow, these voices will give utterance of like experiences, and whisper words of joy and sweet consolation.

CLASS-BOOK OF POETRY, for the use of Schools or private instruction. By Eliza Robbins. 12mo; 252 pages. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Such is the title of a new collection of poetry, for the purpose above stated. These selections are usually accompanied by notes of explanation, and instructive comment, which render the work vastly superior to mere collections of verses in creating a taste for poetic language, and graceful and refined style of speech. Though many of the pieces are familiar, the work will be found interesting in teaching children to read poetry well.

AN OLLIO OF DOMESTIC VERSES. By Emily Judson. 12mo; 235 pages. Published by Lewis Colby, 122 Nassau St., New York.

That "Fanny Forrester" has a poetic soul is fully revealed in the sweet melodies which compose this volume of "Domestic Verses." It is a collection of poems, which she calls, "the spontaneous growth of daily incidents, and common feelings." It embraces some of her early productions—composed at the age of twelve and sixteen—also those of later years, including those touching melodies written during her residence in India—"My Bird;" "My Three Treasures;" "Angel Charley;" "Prayer for an Absent Father;" "Sweet Mother;" "Wan Reapers;" and "Watching," the last of which may be found on another page of this number. The mere announcement of this volume is sufficient to secure for it a wide circulation, so numerous are the friends and admirers of Mrs. Judson's writings.

THE MASTER BUILDER; or, Life at a Trade. By Day Kellogg Lee, author of "Summerfield; or, Life on a Farm." 12mo; 322 pages. Published by Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York.

This is a pleasantly written volume, teaching many lessons of kindness and sympathy, as well as inspiring a love for the mechanic trades. Its scenes are usually described with a life-like truthfulness, and some are so touchingly portrayed that the moistened eye often reveals the reader's interest. This work is intended as a sequel to "Summerfield," but of their comparative merits we can not speak, as we have not had the pleasure of a perusal of that work. "The Master Builder" possesses those characteristics which render this class of works popular with the mass of readers, and with the excellent style in which it has been brought out, it can hardly fail to find a multitude of readers.

UP-COUNTRY LETTERS. Edited by Professor B.—National Observatory.

Thus reads the title-page of a 12mo volume, of 231 pages, with two illustrations by Wier, recently published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. The author of these letters bears the cognomen of Z. Pundison. He writes in a sort of gossiping epistolary style, and addresses his letters to Prof. B.—, the editor. Sometimes he is full of calmness and contentment, occasionally he is "out of sorts," and talks about his troubles, then he is frolicksome, lively, and abounding in humor, now grave and solemn, exhibiting a religious spirit, and a thoughtful mind, and again, traces of satire may be seen lurking unmaliciously, yet none the less effective. These letters are written in an off-hand, unstudied style, and continually remind the reader of incidents of every-day life. They are full of variety, simplicity, and pleasantness.

THE STUDENT:

A FAMILY MISCELLANY, AND MONTHLY SCHOOL-READER.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.*

BY MR. MARVEL.

THERE are those who shudder at the approach of autumn; and who feel a light grief stealing over their spirits, like an October haze, as the evening shadows slant sooner, and longer, over the face of an ending August day. But is not autumn the manhood of the year? Is it not the ripest of the seasons? Do not proud flowers blossom—the golden-rod, the arabis, the dahlia, and the bloody cardinal of the swamp-lands?

The fruits, too, are golden, hanging heavy from the tasked trees. The fields of maize show weeping spindles, and broad, rustling leaves, and ears half glowing with the crowded corn; the September wind whistles over their thick-set ranks with whispers of plenty. The staggering stalks of the buckwheat grow red with ripeness, and tip their tops with clustering, tri-cornered kernels.

The cattle, loosed from the summer's yoke, grow strong upon the meadows, new starting from the scythe. The lambs of April, rounded into fullness of limb, and gaining day by day their woolly cloak, bite at the nodding clover-heads; or, with their noses to the ground, they stand in solemn, circular conclave, under the pasture oaks, while the noon sun beats with the lingering passion of July.

The Bob-o-Links have come back from their southern rambles among the rice, all speckled gray; and, singing no longer as they did in spring, they quietly feed upon the ripened weeds, that straggle along the borders of the walks. The larks,

with their black and yellow breast-plates, and lifted heads, stand tall upon the close-mown meadows; and at your first motion of approach, spring up and soar away, and light again; and, with their lifted heads, renew the watch.

The quails, in half-grown coveys, saunter, hidden, through the underbrush that skirts the wood; and only whir away, and drop scattered under the coverts of the forest.

The robins, long ago deserting the garden neighborhood, feed at eventide, in flocks, upon the bloody berries of the sumac; and the soft-eyed pigeons dispute possession of the feast. The squirrels chatter at sunrise, and gnaw off the full-grown burs of the chestnuts. The lazy blackbirds skip after the loitering cow, watchful of the crickets that her slow steps start to danger. The crows, in companies, caw aloft, and hang high over the carcass of some slaughtered sheep, lying ragged upon the hills.

The ash-trees grow crimson in color, and lose their summer life in great gouts of blood. The birches touch their frail spray with yellow; the chestnuts drop down their leaves in brown, twirling showers. The beeches, crumpled with the frost, guard their foliage, until each leaf whistles white in the November gales. The bitter-sweet hangs its bare and leafless tendrils from rock to tree, and sways with the weight of its brazen berries.

* From "Dream Life," published by Charles Scribner, New York.

The sturdy oaks, unyielding to the winds and to the frosts, struggle long against the approaches of the winter; and in their struggles wear faces of orange, of scarlet, of crimson, and of brown; and, finally, yielding to swift winds—as youth's pride yields to manly duty—strew the ground with the scattered glories of their summer strength, and warm and feed the earth with the debris of their leafy honors.

The maple in the lowlands turns suddenly its silvery greenness into orange scarlet; and in the coming chilliness of the autumn eventide, seems to catch the glories of the sunset, and to wear them, as a sign of God's old promise in Egypt, like a pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night.

And when all these are done, and in the paved and noisy aisles of the city the ailanthus, with all its greenness gone, lifts up its skeleton fingers to the God of autumn and of storms, the dog-wood still guards its crown; and the branches which stretched their white canvas in April, now bear up a spire of bloody tongues, that lie against the leafless woods like a tree on fire.

Autumn brings to the home the cheerful glow of "first-fires." It withdraws the thoughts from the wide and joyous landscape of summer, and fixes them upon those objects which bloom and rejoice within the household. The old hearth, that has rioted the summer through with boughs and blossoms, gives up its withered tenantry. The fire-dogs gleam kindly upon the evening hours; and the blaze awakens those sweet hopes and prayers which cluster around the fireside of home.

The wanton and the riot of the season gone, are softened in memory, and supply joys to the season to come; just as youth's audacity and pride give a glow to the recollections of our manhood.

At mid-day the air is mild and soft; a warm, blue smoke lies in the mountain gaps; the tracery of distant woods upon the upland hangs in the haze with a dreamy gorgeousness of coloring. The river runs low with August drought, and frets upon the pebbly bottom with a soft, low murmur, as of joyousness gone by. The hemlocks of the river bank rise in tapering sheens, and tell tales of spring.

As the sun sinks, doubling his disk in the October smoke, the low, south wind creeps over the withered tree-tops, and drips the leaves upon the land. The windows that were wide open at noon, are closed; and a bright blaze—to drive off the eastern dampness that promises a storm—flashes lightly and kindly over the book shelves and busts upon my wall.

As the sun sinks lower and lower, his red beams die in the sea of great gray clouds. Slowly and quietly they creep up over the night-sky. Venus is shrouded. The western stars blink faintly, then fade in the mounting vapors. The vane points east of south. The constellations in the zenith struggle to be seen; but presently give over, and hide their shining.

By late lamplight, the sky is all gray and dark; the vane has turned two points nearer east. The clouds spill fine rain-drops, that you only feel with your face turned to the heavens. But soon they grow thicker and heavier; and, as I sit watching the blaze, and dreaming, they patter thick and fast under the driving wind upon the window, like the swift tread of an army of MEN.

ART OF SWIMMING.

MEN are drowned by raising their arms above the water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither motion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally.

When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and will continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under water in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him free liberty to breathe; and if he will use his legs as in the act of walking, or rather walking up stairs, his shoulders will rise above the water so that he may use less exertion with his hands, or apply them to some other purpose.

These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in preserving life.—*Selected.*

WONDERFUL TREES

MONG the remarkable trees in the world, the following, of which we have here compiled brief descriptions, are some of the most curious :

THE GREAT CHESTNUT TREE.

On the side of Mount Etna there is a famous Chestnut tree, which is said to be one hundred and ninety-six feet in circumference, just above the surface of the ground. Its enormous trunk is separated into five divisions, which gives it the appearance of several trees growing together. In a circular space formed by these large branches, a hut has been erected for the accommodation of those who collect the chestnuts.

THE DWARF TREE.

Captains King and Fitzroy state that they saw a tree on the mountains near Cape Horn, which was only one or two inches high, yet had branches spreading out four or five feet along the ground.

THE SACK TREE.

There is said to be a tree in Bombay called the Sack tree, because from it may be stripped very singular natural sacks, which resemble "felt" in appearance.

THE IVORY-NUT TREE.

The Ivory-nut tree is popularly called the Tagua plant, and is common in South America. The tree is one of the numerous family of Palms, but belongs to the order designated as Screw Pine tribe. The natives use the leaves to cover their cottages, and from the nuts make buttons, and various other articles.

In an early state, the nuts contain a sweet milky liquid, which afterward assumes a solidity nearly equal to ivory, and will admit of a high polish. It is known as Ivory-nut, or Vegetable Ivory, and has recently been brought into use for various purposes.

THE BRAZIL-NUT TREE.

The Brazil-nut tree may justly command the attention of the enthusiastic naturalist.

This tree thrives well in the province of Brazil, and immense quantities of its delicious fruit are annually exported to foreign countries.

It grows to the height of from fifty to eighty feet, and in appearance is one of the most majestic ornaments of the forest. The fruit in its natural condition resembles a cocoa-nut, being extremely hard, and of about the size of a child's head. Each one of these shells contains from twelve to twenty of the three-cornered nuts, nicely packed together. And to obtain the nuts, as they appear in market, these shells have to be broken open.

During the season of their falling, it is dangerous to enter the groves where they abound, as the force of their descent is sufficient to knock down the strongest man. The natives, however, provide themselves with wooden bucklers, which they hold over their heads while collecting the fruit from the ground. In this manner they are perfectly secure from injury.

THE CANNON-BALL TREE.

Among the plants of Guinea one of the most curious is the Cannon-ball tree. It grows to the height of sixty feet, and its flowers are remarkable for beauty and fragrance, as is its fruit for its fragrance and contradictory qualities. Its blossoms are of delicious crimson, appearing in large bunches, and exhaling a rich perfume.

The fruit resembles enormous cannon balls, hence the name. However, some say it has been so called because of the noise which the balls make in bursting. From the shell domestic utensils are made, and the contents contain several kinds of acids, besides sugar and gum, and furnish the materials for making an excellent drink in sickness. But, singular as it may appear, this pulp, when in a perfectly ripe state, is very filthy, and the odor from it is exceedingly unpleasant.

THE SORROWFUL TREE.

At Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable—the Sorrowful tree—so called because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen; and yet, half an hour after, it is quite full of them. They yield a sweet smell;

but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them, than some of them fall off, and others close up; and thus it continues flowering in the night all the year.

THE COW TREE.

This tree is a native of Venezuela, South America. It grows in rocky situations, high up the mountains. Baron Von Humboldt gives the following description of it:

"On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree with dry and leathery leaves; its large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stony soil. For several months in the year, not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dead and dried; yet, as soon as the trunk is pierced, there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk.

"It is at sunrise that this vegetable fountain is most abundant. The natives are then to be seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow, and thickens at the surface. Some drain their bowls under the tree, while others carry home the juice to their children; and you might fancy, as the father returned home with this milk, you saw the family of a shepherd gathering around and receiving from him the produce of his kine.

"The milk obtained by incisions made in the trunk is tolerably thick, free from all acridity, and of an agreeable and balmy smell. It was offered to us in the shell of the calabash tree. We drank a considerable quantity of it in the evening before going to bed, and very early in the morning, without experiencing the slightest injurious effect."

THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

This tree is found on the islands of the Pacific Ocean. The trunk rises to the height of thirty or forty feet, and attains the size of a man's body. The fruit grows about the size of a child's head. When used for food, it is gathered before it is fully ripe, and baked among ashes, when it becomes a wholesome bread, and in taste somewhat resembles fresh wheat bread.

This is a very useful tree to the natives; for, besides its fruit, which supplies them with food, its trunk furnishes timber for their houses and canoes; the gum which

exudes from it, serves as pitch for the vessel, and from the fibers of the inner bark a cloth is made to cover their persons.

THE UPAS TREE.

For some ages it was believed that a tree existed in the East Indies which shed a poisonous, blighting, and deadly influence upon all animals that reposed under its branches; and that so fatal were its effects, that birds attempting to fly near it, fell to the ground and perished. For several years past, there being no reliable authority that such a tree really existed, it has generally been supposed among the intelligent to be fabulous, and hence termed the "Fabled Upas Tree."

But a few years since a tree was discovered in a peculiar locality in the East Indies, which, it is believed, gave rise to the wonderful accounts of the Upas tree. In the location where this modern Upas tree was discovered, there is a constant and dense collection of carbonic acid gas; consequently, all animals that come near it die, by breathing this poisonous gas. The cause of such an abundance of gas being collected in the locality of those trees is unknown.

A few months since a tree was discovered on the Isthmus of Darien, which appears to have a similar influence on animal life. *The Panama Star* says, "A man, named James Linn, being tired, lay down under a tree to sleep, and on waking, found his limbs and body swollen, and death soon followed. Cattle avoid eating or ruminating under this tree."

THE TALLOW TREE.

This tree is found in China. It is called Tallow tree, because a substance is obtained from it resembling tallow, and which is used for the same purposes. It grows from twenty to forty feet in height.

LACE-BARK TREE.

In the West Indies is found a tree, the inner bark of which resembles lace, or net-work. This bark is very beautiful, consisting of layers which may be pulled out into a fine white web, three or four feet wide. It is sometimes used for ladies' dresses.



WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING was born in the city of New York, April 3, 1783. He is the son of William Irving, who, for more than twenty years, was a merchant in this city. After receiving an ordinary school education, at the age of sixteen, he commenced the study of the law.

During these years of his early life he learned much besides what was taught in school. He was fond of visiting new scenes, as he himself states, and of observing strange characters and manners. His holiday afternoons were spent in rambles about the country, and in visiting the neighboring villages and places famous in history. While thus engaged, he noted the habits and customs of others, and he remembered his conversations with the

men of wisdom and intelligence. Thus he added greatly to his stock of knowledge.

Books of voyages and travels became his passion; and in his eagerness to read them, his school lessons were sometimes neglected. His desire to see and learn more of the world strengthened with his years; and with it came the desire to see the great men of the earth. It was, doubtless, owing in no small degree to these habits of observation, and this storing away of knowledge of men, customs, and things, that enabled him, afterward, so successfully to carry out that happy idea of a humorous description of his native town in its earliest days, which he executed with so much originality.

His first literary productions were writ-

ten when at the age of nineteen, and published in the "Morning Chronicle," a newspaper, of which his brother, Peter Irving, was editor. These juvenile essays were contributed as a series of letters, under the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle, and they attracted much notice at the time of their publication.

In 1804, in consequence of ill health, he visited Europe, traveling through France, Switzerland, Italy, the island of Sicily, Holland, and England. He returned to the scenes of his boyish rambles, after an absence of two years, with restored health and an expanded mind. Again he resumed the study of the law, in the office of Judge Hoffman, and in November, 1806, was admitted to the bar, but he never practiced.

Soon after this Mr. Irving engaged with James K. Paulding, in the preparation of a series of articles, which were published in numbers, under the title of "Salmagundi." The principal object of these were to satirize the follies and foibles of fashionable life. The first number was issued in January, 1807, and the last one in January, 1808. These papers were hailed with a delight hitherto unknown, and established the fame of their authors.

In December, 1809, he published his "Knickerbocker's History of New York." This work was attended with most remarkable success; and still it continues fresh with interest and amusement to every reader. Sir Walter Scott thus speaks of it, in a letter to an American friend: "I beg you to accept my best thanks for the uncommon degree of entertainment which I have received from the most excellently jocose history of New York. I have never read any thing so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift, as the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker. I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. Scott, and two ladies who are our guests, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing."

At this period Mr. Irving had not contemplated continuing in the profession of letters. From these pursuits the author turned to commercial toil, in connection

with two of his brothers, who were engaged in that business. They had two establishments, one in New York, and one in Liverpool, and in these they gave Washington an interest, with the understanding, however, that he should not engage in the details of the business, but continue his literary avocations.

In May, 1815, he embarked for Liverpool, with the intention of making a second tour of Europe, but the reverse of fortunes which followed the close of the last war with Great Britain involved him with his brothers, and he resumed his pen as a means of subsistence. During this period he commenced the papers of the "Sketch-Book." These were first transmitted to New York, and published in numbers. But finding them attracting considerable attention in England, he collected, and by the kind assistance of Sir Walter Scott, issued them in a volume, in London.

About this time his warm-hearted friend, Sir Walter Scott, solicited him to accept the editorial charge of a weekly periodical at Edinburgh, with a salary of \$2,400; but this offer he declined, assigning as one reason—"My whole course of life has been desultory, and I am unfitted for any periodically recurring task, or any stipulated labor of body or mind. I have no command of my talents, such as they are, and have to watch the varyings of my mind as I would those of a weather-cock. I must, therefore, keep on pretty much as I have begun; writing when I can, not when I would."

Within a few years after the appearance of the "Sketch-Book," several other productions from his pen were published. His fame was now established in Europe. In 1826 he went to Spain, where he remained two years, during which period he wrote the life of "Columbus." In 1831 the University of Oxford, England, conferred on Mr. Irving the degree of LL.D.

After an absence of seventeen years, he returned to New York, in the spring of 1832. He was now greeted on all sides with the warmest enthusiasm. During the summer of this year he made a journey west of the Mississippi; and in his "Tour on the Prairies" which followed, our hearts

thrill at the vivid representations of Western scenes as described by his inimitable pen.

In 1842 he received, unsolicited, the appointment of minister to Spain, and left for Madrid in April of that year. His official duties terminated in 1846, when he returned to this country and commenced the revision of his works. These have since been published by Mr. George P. Putnam, New York, together with some new works, in a uniform edition, embracing fifteen twelve mo volumes.

Washington Irving is now living in quietness at "Sunnyside," his country seat, situated on the east bank of the Hudson, about twenty-five miles above New York. Though the snows of nearly threescore-and-ten winters have passed over him, yet he still enjoys vigorous health, while his intellectual faculties remain unimpaired. Indeed, he now continues his literary labors, and at the present time is engaged in writing the Life of Washington. He is still free from the wrinkles of old age, and has a full figure, without the appearance of exhaustion from mental toil or depressing cares. The engraving at the head of this article was designed to represent him as he appeared when in the prime of life.

For reasons best known to himself, Mr. Irving never married. He is eminently genial, warm-hearted, amiable in his disposition, and in his social habits so unassuming and modest, that those who converse with him forget the author in the man. His is truly the "Sunnyside" of life.

As a writer, Irving stands at the head of American Letters, and has justly been styled the "Goldsmith of America." "He was the first American in the department of elegant literature who obtained a wide name and fame in the old world. Great Britain, France, Northern and Southern Europe, are alike familiar with his delightful and most healthful writings. Doubtless his own good standing abroad has done more than any other single cause to introduce the names and works of others of our countrymen. There is a charm about his writings to which old and young, the educated and the simple, bear cheerful witness."

NOVEMBER.

No one but Thomas Hood could give such a negative description of November in England as is contained in the following lines from his "Whimicalities."

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
No end to any Row—
No indications where the Crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
No traveling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No go"—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No Park—no Ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
NOVEMBER!

VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.*

BY LIEUT. M. F. MAUREY.

THE Valley of the Amazon is of more than twice the size of the Mississippi, and entirely intertropical. An everlasting summer reigns there. Up to the very base of the Andes, the river itself is navigable for vessels of the largest class. The Pennsylvania, of seventy-four guns, may go there.

A natural canal through the Casiquiare connects it with the Orinoco. Giving drainage and fertility to immense plains that cover two millions square miles, it receives from the north and south innumerable tributaries, which, it is said, afford

* From an excellent article in the *Southern Literary Messenger* we extract the following description of the extensive and remarkable valley of the Amazon. Lieut. Maurey has long been connected with that department of the United States Navy which is engaged in coast surveys and explorations, and his able reports have furnished much valuable information.

an inland navigation, up and down, of not less than seventy or eighty thousand miles in extent. Stretched out in a continuous line, the navigable streams of that great watershed would more than encircle the earth around at its largest girth.

All the climates of the Indies are there. Indeed, we may say, that from the mouth to the source of the Amazon, piled up one above the other, and spread out, Andean-like, over steppe after steppe, in beautiful, unbroken succession, are all the climates, and all the soils, with the capacities of production, that are to be found between the regions of everlasting summer and eternal snow.

The valley of the Amazon is the place of production of India-rubber, an article of commerce which has no parallel as to the increase of demand for it, save and except in the history of our own great staple, since the invention of the cotton gin. We all recollect when the only uses to which India-rubber was applied, were to rub out pencil marks and make trap-balls for boys. But it is now made into shoes and hats, caps and cloaks, foot-balls and purses, ribbons and cushions, boats, beds, tents and bags, pontoons for pushing armies across rivers, and camels for lifting ships over shoals.

It is also applied to a variety of other uses and purposes, the mere enumeration of which would make us tedious. New applications of it are continually being made. Boundless forests of the Saringa-tree are found upon the banks of this river; and the exportation of this gum from the mouth of that river, is daily becoming a business of more and more value, extent, and importance. In 1846-7, pontoons for the British army in India, and tents for the American army in Mexico, were made in New England from the India-rubber of the Amazon. It is the best in the world.

The sugar-cane is found here in its most luxuriant growth, and of the richest saccharine development. It requires to be planted but once in twenty years.

There are produced, also, of excellent quality, and in great profusion, coffee and tobacco, rice and indigo, cocoa and cotton, with drugs, of virtues the most rare, dyes,

of hues the most brilliant, and spices, of aroma the most exquisite.

Soils of the richest loam and the finest alluvions are there. The climate of India, of the Moluccas, and the Spice Islands, are all there: and there, too, lying dormant, are the boundless agricultural and mineral capacities of the east and west, all clustered together. If commerce were but once to spread its wing over that valley, the shadow of it would be like the touch of a magician's wand; those immense resources would spring at once into life and activity.

In the fine imagery of their language, the Indians call the Amazon the "King of Rivers." It empties into the ocean under the line.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

LEIGH HUNT, says Pope, never wrote more agreeable or well-turned verses than this interesting effusion of his boyhood, written when he was but twelve years of age. This poem is remarkable for its simplicity, conciseness, and straightforwardness of style in so young a writer. It is singular that he never afterward wrote in this same form of verse.—[Ed. Student.]

HAPPY the man whose wish and care

A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground:

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most doth please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

PLEASURE may be a *shadow*, but it uses
a heap of *substance*.

INFLUENCE OF WATER ON HEALTH.

WITHIN the present century, the habits and conditions of life have much changed; and especially has this been the case since Andrew Combe gave us familiar books to show us something of the laws of health, and teach us, among other truths, the nature and business of the human skin.

It is within the period of steamboat traveling that American ladies were wont to emerge from their berths in the morning, ready dressed, and to dip the corner of a towel in water, wipe their eyes and mouth, and consider themselves finished for the day. It is within the memory of middle-aged English women, that when at school the pupils had one foot-bath for the whole number, and that only on Saturday nights.

It is within the memory of middle-aged men, that they were struck with astonishment and amusement on first hearing of such a thing as washing all over every day. And perhaps it is too much within the observation of us all, that the clean shirt goes on over an unwashed skin.

Till lately, the gentle knew as little as the simple now do, what they suffered from neglect of the skin, nor how it was that they suffered as they did. They did not know how, when the pores of the skin are loaded, and its action checked, an undue burden is thrown on the interior organs.

When, in this state of chronic fever, the interior organs flagged in their work, and the sufferer was oppressed by sensations of sinking and languor, he was apt to resort to stimulants, which, affording relief for the moment, aggravated the mischief; and when, at last, the weakest organ gave way, and some attack of illness occurred, the treatment was for the immediate symptoms alone, and the false system of management went on, till occasion was ripe for another fit of sickness.

All the while the portion of the brain appropriate to the performance of the bodily functions was suffering. By day, there was oppression, languor, and dull pain somewhere, by night disturbed sleep, and bad dreams; and always, night and

day, and from month to month, liability to low spirits, and all the moral mischiefs which attend unhappiness.

Wordsworth used to say, to the last, that times were changed for the better, in homes and in society, since he was young. In his early days, every body was understood to have a temper; and the admission in the abstract did not much help the endurance of such peculiarities by neighbors, in daily life. But now, it was considered the rule that people should be amiable, and it has become a sin to be otherwise.

No doubt the bodily state of the vast majority must have had an incalculable amount of influence on the domestic temper; however gay be the traditions that have come down to us of the mirth of society in the last and preceding centuries. If we would see the difference now, let us look round for the most healthy and cheerful households we know. Is there a house where the doctor seldom enters, but as a guest, where the lads are brisk in a shop or warehouse, and lasses merry at home? It is pretty certain that early hours are found there, and plenty of cold water.

The fever patient finds inexpressible relief from the sponging with water; the same kind of relief is given by ablation, under the lesser fever of toil. The anxious merchant or statesman is hunted in his bed by images of terror or wearied with galling cares; his morning bath restores all things to their own true aspect and their right proportion.

The author—the most sensitive of human beings—has gone to a watering place, burdened with care and dread, trembling at the arrival of the mail, recoiling from the sight of reviews and newspapers, and a week or two has omitted to speculate on the fate of his own book. So one of the fraternity bears witness to his friends in private, and, if one of the *genus irritable* is thus made serene by cold water, what wonder is there in any effect that it may have had on the tempers of men in general.

—*Household Words.*

EVIL men speak as they wish, rather than what they know.

HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS.*

Six miles from the Washita River in Arkansas, and about sixty miles southwest of Little Rock, are situated the celebrated hot springs. They are about eighty in number, flowing from the base, on the western side, of a steep and rugged hill, and emptying into a small stream that unites with the Washita.

The water of the hot springs varies in temperature from that of summer warmth to the boiling point. It is said that if two pots of water, one of common cold water, and the other filled from those springs, be placed over the same fire, the cold water will boil first. This water contains no mineral, or other impregnation which can be detected by the taste. For drinking, it is pleasant and agreeable.

Bathing houses have been erected, and the water, of various temperatures, is conveyed into them by spouts or troughs. Good accommodations are provided for visitors, and the place is much resorted to by invalids afflicted with chronic rheumatism, gout, scrofula, and cutaneous affections. The benefit derived must result chiefly from bathing, and the invigorating air from the mountains, since the waters, themselves, possess no medicinal properties. This place would doubtless prove an excellent location for a Water-Cure establishment.

The deposit from the water forms a kind of black, porous rock, wherever it runs for a long time, and the troughs for conducting it must be frequently cleaned out to prevent them from filling up. However, the water itself is said to be remarkably clear and pure.

The village of Hot Springs contains a few hundred inhabitants. "The land of peace" is an appellation which has been given to the region about these springs, from the fact that, formerly, when tribes of unfriendly Indians arrived at this place they always suspended hostilities.

* We are indebted to a resident of Hot Springs—J. A. J.—for a description of these springs, which, however, we have rewritten. Will not others of our subscribers follow this example, and communicate to us descriptions of places and scenes of interest in the vicinity of their residences!—[Ed.]

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man, has sown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happy years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though pierced and broken be his heart,
And, spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all its children suffer here.

OBJECT OF EDUCATION.—"The real object of Education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that will ameliorate, not destroy; occupation that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible."

* The author of this beautiful poem, which we copy from an exchange paper, is still engaged in an active literary life, as principal editor of the New York Evening Post. He is now nearly fifty-six years of age, and with his locks are mingled many silvery shreds. His countenance wears a calm, thoughtful expression, and his still brisk step is indicative of health and activity. Long since his poetical productions secured him a fame of high eminence; but many of his recent poems are fully equal if not superior to any he has written. Bryant is a graphic poet, and excels in description and philosophy. In the felicitous use of native materials, as well as in religious sentiment and love of freedom, united with skill as an artist, he is acknowledged as the best representative of American poetry.—[Ed. Student.]



DESCRIPTION AND HISTORY OF BALLOONS.

BALLOONS are of modern invention. Two brothers, Stephen and John Montgolfier, constructed the first balloon in Annonay, France, in 1782. This was made in the form of a parallelopipedon, capable of containing forty cubic feet of air. It was an air-balloon, and made to rise by rarefying the air within it. This was done by means of a fire placed at an opening, so as to heat the air contained inside. During the same year improvements were made by using hydrogen gas instead of rarefied air.

The body of balloons, as they are now constructed, are of a globe-like shape, and made of strong silk, varnished with a solution of some elastic gum, as India rubber, so that it will be perfectly air-tight. This is filled with some gas which is lighter than the air. Over the globe containing the gas is arranged a net-work, from which numerous cords extend downward, and support a basket-like car in which the aeronaut sits or stands.

The engraving at the head of this article represents a balloon, with a person in the car, as it appears when ascending into the air. The balloon is filled with gas, through the small point which extends downward toward the car, before the aeronaut takes his seat. To prevent the bal-

loon from rising until every thing is ready, it is fastened to the ground by means of strong ropes. When it is properly inflated, the bags of sand placed in the car for ballast, and the aeronaut gives the signal, the ropes are detached, and upward darts the balloon, appearing smaller and smaller until it seems but a speck in the sky.

The principle by which a balloon ascends is the same as that which causes a piece of cork to rise to the surface of the water, when it escapes from the force which held it at the bottom of the fluid. Though hydrogen gas is generally used for inflating the globe, any substance would answer the purpose that is lighter than air. But this substance is perhaps the best, for in its pure state, it is nearly sixteen times lighter than common air, hence will impel a balloon upward till it reaches a stratum of air having only about one-sixteenth the density of the atmosphere at the surface of the earth.

As the balloon ascends, the pressure of the atmosphere becomes less and less, and the consequent expansion of the gas within would cause it to explode the globe, unless some means were provided for the escape of the gas. This is furnished by a safety valve, which can be opened and shut at pleasure. The expansion of the gas is so great, that a balloon, only half filled at the surface of the earth, would become fully distended at the height of three and a half miles.

The weight which a balloon will take up, depends upon the size of the globe. One twenty-four feet in diameter, would carry 428 pounds. One sixty feet in diameter, would raise a weight of more than 6,000 pounds. The atmosphere diminishes in density as the distance from the earth is increased; hence, when the balloon has ascended to such a height that the buoyant force of the atmosphere is just equal to the weight of the balloon, it will go no higher, unless made lighter. In such a case, should the aeronaut desire to ascend still higher, he lightens the balloon by throwing out some of his ballast.

The ballast is also useful in case the balloon is descending to the earth in a place unfavorable for alighting. By throwing overboard the bags of sand it rises and

passes on awhile longer in the current of air, and descends to the earth in some other place. Without such a provision, the aéronaut might find himself landed on the top of a forest tree, or in a lake or river.

The first adventurers who had courage to undertake an aerial ascent in a balloon, were Pilate de Rosier, a young naturalist, and the Marquis d'Arlandes. Their ascent was made on the 21st of November, 1783, with an air-balloon. They rose to an elevation of 3,000 feet, and descended safely. On the first of January, 1784, Charles and Robert made an ascent from Paris by a balloon, filled with hydrogen gas. After a flight of an hour and a half, they alighted twenty-five miles from Paris.

These successful ascents encouraged others, and several aerial voyages were soon afterward undertaken; not all, however, with equal safety. Many ascensions have been made in the United States. Mr. Clayton and Mr. West, both Americans, have each ascended over one hundred times. Thus far, however, these aerial excursions have been of little use, except to gratify idle curiosity.

When balloons first began to be constructed, it was expected that they would be found applicable to many important purposes. Thus far, however, the invention has been of but little service to mankind. True, it has been ascertained that at an elevation of 13,000 feet the magnetic needle performs the same oscillations, and exhibits the same variations as at the surface of the earth; that heat decreases one degree for each thousand feet of elevation; that the atmosphere contains the same elements in the same proportions, at an elevation of over 20,000 feet, as it does at the surface of the earth; that the velocity of currents of air exceeds one hundred miles an hour; besides these, little or nothing has been gained to science by the use of balloons.

It is related, however, that during Napoleon's campaigns, balloons were used to ascertain the face of the country through which he marched, and the number and position of the enemy. For this purpose a small balloon was inflated with gas, and allowed to ascend three or four hundred

feet, from which height the person accompanying it could take the necessary survey and sketches. A strong rope prevented the further ascent of the machine; and by means of this it was made to descend.

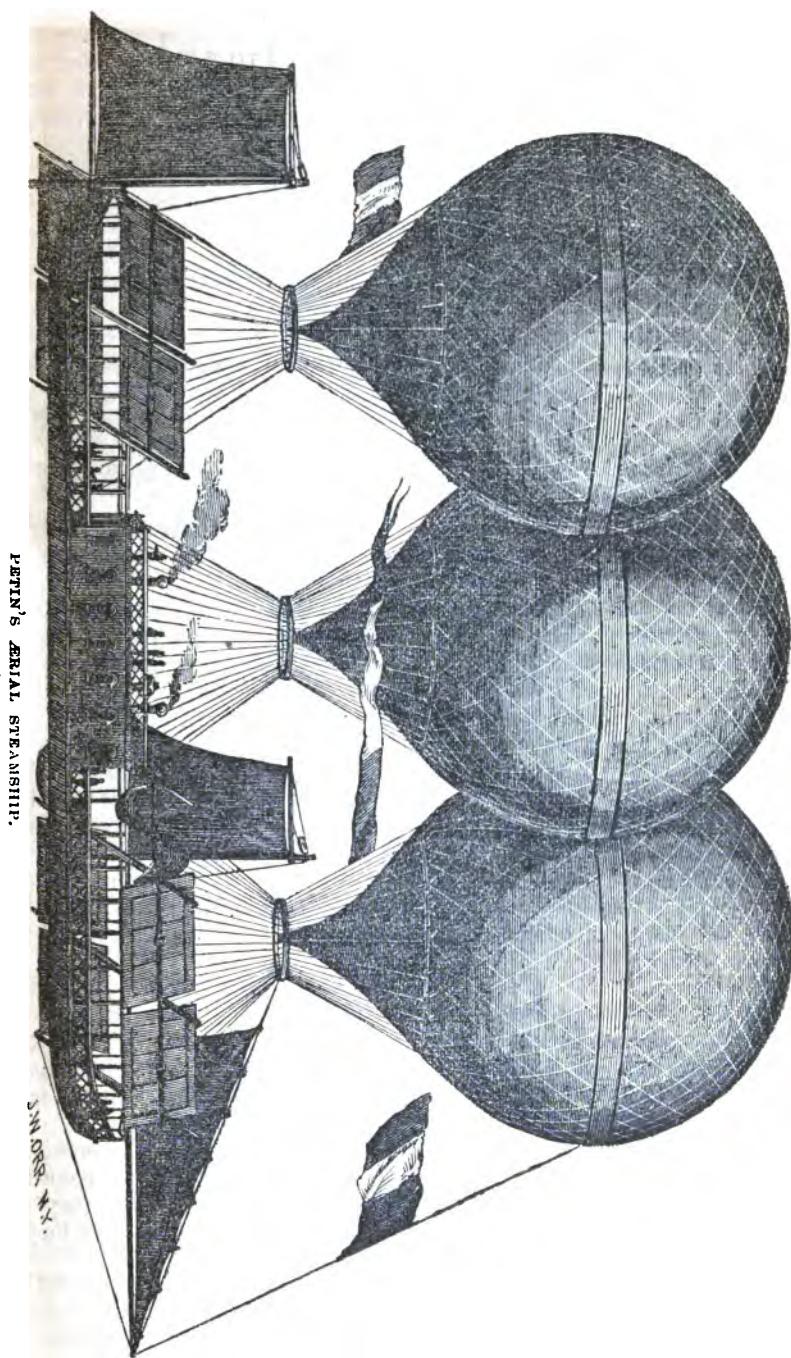
The highest elevation which has yet been attained, is 23,040 feet, or four miles and a quarter above the level of the sea. This is about the height of Aconcagua, near Santiago, Chili, which is believed to be the highest mountain in America. Several persons have ascended above the clouds, and seen beneath their feet the vivid lightning's flash, and heard the thunder's roll.

Many attempts have been made to navigate the air with balloons; but these have thus far been unsuccessful, because it has been found impossible to guide or control their course. After their ascent into the air, balloons must move in the direction that the currents of air do. To overcome this obstacle to air-navigation, machines of various forms have been constructed. The last that has attracted much attention is represented by the engraving of Petin's aerial steamship, on the opposite page.

Monsieur Petin has spent some fifteen years in France, in studying, lecturing, and experimenting on the subject of aerial navigation. He has at length invented a plan for a steamship for the air.

As may be seen from the engraving, it is supported in the air by several massive balloons. In this model the balloons are each sixty-six feet in diameter. The whole ship is nearly 200 feet in length, and about four feet in breadth. At each end of the ship, near the stem and the stern, is a pair of screws, similar to the propellers of a steamboat. These screws, which are worked by a couple of small steam-engines, force the ship forward.

By means of movable wings, which are so constructed as to be employed for the same purpose that the rudder of the ship is, this mammoth machine is to be guided in its course through the air. The inventor of this machine is now in this country prosecuting his plan. What will be his ultimate success we will not presume to predict.



Youth's Department.

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, to fix
The generous purpose, and the noble thought.

WISHING AND WORKING.

BY MISS C. M. TROWBRIDGE.

“I wish I was a Franklin,” exclaimed George Watson, turning to his cousin, Frank Herbert, as he laid down the life of Benjamin Franklin.

“My father used to tell me,” said Frank (for Frank Herbert was now an orphan), “that nothing was ever accomplished by wishing. I do not know as I shall ever be another Franklin, exactly, but I mean to be somebody.”

“You speak very positively, Frank, as if you had nothing to do but say the word in order to become a great man. I wish to be one as much as any one, but I am not quite sure I ever shall be.”

“If wishing is the only step you take toward it, I am *quite sure* you never will be. Suppose you should sit in your chair, and wish you were in the next town, and I should take down my hat and start off on the road that leads there, which of us would be most likely to reach the town?”

“You, certainly.”

“There is just this difference between wishing and working. We may wish we were learned and distinguished, but if we would be so, we must go to work, and this is what I intend to do.”

“You are going to work, are you? Well, what do you intend to do first? If I like the work, perhaps I may join you.”

“Like the work!” This is not the question I ask myself, but do I like the end to be obtained by working? But I will tell you what I intend to do first. You know our winter school commences

next week. They say we shall have an excellent teacher this winter, and I mean to study hard, and learn all I can before spring. I am going to school with the resolution to learn every lesson as perfectly as I can.”

“I don’t know about such a resolution. I am afraid it would be too hard work to keep it.”

“Do you think it would be a harder task than Benjamin Franklin and other great men have accomplished?”

“I suppose not. It must be acknowledged that Franklin was a hard worker. I should not like that part so well; and I was not thinking of that, but of what a nice thing it would be to be so distinguished, and have one’s name so honored and esteemed.”

“That is, you were thinking of the end obtained by Franklin, without thinking of the path he traveled to obtain that end.”

“Perhaps so. But I always supposed that when men became distinguished, the wheel of fortune turned around in some way which brought them to the top without any great toil or self-denying effort on their part.”

“You were mistaken, George. They had to work for what they gained, and if we wish to stand where they stood, we must be willing to work as they have done.”

“But I think what they did came easier to them than our school tasks do to us. It was somehow natural to them, and did not cost them much effort.”

"From all that I have read of the lives of great men, I do not think it is as you have supposed. Don't you remember when we visited uncle James, last summer, those beautiful volumes we found in his library, "The Birds of America," by Audubon. When uncle saw how much we were delighted with them, he told us a great many things about the author.

"You recollect he told us how Audubon's father bought him a book which contained many drawings of birds, and that Audubon wished to make drawings more perfect than those he found in the book his father gave him. But when he made the attempt, he was for a long time very unsuccessful. He speaks of the drawings he made as miserable crip- ples, bearing hardly any resemblance to the originals he wished to represent.

"But he would not give it up, and continued to make hundreds of these drawings, although he was so dissatisfied with them, that his mother, at his own request, made a bonfire of them on every anniversary of his birth-day, for some years. This shows with what industry and perseverance Audubon began his course; and the splendid volumes we so much admired, containing more than a thousand figures of birds, 'from the bird of Washington to the tiny humming-bird,' show how nobly he triumphed at last.

"Now, do you not think it required more patience to persevere as Audubon did, than it does for us to learn perfectly any of the lessons our teachers give us?"

George could not but admit the truth of what Frank said, but he found that in practice wishing was much easier than working; so he still continued to wish, and Frank to work.

The winter school, of which Frank had spoken, commenced, and both the boys were very regular in their attendance. But while George was *wishing* that he had his lesson, or that some one would help him to get it, Frank was

getting his. In this way they went on all winter. George would often laugh at Frank for his diligence and pains-taking.

One time, in particular, when Frank had spent all the time he could spare from his other studies, for two days, upon a single sum, George rallied him on the subject a good deal, telling him he did not think he was getting to be a great man very fast, to spend two days upon a single sum in arithmetic.

Frank was not at all disturbed by his raillery. "If I can find out how to do the sum myself," said he, "it will be a long step taken, if it is a slow one. I have not exercised as much patience yet as Audubon did with his drawings. When I was a little boy, I remember my mother used to sing to me this couplet.

"One foot up and the other foot down,
That is the way to London town."

"Now I can not expect to go so great a distance at once as must be traveled before I can become a wise and learned man. It must be 'one foot up and the other foot down,' all the way, and I intend to try to be patient and industrious."

"If we were older, and studying some of the higher branches," said George, "there might be some use in plodding on in this way, but to make such a fuss simply over a sum in arithmetic, I do not see any use in that."

"But arithmetic must come before these higher branches you speak of, and why should we not be patient and industrious, and go on step by step, now, as well as then?"

If Frank could only have gone one step farther, and proved that working was *easier* than wishing, he might have brought George quite over to his way of thinking, for George had made up his mind to take the easiest path, let it lead him where it might.

Frank's working system succeeded admirably during the winter, and placed him among the best scholars in the

school. His teacher was very much gratified with the progress he made, and told him if he persevered as he had begun, he should expect to hear from him again when he became a man.

He was more than once heard to say, that a few such scholars as Frank Herbert would repay any one for all the cares and discouragements which every teacher must experience, while there are so many in our schools who do not try to improve the advantages they enjoy.

But the close of the winter school found George Watson a very dull scholar, notwithstanding all his wishing, and likely to become not a great, but a very small man.

THE SNAIL AND HIS SHELL.

A FABLE.

A SNAIL had long lived very happy by the sea-side, in his shell, which, if it was not very large, was quite large enough for him. One evening as he was rambling about, drawing his house after him, as usual, he saw, to his great delight, a large shell lying on the ground.

He had never seen so large a shell before, and he began to think what a fine house it would make. It was not a thin shell like his own, but a large, handsome, strong one, and the entrance to it shone like pearl.

The snail moved round it, to look at it on all sides, and the more he saw of it the more he was pleased. At last he took courage to peep inside, and putting out his long feelers, he groped his way from one room to another till he thought he should never reach the last.

No one was there to dispute his right to remain, and, without further thought he bade good-bye to his old, little shell, and, pleased with thinking what a fine new house he had found, and how his old friends would envy him, he crept into the shell.

Night came on. The wind blew, and the snail began to feel that his fine

house was not quite so comfortable as he had expected. In the one he had left it was so small that he could with ease keep out the cold, but in the present one the wind howled through every chamber, and almost froze him to death.

While he was shivering from the cold, he heard a strange noise, which grew louder and louder. It was the tide, which was fast rising, and he tried with all his strength to move his new house away from the danger. He tugged and panted, but all in vain.

The tide was just upon him, and he had barely time to grope his way back to the old shell he had despised, and hurry off to a more secure spot.

"Ah," said he, as he trudged off with his old shell on his back, "it is better to be content with a little, than to aim at great things quite out of our sphere."—*Selected.*

THE LIFE GAUGE.

BY ABBY ALLIN.

THEY err who measure life by years,
With false or thoughtless tongue ;
Some hearts grow old before their time,
Others are always young !

'Tis not the number of the lines
On life's fast-filling page ;
'Tis not the pulse's added throbs,
Which constitute our age.

Some souls are serfs among the free,
While others nobly strive ;

They stand just where their fathers stood,
Dead, even while they live !

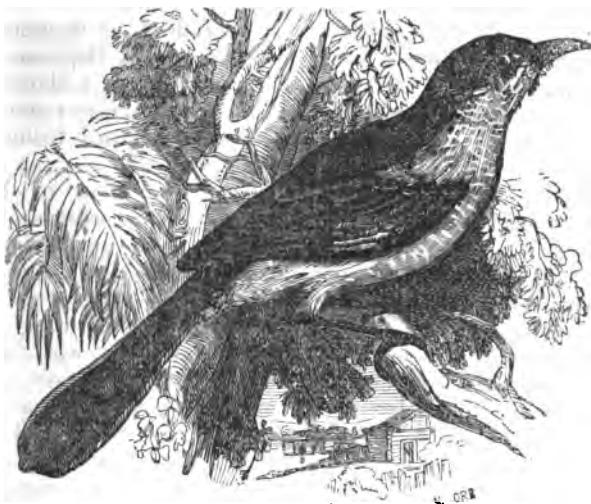
Others, all spirit, heart, and sense ;
Theirs the mysterious power
To live, in thrills of joy or wo,
A twelvemonth in an hour !

Seize, then, the minutes as they pass—
The woof of life is *thought* !

Warm up the colors, let them glow,
By fire or fancy fraught !

Live to some purpose ; make thy life
A gift of use to thee—

A joy, a good, a golden hope,
A heavenly argosy !—*Selected.*



THE MOCKING-BIRD.

THIS bird belongs to the thrush family, and is a native of America. It is found in most parts of the United States south of Pennsylvania, also in Mexico, the northern part of South America, and some of the West India Islands.

It is about the size of a robin. The color is an ash-brown along the upper part of the neck and down the back. The tail and wings are nearly black, but the throat and under part of the body are almost white. Its name—Mocking-bird—very properly expresses its principal quality, that of mocking, or imitating the songs and notes of other birds.

The plumage of this bird is not as beautiful as that of many other birds, yet his slim and well-formed figure entitles him to a respectable standing, for looks, among his feathered brethren. But with him, " 'Tis not fine feathers that make fine birds ;" he justly claims rarer and nobler characteristics. It is his songs that have raised him so high in the estimation of man, and fixed his value above that of almost any other bird.

As a natural and untaught songster, the Mocking-bird stands unrivaled in the feathered choir. There is no bird capable of uttering such a variety of tones, or of giving equal entertainment to an audience. A stranger who hears him for the first time, listens to him with perfect astonishment.

His voice is clear, strong, full, and of such compass as to enable him to imitate the notes of every other bird he has ever heard. He possesses a remarkable memory, for when there is not another songster in his hearing, he will repeat the songs of most of the birds in his native forest.

His imitations are done with such truthfulness, and he passes from one song to another with such surprising rapidity, that one who did not see him, and know his powers, would imagine that half the feathered inhabitants of the forest were represented in a musical festival. And what is remarkable, the notes of his brother songsters lose none of their sweetness and brilliancy by such a repetition.

Sometimes the Mocking-bird deceives and provokes the sportsman, by imi-

tating the notes of the game he is in pursuit of, and thus leading him the wrong way. Sometimes, also, he brings other birds around him, by counterfeiting the soft tones of their mates, or by imitating the call of the old ones for their young. But when they have collected he may change his tone, and throw them into a terrible alarm by screaming out like a hawk.

Indeed, he seems to take pleasure in these deceptions; and so well does he practice them, that there is scarcely a bird in the forest that is not sometimes deceived by his call. He will, perhaps, begin with the song of the robin, then warble like the bluebird, then whistle like the quail, then squall like the cat-bird, then twitter like the swallow, then scream like the hawk, and so on, running through the notes of nearly every bird in the woods, with surprising rapidity and accuracy.

When tamed, he mocks nearly every sound he hears; and it is often amusing to witness the effect of this deception. He whistles for the dog; and this faithful creature jumps up, wags his tail, and runs to look for his master. He peeps like a hurt chicken; and the old hen runs clucking to see who has injured her brood. He mews like a kitten; and mother puss hearkens, and stares to find from whence the noise comes.

He repeats a tune of considerable length; imitates the warbling of the canary, the lisping of the indigo-bird, the mellow whistle of the cardinal, the vociferations of the whippowil, the notes of the garrulous jay, and of numerous other songsters, with such an appearance of reality, that we imagine ourselves in the presence of the originals, and can scarcely realize the fact, that the whole of this concert is an effort of a single bird.

But after all that can be said, one who has never listened to the remarkable powers of this bird, either in his native woods or in the cage, can have

but a faint idea of his talents as a songster. Indeed, it is almost impossible to listen to his Orphean strains amid his native groves, without being deeply affected, and almost riveted to the spot, by the complicated feelings of wonder and delight.

As if conscious of his unrivaled powers of song, and animated by the harmony of his own voice, he accompanies his music with dancing and expressive gestures. He spreads and closes his light, fanning wings, expands his silvered tail, and, with buoyant gaiety and enthusiastic ecstasy, sweeps around, and mounts and descends into the air as his song swells in loudness.

In the cage, also, he is full of life and action. While engaged in song, he is constantly throwing himself around with inspiring animation. Even in the hours of night, which consign nearly all other birds to silence and rest, his songs serenade the houseless hunter, as he lies wrapped in his blanket by the camp-fire. No sooner does the rising moon diminish the darkness of his cage, than he pours forth his songs amid the repose of midnight hours.

He commences singing in March, in the warm climates of America, and continues, almost incessantly, day and night, until August. When caught and confined in a cage, he soon becomes reconciled, and often quite familiar with his master.

The Mocking-bird usually builds her nest on some tree in the vicinity of the dwellings of man. Sometimes an apple-tree is selected; but the birds are very watchful of their habitation, and the male is always ready to defend it. Neither cat, dog, man, nor any other animal can come near while the female is on the nest, without meeting with a violent attack. Its principal food consists of insects, grasshoppers, worms, and berries.

These birds are sometimes raised in cages, but those taken from their own groves, where they have learned the

wild-wood notes in the school of nature, are the best singers. Good singing-birds, of this species, generally command from five to fifteen dollars each, though some of extraordinary and peculiar powers have been sold for fifty and even a hundred dollars.

THE YOUNG GEOLOGISTS.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

"EUGENE! Eugene!" shouted a lad of some twelve years, "where are you going?"

"Going after specimens," shouted Eugene back again; "will you go too, Charley?"

"I'll ask my mother," said Charles, as Eugene approached him, and after receiving permission, which he was too good a boy to wish to go without, he came to the front door, and was about starting, when he suddenly inquired, "Why have you a hammer and that carpet-bag, Eugene?"

"Oh! you go in and get the same, Charley, and I will tell you all about it."

Away went Charles with alacrity, and found his mother willing to let him have the things, when she knew that Eugene wished them, for Eugene was well known in the village as a good, upright boy. A boy's character, as well as a man's, is always well known by his neighbors, and happy is it for him if he bears a good one.

Kind and judicious parents are willing to have their children associated with him, and many a smile and pleasant word does he receive, because he is known as a kind, faithful, and pleasant boy.

As they walked on, Eugene imparted to Charles the pleasant fact, that his teacher had promised to teach him all that he knew about the science of geology. He had already taught him a little, and after he had collected some

minerals, the teacher was to tell him more about them.

"What is geology?" asked Charles, "and what have stones to do with it, for I see you have some in your bag?"

"Geology is the science which treats of the earth, and its changes. In studying geology, we learn about the different kinds of sands, rocks, and clays, and the minerals, metals, and such things, which they contain. In order to be a good geologist one must understand something of chemistry, or the science which treats of the composition of things; of botany, which treats of plants, and conchology, which relates to shells."

"I have just begun to study some of those branches," said Charles, "and do not see why shells have any thing to do with geology."

"Oh, shells and other things are often found embedded in rocks, where they must have been thousands of years, and by means of these, the fossils, as these remains are called, naturalists are enabled to discover much in reference to the age of the world."

Charles walked thoughtfully along by Eugene. He could not quite comprehend what Eugene had said, for he knew but little of the subjects, yet he thought he would watch and see if Eugene's occupation in gathering specimens was pleasant, and if so, boy-like, he would regard the study of geology favorably.

The sun was shining brightly, the air refreshing, and the whole face of nature was delightful. Their path lay toward the sea-shore. Frequently, on their way, Eugene would pause, as his quick eye saw some singular-looking stone or rock, and with his hammer he would break it apart, and frequently added some excellent specimens to those in his bag.

Charles, too, became interested in observing the different appearance of a pebble when freshly broken, than when lying in the road all stained with exposure to the storms, perhaps, of years,

and ere long he was as busy with his hammer as Eugene.

The sea-shore was a fine place for collecting specimens. There were pebbles of various hues, and Eugene soon taught Charles how to distinguish a pebble of jasper from one of translucent, white, or yellow quartz, and could point out also the different kinds of granite felspathic, graphic, sienite, etc.

Before they reached their homes again, Charles had become so interested that he begged Eugene to teach him as fast as he learned of his teacher the wonders and beauties of the science of geology. And they pursued the study so arduously, and were so often climbing the rocky hills, or rambling on the sea-shore, or lingering about old stone walls, seeking specimens, that at last they were called by the villagers, "The Young Geologists."

But great was their enjoyment, and, reader, young or old, if you know nothing of this valuable and rapidly progressing science, by all means commence its study. In searching for minerals, you may find health in the pure air and glad sunshine, as well as lay up a store of knowledge that you will rejoice to possess in after life, and may, as teachers, impart to others, giving great and enduring pleasure.



ELLA'S SCHOOL.

ELLA is a school girl, residing in Canton, Mass., about sixteen miles from the city of Boston. We do not know how old she is, nor whether she has "dark hair, sparkling eyes, and a fair complexion," but she has told us about the school which she attends, and thinking that the little girls and boys who read *The Student* would be interested in what she said, we have published it here for them to read.

Our school-house is new, large, and convenient, and painted white. The windows are furnished with green blinds

on the outside, and with white curtains on the inside.

We have a large play-ground, enclosed by a picket-fence. There are a few elm trees growing in the yard, but they are not quite large enough to afford much shade yet. We have also a well in the yard, with a chain pump, which we find very useful.

Our school-room is furnished with chairs for the pupils while studying, and with two settees on which we sit when reciting. There are also four blackboards, seven outline maps, a clock, a table, an organ, a beautiful gothic stove, and two ventilators.

Our school numbers over sixty pupils; and we have two teachers. We draw maps, and write compositions every week. There is one class in Latin, and one in Algebra, besides those in the common studies.

Our teacher is a gentleman well qualified for his duties. He is about the medium height, with dark hair, dark eyes, rather light complexion, and is very pleasant. He never loses his temper, or gets impatient in the school-room.

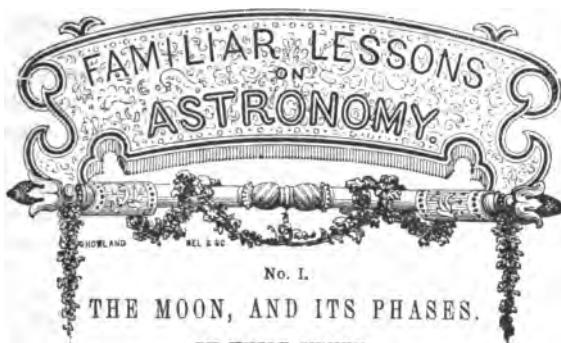
By his efforts we raised the money in the school, and became subscribers for *The Student*. He reads to us from it nearly every morning.

Our assistant teacher is a young lady, rather tall, with dark hair, light complexion, and light eyes. She hears classes recite in a small room adjoining the main school-room.



ADVICE FOR THYSELF.

"COMMAND thyself—no sudden answer give
With zeal do good, for that alone you live.
To know the worth of time, remember death,
Thy life is short, and passing is thy breath.
Be sober-minded, wear a look serene;
Act before God, although by men unseen.
Speak not in vain, nor foolishly depart
From gentle words, and purity of heart.
To truth, and charity, and peace inclined,
With caution censure, or applaud mankind."



You have, doubtless, all learned that astronomy is a science that tells us about the stars and other heavenly bodies, so I shall not say any thing on the objects and uses of this science now, but begin at once to tell you some things that it teaches us.

I suppose that most boys and girls think the moon to be larger than the stars. This is far from the fact. The moon is smaller than any star that you can see.

"Then why does it appear so large?" some of you may ask. Because it is much nearer to us than any star.

Have you never watched a large hawk, or crow, as it was flying from you, and observed how it seemed to grow smaller, and smaller, until it appeared like a mere speck in the sky? If so, you may understand how it is that the stars, which are many times larger than the moon, appear so small to us. It is because they are such a great distance from us.

The moon is not only nearer to us than the stars, but it is nearer than the sun, and much smaller, too. It would take *seventy millions* of bodies, the size of the moon, to make one as large as the sun. Yet the moon, though in reality so much less in size than the sun, is not a very small body, when compared with any thing on the earth. It is larger than all the mountains if piled together. Why, if we could take *forty-nine* globes as large as the moon, and make them

into one ball, it would be as large as the earth on which we live, with all its mountains, and rivers, and lakes, and oceans.

Now, perhaps, some of you are again puzzled, and wonder why the moon appears as large as the sun, when it is really so much less in size. This is from the same reason that the moon appears larger than the stars—because it is nearer to us than the sun.

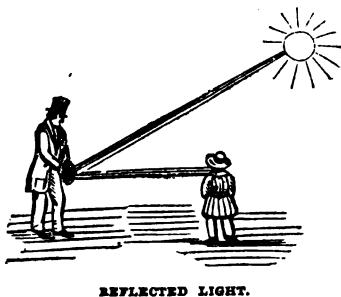
The sun is four hundred times farther from us than the moon is. Were it as near us as the moon, it would appear four hundred times as large as it now does. That would be a big sun, indeed.

You have seen the new moon in the western horizon, just after sunset, with only a narrow rim of light in the form of a crescent; then you have watched it evening after evening, as it increased in size, until one half of it appeared bright; and after a few evenings more you have seen it rise in the east, just after the sun sank below the hills in the west, with a full, round orb.

Did you ever wonder what made the moon change its appearance so often? I will try to explain why this is so, and I hope you will give good attention to what is said.

The moon is a dark body. It can not give any more light of itself, than a football. We can see it only when the sun shines upon it so that it reflects the light

to us. Now look at this picture, and I will explain what is meant by reflection.



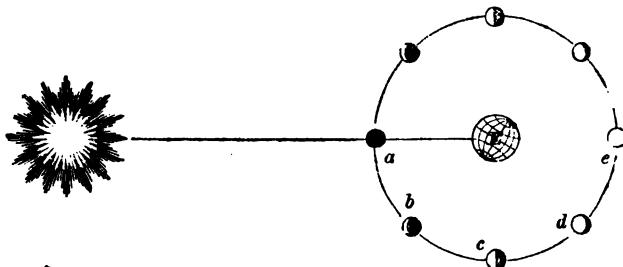
REFLECTED LIGHT.

That man is holding a small mirror, or looking-glass in his hand, in such a position that the sun shines upon it.

The little boy stands with his back to the sun, yet he can see it in the mirror, and it is so bright that it dazzles his eyes. This is *reflection*—that is, the light of the sun is turned back, and the boy can see the sun though his back is toward it.

Now it is in this way that the moon shines. It reflects, or turns back the light of the sun to the earth. So, after all, moonlight is only sunlight, which the moon bends out of its course, and sends down to the earth.

You now understand, I think, how the moon shines, and are prepared to hear how it presents so many phases to us. And here I must ask you to look at another picture.



PHASES OF THE MOON.

The moon goes around the earth once in about twenty-eight days. When it passes between the earth and sun, as at *a*, its dark side will be toward us. As it passes on to *b*, we can see a small portion where the sun shines upon it. Then we have a new moon.

When the moon arrives at *c*, one half of it is visible, and it is said to be in its *first quarter*. At *d*, it is *gibbous*, and *full* at *e*. Then the sun and moon are in opposite parts of the heavens, and one sets as the other rises.

From this time the side on which the sun shines is gradually turned from us, and it goes through the same phases that it did from new to full moon, but in an inverted order.

Instead of seeing it at night, just after sunset, we behold it in the morning before sunrise. At length it rises and sets

with the sun. At this period it is back at *a* again, between us and the sun, consequently invisible.

In a short time there will be another new moon, and so on, from month to month. When the moon changes from new to full moon it is said to *wax*, that is, to increase in size; and in passing from the full moon round to the invisible point, between the earth and sun, it is said to *wane*. Thus the moon *waxes* from new to full, and *wanes* from full to new.

Probably you have heard of the harvest moon. This is the full moon in September and October. It is so called, because at that season of the year it rises only a few minutes later each evening, for several successive nights, thus aiding the farmer in collecting his harvest, by affording him light.

For Children.

"To aid the mind's development, and watch
The dawn of little thoughts."

MARHTA AND EDWARD.



they reside two trees grow near together. To the branches of these their father fastened a rope-swing for the children to amuse themselves, and exercise in the open air.

These two, with several others, shade the beautiful green lawn on which they stand. This shady place is the favorite play-ground of Mr. Taylor's family.

Martha is twelve years of age, and Edward is two years younger. They are very fond of each other, and are seldom alone, either in their play or their studies.

Edward is one of those kind-hearted boys whom every body loves, because he is always so cheerful and obliging. He is most happy when those around him are happy, too.

One day, early in autumn, as Edward came home from school, he saw a basket filled with nice grapes, on the table in the sitting-room.

MARTHA and Edward Taylor reside in the country. Like most girls and boys they are fond of swinging.

Near the house in which

"Oh, where did these fine grapes come from?" exclaimed Edward; "whose are they?"

"They belong to you, dear Edward," said his mother. "Your uncle rode past here to-day, as he was going to the village, and left those grapes for you."

"How very kind uncle is," said Edward. "When I see him again I will thank him for them."

"Ma," said Edward, "may I do what I like with these grapes?"

"What would you like to do with them, my son?" inquired his mother.

"I wish to give half of them to sister Martha, and tell her to share them with you, while I share mine with pa."

"Why do you not keep them all yourself, Edward?"

"Because, ma, I should not feel happy to do so. Besides, they would not taste as sweet to eat them alone, as they will to eat them with sister Martha, and you, and pa."

"Well, Edward, you may do as you please with them."

"Thank you, ma," exclaimed Edward, as he ran to call Martha to come and share with him his nice present.

Martha was soon holding her little basket, into which Edward was placing the beautiful bunches of grapes.

That evening, as Mr. Taylor's family

sat down to tea, a small dish filled with grapes stood by the side of each plate.

—♦♦♦—
LAME AND LAZY.

Two beggars, Lame and Lazy, were in want of bread. One leaned on his crutch, the other reclined on his couch.

Lame called on Charity, and humbly asked for a cracker. Instead of a cracker, he received a loaf.

Lazy, seeing the gift of Charity, exclaimed, "What, ask a cracker and receive a loaf? Well, I will ask for a loaf."

Lazy now applied to Charity, and called for a loaf of bread.

"Your demanding a loaf," said Charity, "proves you a *loafer*. You are of that class and character who *ask and receive not*; you ask amiss."

Lazy, who always found fault, and had rather whine than work, complained of ill treatment, and even accused Charity of a breach of an exceeding great and precious promise, "Ask, and you shall receive."

Charity pointed him to a painting in her room, which presented to his vision three personages, Faith, Hope, and Charity. Charity appeared larger and fairer than her sisters. He noticed that her right hand held a pot of honey, which fed a bee disabled, having lost its wings. Her left hand was armed with a whip to keep off the drones.

"Don't understand it," said Lazy.

Charity replied, "It means, that Charity feeds the lame and flogs the lazy."

Lazy turned to go.

"Stop," said Charity, "instead of coin I will give you *counsel*. Do not go and live on your poor mother, for I will send you to a *rich ant*."

"Rich aunt!" echoed Lazy. "Where shall I find her?"

"You will find her in Proverbs, 6th chapter and 6th verse."

MORAL. Instead of waiting and wishing a rich UNCLE to die, go and see how a rich ANT lives.—Selected.

—♦♦♦—
THE USE OF REMEMBERING.

WHAT's the use of remembering all this?" pettishly cried a boy, after his father, who had been giving him some instructions, left the room.

"I'll tell you what, remembering is of great service sometimes," said his cousin. "Let me read you now from the Living Age. Please hear what Mr. Kidd says."

"My dog Dash was once stolen from me. After being absent thirteen months, he one day entered my office in town with a long string tied round his neck. He had broken away from the fellow who had held him prisoner."

"Our meeting was a very joyful one. I found out the thief, had him apprehended, and took him before a magistrate. He swore the dog was his, and called witnesses to bear him out."

"'Mr. Kidd,' asked the lawyer, addressing me, 'can you give any satisfactory proof of this dog being your property?'

"Placing my mouth to the dog's ear, first giving him a knowing look, and whispering a little communication known only to us two, Dash immedi-

ately reared up on his hind legs, and went through with a series of maneuvers with a stick, guided meanwhile by my eye, which set the whole court in a roar.

"My evidence needed nothing stronger; the thief stood convicted, Dash was liberated, and among the cheers of the multitude we merrily bounded homeward."

There, boy, do you hear that? That dog's remembering was of service to him; it was taken as evidence in a court, and it fairly got the case. Yes, he was set free, and a thief convicted.

"Well, if remembering his master's instructions served a dog so well, how much more likely is it to be important for a boy to treasure up the instructions of his father? no knowing what straits they may keep him out of."

The lesson is a pretty good one, and other boys might profit by it.

Child's Paper.

JOHN AND HIS TOP.

WHIP away, John, do not let your top fall. Never mind your arms aching, the exercise will do you good. I like to see boys play in earnest as well as study in earnest; and a little such exercise as this will refresh you, and give you an appetite for your dinner.

Tops, and skates, and balls, and kites, are all useful in their way. It is only when boys think of nothing else, or devote those hours to play which ought to be spent with their books, that their playthings are injurious.

There is a time to study as well as a time to play; a time for school as well

as a time for a ramble. But John loves his book, and has learned and said his lessons, therefore I am glad to see him so innocently and pleasantly employed.

How quickly the top spins round! Keep it up, John; whip away! whip away!—*Selected.*

GOOD WE MIGHT DO.

We all might do good
Where we often do ill—
There is always the way
If we have but the will ;
Though it be but a word,
Kindly breathed or suppress'd,
It may guard off some pain,
Or give peace to some breast.

We all might do good
In a thousand small ways—
In forbearing to flatter,
Yet giving due praise ;
In spurning ill rumor,
Reproving wrong done,
And treating but kindly
The heart we have won.

We all might do good,
Whether lowly or great,
For deed is not gauged
By the purse or estate ;
If it be but a cup
Of cold water that's given,
Like the widow's two mites ;
It is something for heaven.

Selected.

THE WARM YOUNG HEART.

"A BEAUTIFUL face, and a form of grace,
Are lovely sights to see ;
And gold, and gems, and diadems
More useful still may be ;
But beauty and gold, though both be untold,
Are things of a worldly mart.
The wealth that I prize, above ingots or eyes,
Is a heart—a warm young heart."

Our Missions.

ORIGIN OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.—The American Congress, on the 14th of June, 1777, Resolved, “That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation.”

Some suppose that the idea of this combination was derived from the coat of arms of General Washington, which contained three stars in the upper portion, and three bars running across the escutcheon. But this Union flag was first hoisted on the heights near Boston, Jan. 2, 1776. At this time different flags were used in different portions of the colonies, and were continued until Congress adopted the stars and stripes.

For a time a new stripe was added for each new state, but it was found that in this way the flag would soon become too large. By an act of Congress the number of stripes was reduced to the original thirteen, and now a star is added to the Union at the accession of each new state.

ENIGMATICAL INSCRIPTION AT PERSEPOLIS.—The following is said to be the translation of an inscription found at the ruins of Persepolis, in Persia. It consists of five maxims. Who can tell what these maxims are?

NEVER	ALL	FOR HE WHO	EVERY THING	OFTEN	MORE THAN
TELL	YOU MAY KNOW	TELLS	HE KNOWS	TELLS	HE KNOWS
ATTEMPT	YOU CAN DO	ATTEMPTS	HE CAN DO	ATTEMPTS	HE CAN DO
BELIEVE	YOU MAY HEAR	BELIEVES	HE HEARS	BELIEVES	HE HEARS
LAY OUT	YOU CAN AFFORD	LAYS OUT	HE CAN AFFORD	LAYS OUT	HE CAN AFFORD
DECIDE UPON	YOU MAY SEE	DECIDES UPON	HE SEES	DECIDES UPON	HE SEES

MAJESTY A JEST.—Burke remarked, “ Strip majesty of its exteriors (the first and last letters), and it becomes *a jest!*”

HISTORY IN WORDS.—The history of words is the history of trade and commerce. Your very apparel is a dictionary. They tell us of the “bayonet,” that it was first made at Bayonne; “cambrics,” that they came from Cambray; “damask,” from Damascus; “arras,” from a city of the same name; “cordwaine,” or “cordo-

IS THE BEECH TREE EVER STRUCK BY LIGHTNING?—The assertion is often made that a beech tree is never struck by lightning. Is this a fact? Can any of our readers cite an instance of a beech tree having been thus struck?

IGNORANCE vs IGNORANCE.—A country schoolmaster being recently employed to draw up a petition to the chief magistrate of the town where his school was located, headed it thus:

“ *To the Mare and bddy corpulent.*”

We are told, that “If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.” Now, if ignorant teachers be employed for our children, what will they be taught?

CANT, OR SLANG LANGUAGE.—“ That’s the ticket” is a corruption from “ that is etiquette.” “ Just the cheese,” from “ just my choice.” No person who desires to speak only refined language, and avoid that which is low and vulgar, will indulge in the use of such phrases.

va;” from Cordova; “ currants,” from Corinth; the “ guinea,” that it was originally coined of gold brought from the African coast, so called; “ camlet,” that it was woven, at least in part, of camel’s hair. Such has been the manufacturing progress, that we now and then send calicoes and muslins to India and the East; and yet the words give standing witness that we once imported them from thence, for “ calico” is from Calcut, and “ muslin” from Mousul, a city in Asiatic Turkey.

CAUCUS.—This word is purely American; and it is said to have originated in the following incident. During the invasion of Boston by Gen. Gage, and after a skirmish, in which a few citizens were shot, the inhabitants of the street where the assault took place, held meetings of resentment. Many of those who attended these first meetings in opposition to the course pursued by Great Britain, were *calkers* by trade, hence the meetings were termed *calkers' meetings*. From this word at length came the word *caucus*, which we apply to primary meetings for selecting candidates for office, and concerting means for carrying out our plans.

DISCOVERY OF THE POTATO.—Sir Walter Raleigh was the first discoverer of the value of the potato as food for man. One day he ordered a lot of dry weeds to be collected and burnt. Among these were a lot of dried potato tops, attached to which were several potatoes. After the bonfire, these potatoes were picked up, thoroughly roasted. Sir Walter tasted, and pronounced them delicious. By this accident was discovered a species of food which has saved millions of the human race from starvation.

ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL.—In the time of Edward VI., much of the lands of St. Peter, at Westminster, were seized by his majesty's ministers and courtiers; and in order to reconcile the people to that robbery, they allowed a portion of the lands to be appropriated toward the repairs of St. Paul's church; hence the phrase, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul."

A CHARADE.

From J. W. M'K. of Tollesboro, Ky.

I am composed of four syllables,
My *first* is only a small preposition,
My *second* is found in a watery condition,
My *third* is a pronoun of personal mein,
My *fourth* is just the half of sixteen.
My whole, if you are anxious to know,
Is what persons elected to office should do

THE ALPHABET IN A VERSE, ALL BUT E.—The following verse contains every letter in the English alphabet, except "E." It is a question whether any other English rhyme can be found without the letter "E," which is a letter used more than any other:—

"A jovial swain may rack his brain
And tax his fancy's might,
To quiz in vain, for 'tis most plain
That what I say is right."

Record of Events.

GREAT TELESCOPE.—A gigantic telescope, destined to eclipse that of Lord Rosse, is one of the latest scientific and mechanical marvels of England. The whole length of this monster tube is 85 feet, with a circumference of 12 feet in the largest part. The shape is somewhat like a cigar. Its exterior is of bright metal, and the interior is painted black. The object glass is achromatic, 24 inches in diameter, with a focal distance of 76 feet.

This instrument weighs about three tons. It is supported by a brick tower, 64 feet in height, 15 feet in diameter. By the side of this hangs the telescope, sustained by a chain, by which it can be lowered or elevated so as to point to the heavens at any desired elevation. By means of a circular iron railway, it can be turned to any direction. So perfect is the machinery, that it can be moved with as much ease, and rapidity, and certainty, as an ordinary telescope.

This is the largest refracting telescope ever constructed. Its space-penetrating powers are prodigious, and it may be expected to help us to a further insight into the nature of the heavenly bodies. Lord Rosse's Great Reflecting telescope, is six feet in diameter, and 56 feet in length.

PARAGUAY INDEPENDENT.—Buenos Ayres has at length acknowledged the independence of this country. It declared itself independent in 1813; but soon after, Dr. Francia, a native, assumed the government, and was made dictator for life. He died in 1841, and his successor, Carlo Lopez, a nephew of Dr. Francia, has recently succeeded in obtaining an acknowledgment of the independence of his state, by the government of Buenos Ayres, the principal power of the Argentine Republic.

SIR CHARLES LYELL.—The distinguished geologist, and President of the British Geological Society, is again in the United States. This is his third visit to this country. He is accompanied by Lady Lyell; they are now at the South.

CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.—A late San Francisco paper estimates the number of Chinese in California at 28,000 and only *twenty-seven* of this number are women. Judging from the present increase by immigration, it is thought that

within a year there will be more than 46,000 celestials in that state. They are represented as a sober, diligent, laborious, orderly people. By this breaking over the walls that have so long confined this race at home, it is believed that the great mystery of life in China will be solved before another generation passes away.

EMIGRATION OF THE FLORIDA INDIANS.—Arrangements have recently been concluded with Billy Bowlegs, the principal chief among the Seminole Indians of Florida, for the removal of this race west of the Mississippi. A treaty was made in 1832, by which the Seminoles granted all the lands in Florida to the whites, and agreed to move west of the Mississippi; but afterward they refused to go, and a war followed. This was concluded by an agreement that the Indians should go south of a certain line, and remain in the country for a time longer, but at length they must go West. The emigration is to commence soon.

BAYARD TAYLOR has relinquished his project of visiting Nineveh, chiefly in consequence of the filling up of the excavations with sand, since the departure of Mr. Layard from those ruins, in order to preserve the sculptures. By late advices he had returned to England, and would soon sail for India and China; and after exploring those regions of Asia, will probably return home by the way of California. He will doubtless remain absent a year longer. His interesting letters for The New York Tribune will be continued during this period

RECENT DEATHS.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON died from an apoplectic fit on the 14th day of September, at his residence, Walmer Castle, near Dover. Arthur Wellesley—the Duke of Wellington—was born in Ireland, May 1, 1769, hence, at the time of his decease, he was in his 84th year. He was a soldier, and while living was acknowledged to be the greatest general in the world. The friends of Gen. Winfield Scott ranked him as second only to Wellington in military skill, hence they must now claim for him the honor of being the greatest living general. The crowning event in Wellington's life was the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo.

JOHN VANDERLYN, a distinguished American artist, died at Kingston, N. Y., on the 23d of September, at the age of 76 years. He was an

artist of much celebrity. The full-length portrait of Washington, for the Hall of Representatives, was painted by him. He afterward painted the "Landing of Columbus" for a vacant panel in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. His last work exhibited, was the full-length portrait of Gen. Taylor.

REV. PHILIP MILLEDOLER, D.D., died on Staten Island, Sept. 22, 1852, on his seventy-seventh birth-day. His wife, **MRS. MARGARET MILLEDOLER**, died Sept. 23, 1852, aged sixty years. Dr. Milledoler was formerly a pastor of Middle Reformed Dutch Church in this city, and subsequently the President of Rutgers College, at New Brunswick, N. J. He was one of the founders of the American Bible Society, and with its history his name is intimately associated



For Children.

PLANS OF SCHOOL.

CLASSIFICATION, RECITATIONS, AND GOVERNMENT.

MANY teachers are now entering their schools for the winter term, and at this season a few suggestions will be appropriate, relative to the general arrangements of school, and plans for instruction.

The first object of the teacher, on commencing a school term, should be to classify the pupils. The usual time for school instruction is about six hours daily, hence, generally, not more than *three hundred minutes* can be spent in actual instruction, after deducting time for recesses, changes of classes, etc. Now, if a school contains thirty pupils (which is a less number than most schools average), it leaves about *ten minutes* of instruction for each pupil, if not classified.

By arranging these thirty pupils into ten classes, each class might receive *thirty minutes*; and as many of the pupils would be in four or five classes, as spelling, reading, geography, arithmetic, and grammar, they would receive from two to two and a half hours' instruction, each day. Here, then, is a great gain of time to the scholars by classification. Besides, the older pupils would receive much benefit by contact with the minds of other pupils in the class, which would otherwise be lost to them

Intimately connected with classification are recitations. For these there should be regular and stated times, and the scholars should understand that when the time came for any recitation it must take place, and that no excuses of the pupil could delay it. It would be well to adopt some plan by which all the lessons may be learned by each pupil in the class.

In recitations teachers should endeavor by all possible means to draw out the mind of the scholars, to teach them how to learn, and how to use what they learn. In all school instruction it is the teacher's duty to develop those faculties and teach those principles which will make useful citizens and good neighbors. Probably the future conduct and usefulness of many may be determined for life by the influences of the very term of school which they are now attending. How important, then, that the influence of that school be such as shall conduct to paths of usefulness.

The government of school is of vital importance to its usefulness. Let it then receive much careful attention. Have but few rules, and those of a simple and universal character. Do **RIGHT**, is the all-important one, and it will apply to all the multitudinous cases of discipline which may come before the teacher. Impress the importance of a just and strict observance of this rule upon the minds of every pupil. Make them feel that they have a personal interest in all that relates to good conduct, order, and improvement, in the whole school.

By remarks upon general conduct, and by applying admitted principles of right and wrong to individual action, create a public sentiment in your school, which will frown upon every thing bad, and approve of what is right in the conduct of the pupils. This accomplished, you will have a moral governor to regulate your school, whose influence will be tenfold more potent than any physical government which could be devised.

Editor's Cable.

AN INTERVIEW WITH OUR READERS.

DEAR READERS, old and young, to our table we now invite you all for a social interview. Though it is small in size, nevertheless, when once spread, it accommodates thousands at each monthly repast. Come, then, and let us together commune, familiarly, as the family around the social parlor table, after the labors of the day, and the light evening meal.

The season of long evenings is again with us. This is a period most favorable for improvement, socially, morally, and intellectually. It is also a time for amusements, of a trifling and evanescent character, as well as those of a beneficial influence. Hence, now is an appropriate time for each of us to inquire, how shall we spend these evenings? Shall we allow them to pass away idly, or in folly, without any noble purpose? or will we devote them to reading and social culture, mingled with healthful amusements?

The cheerful fireside and its pleasant recreations appear before us at such a season as this. We think of the long evenings of leisure, particularly to the dwellers in the country, and of the elevating communion with books, magazines, and

newspapers, from which may be gathered rich stores of knowledge—treasures that do not fly from the possessor like winged riches, but once obtained, are friends forever. They cheer the heart and employ the mind wherever we may be, and cling to us with a tenacity as eternal as wisdom itself.

The hours devoted to the pursuit of these treasures of knowledge have carried civilization into the boundless wilderness, developed with unexampled speed millions of fertile acres, covered them with pleasant homes, rendered these homes happy, quiet, and refined, and made life and the world continual pictures for an enlightened study. How, then, can those of you who are young, better spend your winter evenings than in gathering up these stores of knowledge?

Amid all the changes of time there is one sweet reminiscence, which the storms of life can never wither; it is the recollection of home—of childhood's home.

"Yes, the silver chime of memory's bells
Comes sweetly forth on the ambient air,
And many a history fondly tells
Of youth, and home, and the pleasures there."

The home circle, in a happy family, is most potent in its influences for good. How often in later years, does the son and brother look back to that spot—the scene of innocence and delightful enjoyment—to the companionship of fond brothers and loving sisters, to the instructions and kind admonitions of anxious parents, and delight, in memory, to share them over again. How like guardian angels do the remembrances of these early days follow him in all his wanderings, whispering in his ear the richness and fullness of the happiness flowing from a life of innocence and purity. And when he is tempted into evil paths, how powerful is their charming voice in winning him back again to virtue and wisdom's ways.

Youthful reader, cherish, then, the home of your childhood. Prize it above all other places. Deem not its kind restraints burdensome. You know not how beneficial these may become to your after life. Love your home, and do all in your power, by cheerful obedience, by kindness to brothers and sisters, to make it a pleasant and a happy place, and you will never regret it when you become old. If any of you have already left the home of your youth, keep alive its kindly influences, and heed its winning voice. Forget not the counsels and advice of your parents, nor the lessons of kindness, truth, and purity, learned in your early home.

Parents, guard this magic circle—the sanctuary of domestic happiness—bind more strongly the silken cords of social life around the family hearth. Let it be a place, where, above all others, your children will delight to remain, and to which, when the duties of riper years have called them away, they will fondly turn to renew their vows of filial love and parental honors, on the family altar.

Furnish your children with the means of amusements, that shall prove alike healthful to body and mind. Make home a place of instruction as well as recreation. Supply it with interesting books, useful magazines, and good newspapers, and thus cultivate in your children's minds a taste for reading. Let all the influences of home be those of kindness, purity, and uprightness, and you may trust your children on the voyage of life. The haven they seek will be one of happiness.

CONCERTS.—The citizens of New York have been favored with series of musical concerts from

some of the most celebrated vocalists in the world, during the present season. Madame Alboni, assisted by Signor Sangiovanni, Rovere, and Ardit, gave nine concerts here, which were attended with brilliant success. Madame Alboni is a singer of remarkable compass of voice, possessing extraordinary fullness and sweetness on the lowest notes, and much power throughout.

Madame Sontag, assisted by Signor Porzolini, Badiali, and Carl Eckert, have delighted thousands with charming music. Madame Sontag possesses a voice of a marvelous flexibility and limpidity. It flows forth in an almost incessant silvery stream of sweetest melody. Though a quarter of a century has elapsed since she charmed Europe with her exquisite singing and beauty, and an interval of twenty years' silence intervened, yet she again appears in the musical canopy as a star of the first magnitude.

But when we have expressed all our admiration—and it is far from an ordinary estimation of their musical powers—for these justly distinguished artists, we can not but still regard Jenny Lind as the “Queen of song.”

NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.—A few weeks since we had the pleasure of a visit to this noble institution, situated on Fifth Street, near the Fourth Avenue, in this city. It is under the charge of Harvey P. Peet, LL.D.—the President of the institution; who is assisted by some thirteen professors and teachers. There are now about two hundred and thirty pupils in attendance. Instructions are given in the alphabet, manual, written, and printed; penmanship, composition, arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, the Bible, physiology, and the definition of words. Besides these, they learn trades, such as book-binding, shoe-making, tailoring, cabinet work, etc., in shops connected with the Institution.

No one can visit this institution, and witness the cheerful, happy countenances of the pupils, behold the change from the often dull and listless looks of deaf mutes who have just entered, to the sparkling eye and expressive countenance of those whose dormant faculties have been awoken and expanded, without feelings of gratitude for the noble zeal and worthy labors of those who devote their lives to benefiting this unfortunate class of our race.

We wish our readers, particularly those who

are scholars, could visit this institution, for we think many of them might learn a useful lesson in giving attention to their teachers. Sight is the only medium by which the deaf mute can receive instruction, and the vigilant attention which they give to their teachers is worthy of imitation by less unfortunate pupils.

WRITING ON NEWSPAPERS.—Persons sending a transient newspaper to their friends, should never inclose with it any written communication, nor write on the paper any words, marks, or signs, which will communicate any intelligence; for such an act subjects the paper to letter postage, at the rate of five cents for each half ounce.

Any person would deem it a poor compliment to receive a newspaper weighing three ounces, for which he had to pay thirty cents in postage, because the one who sent it had written a few words upon it. Better write the few words in a letter, then it would cost only five cents; and if the postage be paid by the person sending it, it would cost but three cents. This would be a far more honorable course, than to write on the newspaper.

The practice of sending papers to friends, began when the postage on letters was from six to twenty-five cents each, according to the distance. Then it was a saving of money, and persons at length began to write on the paper some word to inform their friends that all were well, etc. But the necessity, or rather excuse, for such a practice no longer exists, now that we have such cheap postage.

Literary Notices.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, with Explanatory and Critical Notes. Edited by Rev. James Robert Boyd. 8vo; 552 pages. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, and H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati.

A popular preacher was once asked how he managed in reading *Paradise Lost*. His honest reply was, "I skip over the hard places, and read the easier. I do not pretend to understand or to appreciate the entire poem. Some passages require more research and study than I am able to bestow." Such has been the experience of thousands; and for similar reasons thousands of others have never read this immortal poem at all. But these difficulties have now been overcome. In the volume before us the editor has furnished copious notes which clear up all these obscurities, and also with criticisms, in which

he directs the attention to the parts most deserving of attention. In these notes are treasures of learning culled from history, both sacred and profane, astronomy, philosophy, biography, Greek and Roman Mythology, Heathen idolatry, and from all the broad domains of literature, which enable even ordinarily learned readers to understand and appreciate the beauties, learning, eloquence, and sublimity of the poet who wrote for all time. This is unquestionably the best edition of *Paradise Lost*, for the use of schools, or for family and school libraries, ever issued from the American press. We sincerely hope that this elucidated volume may have a wide circulation, and induce a more general reading of this too much neglected, yet sublimest of poetical compositions.

SICILY: A PILGRIMAGE. By Henry T. Tuckerman. 12mo; 187 pages. Price 25 cents. Published G. P. Putnam, No. 10 Park Place, New York.

This volume is No. 16 of Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library. It originally appeared in 1839, as the result of a tour in Sicily, though under the guise of a romance, for the purpose, as the author stated, "to avoid that egotistical tone from which it is almost impossible to escape in a formal journal." It is one of the author's earliest productions, but the new interest given to that island by the revolution of 1848, and the fact that there is no work before the public on that subject, induced the present issue of this volume, which will be read with renewed interest. Mr. Tuckerman is a finished, thoughtful writer. He touches no subject without throwing around it the charm of an excellent style, and the richness of a well-cultivated mind.

A MANUAL OF THE ORIGIN AND MEANING OF GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES. By A. J. Perkins, A.M., and G. W. Fitch. 16mo; 64 pages. Published by George Savage, 22 John Street, New York.

This little work is designed to furnish teachers and scholars with the etymology of the scientific terms used in geography, and, as the title indicates, to explain, as far as possible, the origin and meaning of the names of countries, places, etc. We are glad to meet with such a work, and cordially commend it to teachers, as containing such information as will increase the interest in the study of geography.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES, in Prose and Verse, by Thomas Hood, is No. 17, or the volume of Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library for Sept. 15. It is profusely illustrated with Hood's inimitable comic designs, and the whole book is full of that genuine humor, laughter-provoking wit, cheerful philosophy, and warm-hearted humanity which has immortalized this author.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The publishers of this "Prince of Monthlies" announce that 100,000 copies are now printed monthly; and more than 1,500 dollars are paid to American editors, authors, and artists, for labor bestowed upon the preparation of a single number." Its valuable and interesting articles, its rich illustrations, its cheapness, and the excellent style in which all the work upon it is executed, render it pre-eminently the Magazine of America.

Price \$3 a year; or 25 cents a number. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

THIS WORLD IS NOT SO BAD A WORLD.*

By William B. Bradbury.

1. { This world is not so bad a world As some would like to make it,
 Tho' whe-ther good, or whe-ther bad, De-pends on how we take it; }

2. { This world in truth's as good a world, As e'er was known to a - ny,
 Who have not seen an - o - ther yet, And there are ve - ry ma - ny; }

For if we scold and fret all day, From dew - y morn till e - ven,
 And if the men and wo - men too Have plen - ty of em - ployment,

This world will ne'er af - ford to man A fore-taste here of heav - en.
 They sure - ly must be hard to please Who can-not find en - joy - ment.

3.
 This world is quite a pleasant world,
 In rain or pleasant weather,
 If people would but learn to live
 In harmony together;
 And cease to burst the kindling bond,
 By love and peace cemented,
 And learn that best of lessons yet,
 To always be contented.

4.
 Then were this world a pleasant world,
 And pleasant folks were in it,
 The day would pass most pleasantly,
 To those who thus begin it;
 And all the nameless grievances,
 Brought on by borrowed troublea,
 Would prove, as certainly they are,
 A mass of empty bubbles.

* From "THE SINGING BIRD, or Progressive Music Reader," a new singing book for schools, by William B. Bradbury, just published by Newman & Ivison, New York.

THE STUDENT.

THE MIRACLE OF LIFE.

Of all miracles, the most wonderful is that of life—the common, daily life which we carry about with us, and which everywhere surrounds us. The sun and stars, the blue firmament, day and night, the tides and seasons, are as nothing compared with it. Life—the soul of the world, but for which creation were not!

It is our daily familiarity with life, which obscures its wonders from us. We live, yet remember it not. Other wonders attract our attention, and excite our surprise; but this, the great wonder of the world, which includes all others, is little regarded. We have grown up alongside of life, with life within us and about us; and there is never any point in our existence, at which its phenomena arrest our curiosity and attention. The miracle is hid from us by familiarity, and we see it not.

Fancy the earth without life! its skeleton ribs of rock and mountain unclothed by verdure, without soil, without flesh! What a naked, desolate spectacle; and how unlike the beautiful aspect of external nature in all lands! Nature, ever-varied, and ever-changing—coming with the spring, and going to sleep with the winter—in constant rotation. The flower springs up, blooms, withers, and falls, returning to the earth from whence it sprung, leaving behind it the germ of future being; for nothing dies, not even life, which only gives up one form to assume another. Organization is traveling in an unending circle.

The trees in summer put on their verdure; they blossom, their fruit ripens and falls. What the roots gathered up out of the earth returns to earth again; the leaves drop one by one, and decay, resolving themselves into new forms, to enter into other organizations; the sap flows back to

the trunk; and the forest, wood, field, and brake, compose themselves to their annual winter's sleep.

In spring and summer the birds sang in the boughs, and tended their young brood; the whole animal kingdom rejoiced in their full, bounding life; the sun shone warm, and nature rejoiced in greenness. Winter lays its cold chill upon this scene; but the same scene comes round again, and another spring recommences the same “never-ending, still beginning” succession of vital changes. We learn to expect all this, and become so familiar with it, that it seldom occurs to us to reflect how much harmony and adaptation there is in this arrangement; how much of beauty and glory there is everywhere, above, around, and beneath us.

But were it possible to conceive an intelligent being, abstracted from our humanity, endowed with the full possession of mind and reason, all at once set down on the earth's surface, how many objects of surpassing interest and wonder would at once force themselves on his attention. The verdant earth, covered with its endless profusion of forms of vegetable life, from the delicate moss to the oak which survives the revolutions of centuries; the insect and animal kingdom, from the gnat which dances in the summer's sunbeam, up to the higher forms of sentient being; birds, beasts of endless diversity of form, instinct, and color; and, above all, man—“lord of the lion heart and eagle eye”—these would, to such an intelligence, be a source of almost endless interest.

It is life which is the grand glory of the world; it was the consummation of creative power, at which the morning stars sang together for joy. Is not the sun glorious because there are living eyes to be gladdened by his beams? Is not the fresh

air delicious because there are living creatures to inhale and enjoy it? Are not odors fragrant, and sounds sweet, and colors gorgeous, because there is the living sensation to appreciate them? Without life, what were they all? What were a Creator himself, without life, intelligence, understanding, to know and adore Him, and to trace His finger in the works that He hath made?

Boundless variety and perpetual change are exhibited in the living beings around us. Take the class of insects alone: of these, not fewer than *one hundred thousand* distinct species are already known and described; and every day is adding to the catalogue. Wherever you penetrate, that life can be sustained, you find living beings to exist—in the depths of ocean, in the arid desert, or at the icy polar regions. The air teems with life. The soil which clothes the earth all round, is swarming with life, vegetable and animal.

Take a drop of water, and examine it with a microscope: lo! it is swarming with living creatures. Within life, exists other life, until it recedes before the powers of human vision. The parasitic animalcule, which preys upon, or within the body of a larger animal, is itself preyed upon by parasites peculiar to itself.

In the very ocean depths, insects, by the labor of ages, are enabled to construct islands, and lay the foundations of future continents. The coral insect is the great architect of the southern ocean. First a reef is formed; seeds are wafted to it, vegetation springs up, a verdant island exists; then man takes possession, and a colony is formed.

Dig down into the earth, and from a hundred yards deep, throw up a portion of soil; cover it so that no communication can take place between that earth and the surrounding air. Soon you will observe vegetation springing up, perhaps new plants, altogether unlike any thing heretofore grown in that neighborhood. During how many thousands of years has the vitality of these seeds been preserved in the earth's bosom?

Not less wonderful is the fact stated by Lord Lindsay, who took from the hand of an Egyptian mummy a tuber, which must

have been wrapped up there more than two thousand years before. It was planted, was rained upon, and moistened by the dew, the sun shone on it again, and the root grew, bursting forth and blooming into a beauteous dahlia.

At the north pole, where you would expect life to become extinct, the snow is sometimes found of a bright red color. Examine it by the microscope, and, lo! it is covered with mushrooms, growing on the surface of the snow as their natural abode.

A philosopher distills a portion of pure water, secludes it from the air, and then places it under the influence of a powerful electric current. Living beings are stimulated into existence, the *acari cossii* appear in numbers! Here we touch on the borders of a great mystery; but it is not at all more mysterious than the fact of life itself. Philosophers know nothing about it, further than it is. The attempt to discover its cause, inevitably throws them back upon the Great First Cause. Philosophy takes refuge in religion.

Chemists are equally at fault, in endeavoring to unveil the mysterious processes of life. Before its power they stand abashed. For life controls matter, and to a great extent overrules its combinations. An organized being is not held together by ordinary chemical affinity; nor can chemistry do any thing toward compounding organized tissues.

The principles which enter into the composition of the organized being are few, the chief being charcoal and water, but into what wondrous forms does life mold these common elements! The chemist can tell you what these elements are, and how they are combined, when dead; but when living, they resist all his power of analysis. Rudolphi confesses that chemistry is able to investigate only the lifeless remains of organized beings.

The last mystery of life is death. Such is the economy of living beings, that the very actions which are subservient to their preservation, tends to exhaust and destroy them. Each being has its definite term of life, and on attaining its acme of perfection, it begins to decay, and at length ceases to exist. This is alike true of the insect which perishes within the hour, and

of the octogenarian who falls in a ripe old age.

The greatest mystery of all remains. What of the spirit—the soul? The vital principle which bound the frame together has been dissolved; what of the man, the being of high aspirations, “looking before and after,” and “whose thoughts wandered through eternity?” The material elements have not died, but merely assumed new forms. Does not the spirit of man, which is ever at enmity with nothingness and dissolution, live too? Religion, in all ages, has dealt with this great mystery, and here we leave it with confidence in the solution which it offers.—*Selected.*

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Yes, the year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely—sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow;
“Caw! caw!” the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes,
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, “Pray for this poor soul,
Pray—pray!”

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers—
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king—a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! O, the old man gray,
Loveth that ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith—
To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter’s breath,
“Pray do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!”

And now the sweet day is dead;
Cold in his arms it lies:
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist or stain!

Then, too, the old year dieth
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
“Vex not his ghost!”

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind!

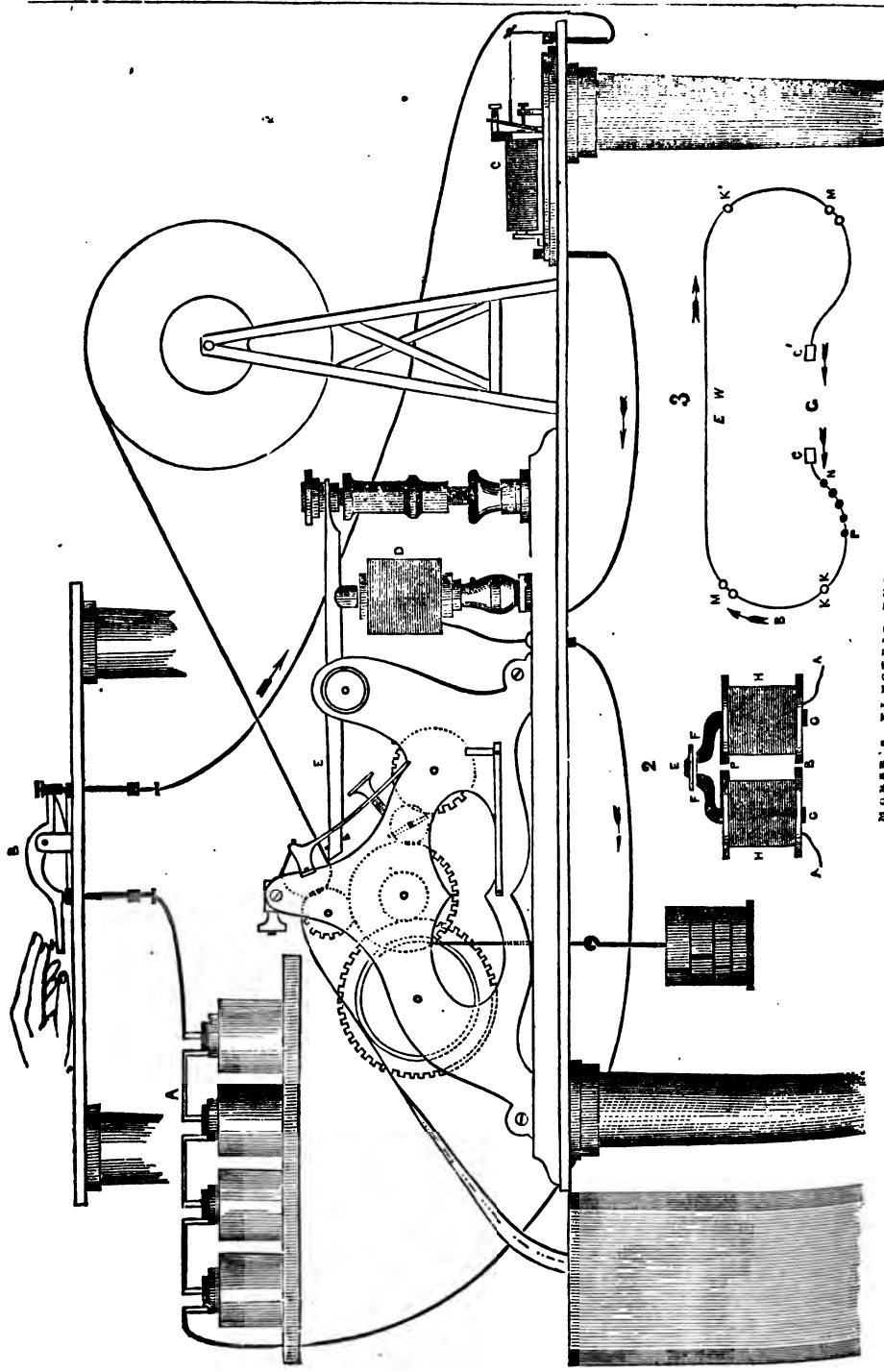
Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would, the sins that thou abhorrest,
O Soul! could thus decay,
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day;
And the stars from heaven down cast
Like red leaves be swept away!
Kyrie, eleyon!
Christe, eleyon!—*Selected.*

MIND MAKES THE MAN.

“THERE is a simple little truth—
Dispute it, ye who can—
‘Tis not old age, or lively youth,
But MIND that makes the man.

“This is a happy truth to view,
The happiest of the clan
Of those which to us are not new—
‘Tis MIND that makes the man.”



MURKIN'S ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

MONG the many wonderful inventions of man, and the grand achievements of mind over matter, none stands out in bolder relief than the electric telegraph. In all our large towns it has revolutionized the modes of conducting business, and along the railroads it governs the movements of the iron-steed. Distant cities now hold converse with each other; aye, Nova Scotia whispers from her fields of snow and ice, and Florida listens on her bed of flowers.

To the genius of Professor Morse is due the honor of this glorious invention; and though there are *three* different electric telegraphs in operation in this country, yet his is the oldest, and the one most extensively used, and probably has no superior. For these reasons, chiefly, we have selected this as the one to be illustrated by the present article.

Electricity is the moving spirit of the telegraph, as steam is of the engine. Much as has been said and written concerning this agent, it is still wrapped up in a mystery. We behold exhibitions of its wonderful powers, and learn some of the laws by which it is governed, and its mechanical and chemical effects; all else yet remains unlearned, in the great archives of nature. It is the fleetest steed ever bridled, and travels along its wiry path at the rate of 200,000 miles in a second. Were a road built around the world for him, he would gallop across its oceans and continents, and perform the entire circuit *four times*, before we could draw a single breath.

One of the singular laws of electricity is, that it will never start on its journey until there is an unobstructed path by which it may return; and that path must be some other than the one by which it set out. Formerly, in telegraphic lines, there were two wires extended between the points connected. One of these was used by the operator for sending the message, and the other for the messenger to return to the place from whence he started. This is called a "metallic circuit," and is represented by the engraving on the opposite page.

The battery **A**, and the operator's table above it, we will suppose to be in the city of New York, and the telegraph register below, to be at Philadelphia. A wire may be seen extending from the battery to the metallic connection on the table above, and another wire extending from this table to the office at Philadelphia, where it is connected with the electric magnet **D**. This magnet is seen in Fig. 2. It is made of a piece of soft iron bent in the form of the letter U, on which is wound very fine copper wire, covered with silk. In appearance, this magnet resembles two spools of cord.

In Fig. 2 the letters **A A** designate the ends of the wires which are attached to the spool-like coils, or *helix*. One of these wires extends back to the battery in New York, by which the current of electricity returns. When the hand of the operator in New York presses upon the little lever, upon the table, the circuit is closed, and the current of electricity flows along the wire to the electro-magnet in Philadelphia, and back to the battery in New York.

While the electric current is rushing along the silk-covered wire, forming the helix, the iron around which it is wound becomes a magnet, and attracts the piece of iron **E**, that is attached to the pen-lever **E**, as seen in the figure of the telegraph register, to the prongs of the magnet **F F**. By this means one end of the pen-lever, which is suspended on a pivot at its middle, is moved down. But as this electro-magnet loses its attractive force instantly when the electric current ceases to flow along the copper wire, the pen-lever springs back again. As the operator can close and break this circuit instantly, the pen-lever of the distant telegraph register may be moved at will.

The end of the pen-lever has a steel point in it, and as the end over the magnet is drawn down, the one containing the steel pen is thrown up against the strip of paper which unwinds from the elevated wheel, and passes along between two small rollers, by means of the clock-work, moved by the weight hanging beneath it. The roller against which the pen strikes, has a little groove around it, so that as the

steel point of the lever presses against the paper it indents it. Thus, a single touch of the key, or lever, by the operator in New York, will cause the point to make a dot in the paper at the office in Philadelphia; and by pressing a little longer on this key, a dash — will be made.

By arranging these dots and dashes so as to represent the several letters of the alphabet, words may be spelled, and sentences formed, so that any intelligence can be thus written on the moving strip of paper in Philadelphia, by the operator in New York; and so between all other places which are connected by the electric telegraph. The following is the combination of the dots and dashes used by Professor Morse to represent the alphabet, and the figures, viz

A	—	O	· ·	1	— —
B	— · ·	P	· · ·	2	— · ·
C	· · ·	Q	· — ·	3	· · —
D	— · ·	R	· · ·	4	· · ·
E	·	S	· · ·	5	— — —
F	· — ·	T	—	6	· · · ·
G	— — ·	U	· — —	7	— · · ·
H	· · · ·	V	· — —	8	— · · ·
I	· · ·	W	— — —	9	— · · ·
J	— — ·	X	— — ·	0	— — —
K	— · —	Y	· · ·		
L	— —	Z	· · ·		
M	— —	&	· · ·		
N	— —	&c	· · · ·		

The communications written in these characters are copied into common writing at the office where they are received, and sent to the person for whom they were intended. We have thus attempted to explain how intelligence can be transmitted, by means of the electric telegraph, between places situated hundreds of miles from each other; and we hope this has been done so plainly that he who reads may understand how

"Along the smooth and slender wires
The sleepless heralds run,
Just as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun:
No peals or flashes heard or seen
Their wondrous flight betray,
And yet their words are plainly felt
In cities far away."

From this description it will be seen that, in reality, a message is no more sent along the telegraph wire, than are the

thoughts of the writer passed down his arm and through his pen as he inscribes them in visible characters on the paper before him. The telegraph is simply a long pen, by which an individual at one end can write his thoughts at the other, though mountains, rocks, rivers, and thousands of miles intervene. As the mind of the writer acts upon the arm and hand, causing it to move the pen in a manner that will form the character representing his thoughts, so electricity acts upon the connecting wire, and through that upon the magnet in the distant city, and thus causes it to move the telegraphic pen, and record the intelligence to be communicated.

There is another phenomena connected with the electric circuit of the telegraph. In the accompanying engraving this circuit is formed entirely by means of wire, as heretofore described, but at present only one wire is used, and the ground is employed for the return current. This plan is represented by Fig. 3. **B** designates the position of New York, and the opposite end Philadelphia. **C** is a large sheet of copper, to which a wire is soldered, and connected with **N**, the negative pole of the battery. This sheet of copper is embedded in a wet place in the earth. From **P**, the positive pole of the battery, the wire proceeds to **K**, the key of the operator, then to **M**, the telegraph register in New York, and from thence along the wire **E W** to **K**, the operator's key in Philadelphia, thence to **M**, the register there, and finally down to another plate of copper, or some other metal, buried in the moist earth.

When the operator in New York writes a communication for Philadelphia, the return current passes from the metallic plate **C** in Philadelphia, through the ground **G** to the metallic plate **C** in New York. And when the operator in Philadelphia communicates with New York, the return current passes in an opposite direction from one of these plates to the other. Messages can be sent both ways by the same wire, but between places where there is much telegraphing, it is necessary to send communications each way at the same time, hence two wires are employed.

The more distant the places connected by the wires, the larger must be the galvanic battery used to generate the electric current. A small battery, the size of a thimble, will work through six miles. Large ones will generate a sufficient amount of power to work through several hundred miles. Usually, between places as distant as New York and New Orleans, the messages are re-telegraphed at some intermediate office or offices on the line.

Ten years ago there was no electric telegraph in the United States; now there are nearly thirty thousand miles of it in operation in this country. What the fu-

ture influences of this wonderful invention may be on the customs and habits of society, it is hardly possible to conjecture. Among all our fast things this is the swiftest, and baffles all competition. Among all our marvels, this is the most wonderful; and among all the useful inventions, this is one of the most valuable. Yet we hear of it so much in conversation, we read so frequently about it in the newspapers, and are so constantly reminded of it in all our railway travels, that its familiarity has already half blinded us to its merits and wonderful achievements.

Manufacture of Iron.—No. 4.

ROLLING IRON.

BY DR. J. R. HOWARD.

HAVING traced the manufacture of iron to the malleable state, in our last, we now come to the process of *rolling* it. It formerly was *hammered* preparatory to its use in the common smith's shop or forge, by the large tilt-hammers referred to in our last.

We remarked in our last article that it was not the iron from every furnace that would make good malleable iron; and that the iron of some furnaces would not do at all by itself, but after being mixed with that of other furnaces would then make good iron. There are two of these conditions of iron in which it will not do; one termed, by iron-masters, "*red short*," and the other, "*cold short*."

The *red short* is when the iron will not roll well when at a red heat, because it is brittle and crumbling, but is tough and malleable enough when cold. The *cold short* is when it will roll very well, but is brittle when cold. In one case it breaks *short* when hot, in the other, when cold; and hence the application of the term "*short*" to each.

Now the iron in either condition is unfit for manufacture and use; and as they are *opposite* conditions, the remedy would be

readily suggested—to unite them together. This is done, as we have seen, at the furnaces where the metal is "*nobbled*" or "*puddled*," and changed into the malleable state.

The *rolling* is the next part of the process, after the *hammering*. The blooms are heated to a white heat in close furnaces, with stone coal. They are put in in what are called "*charges*," of about an equal number at a time, then heated, and rolled. The furnace men who heat them, are called "*heaters*," and each charge is called a "*heat*." They generally make a certain number of these heats each day, after which they leave their labors for that day, be the hour what it may, early or late in the afternoon.

When thus heated, the blooms are taken out of the furnace, one at a time, carried to the rolls, and rolled. The rolls generally consist of three sets—the "*sheet rolls*," the "*bar rolls*," and the "*guide rolls*." At the *sheet rolls*, the iron is rolled into the different forms of sheet iron, which may be required—the common *sheet iron*—*boiler* iron, which is thicker, for the manufacture of steam boilers—and iron still thicker, for *plow-molds*, etc.

At the *bar rolls* it is rolled into the different forms of common or large bar iron, and into large square bars, to be cut into "billetts," to be reheated and rolled in the *guide rolls*. At the *guide rolls* it is rolled into small bars, hoop iron, rods, etc.

The rolls of the last two sets have properly shaped depressions in them, fitted to each other, to receive and shape the iron as it is rolled. These begin a little smaller than the piece of iron to be rolled, and gradually lessen in size, until of the requisite size and shape of the desired kind of iron. The iron is put into the first place, and as soon as it passes through, is seized at the last end, with a pair of tongs, by a workman stationed at the proper place, and placed in the next smaller, run through, seized again on the other side, put in another, and run back, and thus through and through until finished. This is all done at one heat, in a few minutes, and requires great tact and expedition.

To save the trouble and loss of time in having to pass the iron over the rolls every time, and roll it but one way, there are *three*, instead of *two* rolls to each set, one above another. The iron can thus be rolled *each way*, as the middle roll, in revolving with the one above and the other below, revolves in *different* directions.

The *sheet rolls* are somewhat different. They consist of but *two* rolls, consequently the iron can be rolled but one way, and has to be passed back every time. There are two pairs of these rolls—one through which the iron is first passed several times, until thin or reduced enough for the other, when it is finished there. Each pair works under large, upright screws at the ends of the roll, with cross handles upon them, by which they are turned, and the roll thus screwed down at each successive passing through of the iron, the rolls brought nearer and nearer together, and the iron made thinner and thinner. Little streams of water from reservoirs above, into which it is pumped, are pouring all the time on the "guide rolls," and on the greater part of the "bar rolls," to prevent their becoming too much heated.

When the iron is required of greater toughness than usual, as *boiler* iron, for in-

stance, it is hammered *twice* before rolling. The blooms are put in the close furnace, heated, and hammered again into the proper shape for the "sheet rolls." Sometimes the iron is "packed," as it is called, first: several pieces being fastened together, heated, and hammered into a solid piece, or several pieces or plates fastened together, heated and rolled.

Scraps of iron are thus put together frequently, and rolled. They are closely fitted in box-shaped forms, made with four pieces of wide, thick, bar iron, fastened together, heated and rolled. In this way, every kind, shaped, and sized scrap of malleable iron can be used; and made into the toughest and best kind of iron. And here we take leave of the manufacture of iron.

STOP AND THINK.

BY ALBERT.

YOUNG man, if thou hast left thy parent's fireside, and gone forth into the broad world to act for thyself, let me drop a few words in thine ear. I was once a young man like thyself, and left my father's house at an early age. I thought I was capable of acting for myself, and needed not any man's advice. And notwithstanding I had ever received good instructions from a kind father, and the wise counsels of a tender and feeling mother—many times in my pathway to middle age did I need advice, and a warning voice from those who had experienced the "ups and downs" of this changing life.

In taking a review of my life's journey, I can call up scenes that I have passed through, which I should not have done, had I received and followed the advice I might have had, if I had asked it. But I can say with truth, that although temptations assailed me, and vicious young men tried to draw me into dens of wickedness, I succeeded in withdrawing from them before it was too late. And why? because, when I would have gone astray, a voice seemed to whisper in my ear—*Stop and think!* and when I did so, the instructions and counsels of my parents would come

up vividly before me, and thus was I enabled to shun the road to ruin.

Young man, if thou hast the same love and regard for thy parents, and for their counsels, that I had for mine, thou, too, when thou art being drawn into the vortex of sin and wickedness, wilt be induced to *stop and think!*

The world holds out the same temptations now that she did years ago, and every means will be resorted to to draw thee from the path of rectitude and duty. but, oh, young man, be on the watch! Think often of the advice thou hast received from thy parents, of their heart-felt desires for thy welfare; and if thou wouldst make them happy, walk in the path they have marked out for thee. Knowest thou the love and affection thy mother has for thee—the tears she would shed if she knew her son was in the road to ruin; turn back, I beseech thee, and thus save thyself, and dry her tears. If thou hast but just taken the first step in a course, the *end* of which will be destruction—*stop and think!*

Beware of places of fashionable amusement, although they may appear innocent at the first; but if followed up, they will prove a great injury. Shun the ball-room, the theater, and the gaming table. Above all, touch not the intoxicating cup; death lieth at the bottom. If dissipated companions urge thee to take the first glass, shun it as thou wouldst a viper; and by all means shun dissipated company, if thou wouldst be free from contaminating influences.

Although *thou* mayest think thy mind is strong enough to suffer thee to mingle in any society, and still come out pure, I would say to thee, the thing is impossible. So imperceptibly wilt thou be drawn in, if thou art once in the way, that before thou art aware of it, thy reputation will be lost. Seek, then, the path that leads to virtue. Mark out a course the great and good have followed before thee, and let no obstacles deter thee from persevering therein.

If thou wilt but look around thee, thou wilt see many young men, who were once the delight of their parents, and whose prospects were bright before them, who

are now profligate and abandoned. Take warning, then, from their example; and however strong may be thy desires for worldly amusements, the satisfaction will be cheering to thee in after life that thou didst not gratify thy vain desires.

Finally, young man, for the regard thou hast for thy parents, and especially for the love and respect that is *due* to thy mother, keep thyself in the path that will lead thee to virtue and religion, then wilt thou not only have the respect of thy fellow-men, but the praise of thy Father in heaven. In conclusion, let me say—*Stop and think*, whether thou art *now* in that path.

OUR SCHOOLS.

BY A. T.

Our country's fort—her strongest hold—
The highest court—her mental mold;
They yield protection stronger than all
Britain's guard, or China's wall.

Her sovereign nobles there are trained
To act the part of honest men,
And humbly bow to nature's God,
But ne'er submit to servile rod.

Her highest honors, then are due
To faithful teachers; who, 'tis true,
Have kept at bay her direst foes,
And still avert her deepest woes.

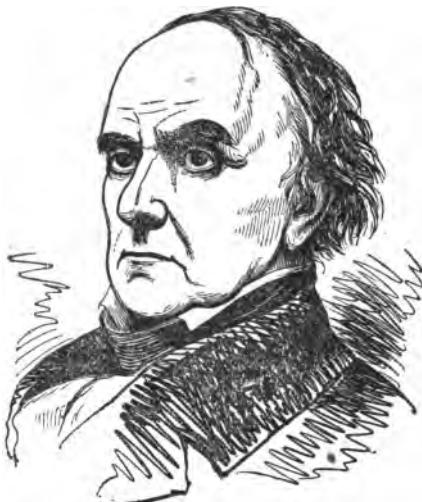
Those honors now may be denied,
But look ye forth with honest pride
On words of thought, and works of skill,
As farmers do on land they till.

Though treason is 'neath the marble dome,
The gemmed robe, the mitered crown;
Less evils thence can reach our home,
Than from the vacant school-room come.

Then why not make the school-room free
As purling streams beneath the tree,
Where mental thirst can be allayed,
Without regard to age or grade?

Would we have the strong man's arm,
To shield the home, and till the farm,
Withhold not, then, his daily bread,
Nor grudge him that with which he's fed.

And would we have full strength of mind,
To guide and to control mankind,
Beware, then, how we stint its growth,
In childhood's age, and manhood's youth.



DANIEL WEBSTER.

AMONG the granite hills of New Hampshire, in the town of Salisbury, and on the western declivity bordering on the valley of the Merrimac, DANIEL WEBSTER was born, on the 18th of January, 1782. He was one of ten children, himself the ninth. There were five brothers, and five sisters. His father, Colonel Ebenezer Webster, was twice married, and had five children by each wife. All of the boys, except one, were half brothers to Daniel. This one was Hon. Ezekiel Webster, an eminent lawyer, who died suddenly of a disease of the heart, while pleading in a court at Concord, N. H. The last of these brothers and sisters now sleep in the tomb.

The mother of Daniel Webster was a woman of remarkable intellect, piety, and true affections. She taught her son the letters of the alphabet, and was ever careful to see that he devoted as much time as possible to learning. His father was a man of considerable distinction—a soldier, an officer in the Revolutionary army, a legislator, and a judge—and was worthy of such a son.

It was in a rude log school-house, that Daniel learned to spell, and to write, and also the rudiments of arithmetic. But he learned to read at home. His love of

eloquence was the result of hearing his father read, as he could read, the Bible, Shakspeare, and Pope. In very early life Daniel acquired a fondness for reading and study, which laid the foundation for his subsequent eminent career.

His father, though a farmer by occupation, owned a saw-mill, which, during a portion of each year, was a source of income to him. When there was no school, Daniel was in the habit of going to the mill to assist his father in sawing boards. He was very apt in learning any thing useful, and soon his services there became valuable. Even in that rude saw-mill, situated in a dark glen, surrounded by forest-covered hills, this noble boy suffered no time to pass unimproved. As he went to his labors, he carried with him some book of history or biography, and after "setting the saw," and hoisting the gate, he took his book and read while the saw was passing through the log, from end to end. This usually occupied some ten or fifteen minutes.

Amid that solitary scenery, and the noise of the angry saw, he improved those intervals of leisure, as board after board was severed from the log by him, in making himself familiar with the most remarkable events in the history of our

country, and with the lives and characters of distinguished persons who had occupied prominent places in the world's history. That solitary place was a fruitful one for the mind of this faithful boy; and so well did he remember what he read there, that even in advanced life he could recite long passages from the pages of those books, and state their contents, though he had scarcely seen them since. That rural retreat is thus invested with more interest than the academy which he afterward attended.

The first time that Daniel Webster saw the Constitution of the United States, he found it printed on a cotton handkerchief at a neighboring country store. At once he resolved to purchase it, for having heard the people talk much about it, he longed to read the glorious compact. To obtain this, it required all the money he had—twenty-five cents—yet he paid it freely, and carried home the handkerchief. On the same afternoon he sat under the shade of an old elm tree, near his father's house, and read, and re-read that wonderful production.

As that boy sat beneath the wide-spreading branches of the old tree, with the handkerchief spread out in his lap, poring over the wisdom, and drinking in the ideas which, for more than half a century, have been shining lights, guiding the footsteps of our nation through paths beset with perils, who can imagine his aspirations, or tell the mighty influences resulting from that simple incident? That same New Hampshire boy, when he had attained to manhood's prime, became the ablest exponent, and most zealous defender of that Constitution.

In his fourteenth year he was sent to Phillips' Academy, at Exeter, N. H. In this institution he remained only nine months, and during that period he gave his attention chiefly to grammar, arithmetic, geography, rhetoric, and the Latin language. It was customary in the academy, to require compositions from the pupils, each week. To this call young Webster cheerfully responded. During the time he spent at this place, his severest trials were when called upon to make a declamation. Here is a striking fact. He who,

during his first nine months at an academy, though an excellent reader, and naturally self-possessed, could not deliver a speech! yet, afterward, became the greatest orator of his time! Bashful boys, read what Mr. Webster said of himself on this subject, and *take courage!*

"The kind and excellent Buckminster especially sought to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation, like other boys, but I could not do it. I could not speak before the school. Many a piece did I commit to memory, and rehearse in my own room, over and over again, but when the day came, when the school collected, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the masters frowned, sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed and entreated with the most winning kindness, that I would only venture *once*; but I could not command sufficient resolution; and when the occasion was over, I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification."

After returning from the academy, in his fifteenth year, he taught a select school during a part of that winter, and also continued his own studies. During the following spring he commenced a preparation for college, under the tuition of the Rev. Samuel Wood, at Boscawen, N. H. He had previously learned to read Latin, but as late as the month of June he had not opened his Greek grammar for studying, and yet he was to enter Dartmouth College in August. The reading of Cicero was his easiest task.

The month of August came, and accompanied by his good friend, Mr. Wood, he attended the examination, and was admitted as a member of the Freshmen class. By close application, he was soon distinguished as one of the most promising students in the class, though he began at the foot of it. Before he had completed his fourth year at college, every student acknowledged his talents. He overcame his diffidence in declamation, and made himself so far the master of the rules of speaking, and the graces of oratory, that whenever he mounted the rostrum he commanded attention.

While in college, and in his eighteenth year, Daniel Webster was invited to deliver an oration, on the Fourth of July, 1800, before the citizens of Hanover. So well pleased were his friends, that they obtained a copy for publication, and thus it has been preserved by his classmates. During his four years at college, said one of the professors, "Daniel was as regular as the sun. He never made a misstep; he never stooped to do a mean act; he never countenanced, by his presence or by his conversation, any college irregularities."

On leaving college he had determined to adopt the profession of the law; but he decided first to teach school, and thus obtain the means to support himself, and also to pay some of the debts necessarily incurred while at college. Accordingly, he took charge of an academy at Fryeburg, Me. He remained in this situation one year, for which he received \$350. During this interval he earned his livelihood by copying deeds, etc., in the county records.

He returned to his native town and commenced the study of the law with Mr. Thompson; but after a few months entered the office of Christopher Gore, an eminent lawyer in Boston. In 1805 he was admitted to the bar. He then returned to Boscawen, and opened an office, beside his father, who was now a judge, where he remained until the death of his venerable parent. In 1807 he relinquished his business to his brother, and removed to Portsmouth, where he was married, in 1808, to Grace Fletcher. They had four children—Grace, Fletcher, Julia, and Edward—of whom Fletcher only now survives. Grace died early, Edward was killed in the Mexican war, and Julia married a Mr. Appleton of Boston, and died a few years ago.

Thus far we have dwelt entirely upon Webster's boyhood, and the beginning of his career in life, and we hope not without some advantage to the young of the present day, who may read these pages. His subsequent life is the history of our country, and must be more or less familiar to all, hence we shall pass over it by glancing at some of its more prominent points.

In 1812 he was chosen a member of Congress from his native state, and although, at that time, among the youngest in the House of Representatives, and entirely without legislative experience, he at once rose to the first rank, both in dispatch of business and in debate. Having removed to Boston in 1816, he was chosen as a representative to the eighteenth Congress, and took his seat in December, 1823. During that session he made his celebrated speech on the Greek Revolution. This effort at once gave him fame as one of the first statesmen of the age.

His ablest parliamentary effort, and his most celebrated speech, was his reply to Colonel Hayne of South Carolina. It occurred in the memorable debate on Foot's resolution respecting the Public Lands. During Col. Hayne's speech, he charged Mr. Webster with having assailed the institutions of the South. Webster's reply, on this occasion, was one of the sublimest specimens of eloquence which ever fell from the lips of an American. Its power was indescribable. No one who was not present can understand the excitement of the scene. No one who was can give an adequate description of it.

The Hon. Edward Everett says: "It has been my fortune to hear some of the ablest speeches of the greatest living orators on both sides of the ocean, but I must confess, I never heard any thing which so completely realized my conception of what Demosthenes was when he delivered the Oration for the Crown." Speaking of this event, subsequently, Mr. Webster remarked that he felt as if every thing he had ever seen, or read, or heard, was floating before him in one grand panorama, and that he had little else to do than to reach up and pull a thunderbolt and hurl it at Colonel Hayne.

From that period until his death, Webster had been almost constantly connected with the councils of our nation. For eight years he was a Representative in Congress, nineteen years a Senator, and five years Secretary of State. This last position he occupied until, "On the 24th of October, 1852, all that was mortal of Daniel Webster was no more."

In real intellectual strength, it is prob-

able that Webster has never been surpassed in any age or any clime. No man could hear or read his speeches without being struck with the rich philosophy that was continually unfolding his subject. Themes that other men looked up to gaze at, he stooped to touch, and when he touched them, lifted them into the sphere he occupied, and gave them greater dignity and higher views, and linked them to broader associations.

In personal appearance Daniel Webster was singularly commanding. He was rather above the ordinary size, but not tall, and might be called a great man, with a great brain, who seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates, there has seldom been a head so massively huge. He was decorous in dress, graceful in his movements, dignified in deportment, and walked with the majesty of a king. What a brow was his!—so massive and overhanging! What eyes! large, black, and solemn-looking. His swarthy face was rugged with volcanic fires, great passions, and great thoughts. Yet there was a sweet grandeur in his smile. In the Senate of the United States he looked like an emperor in council.

He was a great lawyer, a great statesman, and a great orator; immensely great. He was not a Nile in eloquence; he was a Niagara. His style was simple, and that of a strong man; now and then swelling into beauty. He laid siege to the understanding, and built a causeway from his own will to the hearer's mind. He could make a statement better than any man in America. Yet his eloquence was founded on no model, ancient or modern. It was all his own—its excellencies and its defects. His emphasis, too, belonged to himself alone; it was founded on no rule, and could not be reduced to any.

But he who so long was the pride and glory of our country is no more. He is lost to America and the world. On the morning of the 24th of October, 1852, ere the sun illumined the eastern skies, Daniel Webster slept the sleep of death. Yet his dying words—"I still live"—remain true. Yes, his works, his words, his examples, his influence, *still live*, and will continue as long as time exists. Now, the

last of that mighty trio—CLAY, CALHOUN, WEBSTER—who for forty years had filled so large a space in the eye and in the heart of the nation, have all departed, and the American people, in sorrow and orphanage, lament their loss.

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh, the old, old clock, of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest:
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations alter'd;
And its voice, still strong, warn'd old and young,
When the voice of friendship falter'd!
"Tick, tick," it said; "quick, quick, to bed;
For ten I've given warning:
Up, up—and go—or else, you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning."

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And bless'd the time, with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling:
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn look'd gray, o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly!
"Tick, tick," it said; "quick, out of bed,
For five I've given warning:
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning!"

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever!
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move—though hands we loved
Are clasped on earth no longer!
"Tick—tick!" it said—"to the church-yard
bed;
The grave hath given warning—
Up—up—and rise to the angel skies—
And enter a heavenly morning!"—Selected.

Youth's Department.

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, to fix
The generous purpose, and the noble thought.

JOHN POUNDS AND HIS RAGGED SCHOOL.

BY ANNIE PARKER

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly ;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly ;
Labor ! all labor is noble and holy ;
Let thy *good works* be thy prayer to thy God."—*Mrs. Osgood.*

Did you ever notice, my dear young friends, how opportunities for doing good multiply, when one sets himself about seeking for them? The old proverb, "Where there's a will, there's a way," holds true here, as everywhere else, where a little energy and resolution are necessary, to conquer difficulties.

Nothing can be done in this world without effort. You can not even enjoy your favorite amusements without some exertion. So if you sit down idly, and content yourself with *wishing* you could do good, without resolutely looking for a fitting opportunity, you will very likely spend your life in wishing, and the world will be little better for your having lived in it.

You may think you are excused from active usefulness, that you are too young, or too poor, or while you are in school you have not time. But though you are young, you are not *too young* to make others happy.

If you are poor, you are as rich as Jesus was. You know "He had not where to lay His head ;" yet it was the business of His life, to "go about doing good."

Your studies, it is true, take up much of your time, but no one ever yet found he had not time enough to do all

that God requires of him. If you should try it, I think you would be surprised to find how much good you can do, and how many hearts you can make happy in a very few moments of time.

I want to tell you about a poor man who once lived in England, and I think you will acknowledge that *you* have the means of doing as much good as he had. If, after reading this, each one of you will resolve never to let an opportunity for doing good pass unimproved, God, alone, will be able to measure the increased amount of human happiness which will be the result.

John Pounds was the son of a poor man in Portsmouth, England. When he was twelve years old, he was apprenticed to a shipwright, with whom he worked three years. At the end of that time, he met with a very serious accident, which made him lame for life.

When he was able to work again, he tried to learn the shoemaker's trade, and succeeded so well that he was able to support himself by *mending* shoes, though he did not often try to *make* them.

He never married, but lived by himself in a very small house, one little room in which he used as a workshop.

John Pounds had a brother, who went

to sea. This brother had a large family of children. One of them was a feeble little boy, whose feet overlapped each other, and turned inward. This deformity John Pounds very ingeniously contrived to cure, with such simple means as were within his reach. He loved this child very much. Did you never notice that we always love those whom we benefit? If you would love every body, *be kind* to every body.

As John Pound's lameness prevented his sharing in out-of-door sports, he amused himself at home with singing birds, parrots, cats, and guinea-pigs, which he so trained, that they played about the room together, in perfect friendship. Sometimes while he was at work, a cat would perch on one of his shoulders, and a Canary-bird on the other.

When his little nephew was about five years old, he began to teach him his letters. Thinking he would learn better if he had a companion, he found a poor little child, whose mother went about selling puddings. While she was away, the little boy was left in the street, with nothing to shelter him from the cold. How glad and happy he must have been, when poor John Pounds took him into his little workshop, to teach him to read.

The good man soon found that it made him very happy to teach these little ignorant children, and he kept adding one and another to the number, till at length he had *forty* little boys and girls coming every day to his little band-box of a room—for it was only six feet wide, and eighteen long—to be taught.

It is not to be supposed that he was very learned himself. He had been obliged to work for his daily bread, all his life, so that he could have had few opportunities for learning any thing from books. But he knew how to read and write, and had some knowledge of arithmetic, and all that he knew he gladly taught his little charge.

All the children in Mr. Pound's school were very poor. He used to go into the most obscure parts of the city, and when he saw a child more dirty, and ragged; and apparently destitute than his companions, he would persuade him to come to school, by offering, as a bribe, a roasted potato.

His little school-room was so small, that he made his pupils take turns, when the weather was pleasant, to sit outside the door, for the benefit of the fresh air.

His mode of teaching was rather peculiar. He would ask the little ones to tell him the names of the different parts of their bodies, and their uses. Then he would teach them to spell these names.

He taught them to read from old handbills, and the remains of old school-books. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing.

He taught many of the boys to cook their own food, and mend their own shoes; sent them to Sunday-schools, and with the aid of friends, procured some clothing, which he allowed them to put on at his house Sunday morning, and restore to him in the evening.

He made the playthings for his little flock, and directed their sports. When they were ill, he was both doctor and nurse, and if any case required more skill than he possessed, he obtained assistance from others.

Hundreds of persons have been indebted to him for all the schooling they ever had, while he, at the same time, was laboring diligently upon his shoemaker's bench for his daily bread. He never received any compensation for teaching besides the satisfaction arising from doing good. Some of his scholars were so poor, that they have frequently been saved from starvation by obtaining a portion of his humble food.

His good deeds were not confined to his pupils. On Christmas eve he always carried to a female relative, the materials for a large plum pudding, to

be distributed among the children. He died very suddenly in consequence of the rupture of a blood-vessel. His scholars were overwhelmed with grief at his loss. They all loved him very much.

How much less of sin and misery would there be in the world, if every one would try as earnestly to do all the good in his power, as poor John Pounds did. Look around you, my dear young friends, and see if there is not some one whom each of you can make wiser, and better, and happier. You may not be able to benefit so many as the man did of whom I have been telling you, but each one can do something. Will you try?

FAITHFULNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

BY ELIZA A. CHASE.

“Is Mr. Harris in?” inquired a plainly, but neatly dressed boy of twelve or thirteen, of a clerk, as he stood by the counter of a large bookstore.

The well-paid clerk regarded the boy with a supercilious look, and answered, “Mr. Harris is in, but he is engaged.”

The boy looked at the clerk hesitatingly, and then said, “If he is not particularly engaged, I should like much to see him.”

“If you have any business to transact, I can attend to it,” replied the clerk. “Mr. Harris can not be troubled with children like you.”

“What is this, Morley?” said a pleasant-looking, elderly man, stepping up to the clerk; “what does the boy want?”

“He insisted on seeing you, though I told him you were engaged,” returned the clerk, a little abashed by the manner of his employer.

“And what would you have with me, my lad?” inquired Mr. Harris, kindly.

The boy raised his eyes, and meeting the half-scornful glance of the clerk,

said timidly, “I wish you to look at the bill of some books which I bought here about three months since. There is a mistake in it which I wish to correct.”

“Ah, my boy, I see,” replied Mr. Harris; “you have overpaid us, I suppose.”

“No, sir,” answered the boy. “On the contrary, I purchased some books which are not charged in the bill, and I have called to pay for them.”

Mr. Harris folded his arms across his breast, regarded the boy earnestly for a moment, and then asked, “When did you discover this mistake?”

“Not until I reached home,” replied the lad. “When I paid for the books I was in a great hurry, fearing the boat would leave before I could reach it, and I did not examine the bill.”

“Why did you not return before and rectify the mistake?” asked the gentleman, in a tone slightly altered.

“Because, sir, I live some distance from the city, and have not been able to return till now.”

“My dear boy,” said Mr. Harris, “you have given me great pleasure. In a long life of mercantile business, I have never met with an instance of this kind before. You have acted nobly and deserve a recompense.”

“I ask no recompense,” returned the boy, proudly. “I have done nothing but my duty, a simple act of justice, and that deserves no reward but itself.”

“May I ask who taught you such noble principles?” inquired Mr. Harris.

“My mother,” answered the boy, bursting into tears.

“Blessed is the child who has such a mother,” said Mr. Harris, with much emotion, “and blessed is the mother of such a child. Be faithful to her teachings, my dear boy, and you will be the staff of her declining years.”

“Alas, sir,” sobbed the boy, “she is dead. It was her sickness and death which prevented me from coming here before.”

"What is your name?" inquired Mr. Harris.

"Edward Delong."

"Have you a father?"

"No, sir. My father died when I was an infant."

"Where do you reside?"

"In the town of Linwood, about fifty miles from this city."

"Well, my boy, what are the books which were forgotten?"

"Tacitus, and a Latin dictionary."

"Let me see the bill. Ha! signed by A. C. Morley. I will see to that. Here, Mr. Morley," called Mr. Harris, but that functionary was busily engaged in waiting on a customer at the opposite side of the store, bowing and smiling in the most obsequious manner.

"Edward," continued the kind-hearted Harris, "I am not going to reward you for what you have done, but I wish to manifest my approbation of your conduct in such a manner as to make you remember the wise and excellent precepts of your departed mother. Select from my store any ten books you choose, which, in addition to the ten you had before, shall be a present to you; and henceforth, as now, my boy, remember and not 'despise the day of little things.' If ever you need a friend, call on me, and for my mother's sake I will assist you."

When the grateful boy left the store, through his own tears he saw the moistened eyes of his kind benefactor.

Edward Delong wished for knowledge, and though the scanty means of his mother could hardly satisfy his desire, by diligence and economy he had advanced far beyond most boys of his age. By working nights and mornings for a neighbor, he had amassed, what seemed to him, a large sum of money, and this was expended in books.

Scarcely was he in possession of his treasures, when his mother sickened and died. His home was now with a man who regarded money as the chief end and aim of life, and severe and con-

stant physical labor as the only means of obtaining that end.

For two years Edward struggled with his hopeless condition. Toil, toil, early and late, was his doom, and to his oft-expressed wish of obtaining an education, his employer answered, "Learnin' never made corn grow, or tilled a field, and what is the use on it. I can only read and write, and there aint a richer man in the place, not excepting Squire Morrison, with all his high-larnt notions." * * *

"Is Mr. Harris in," inquired Edward, as he again entered the store of that gentleman.

"He is engaged," replied the polite clerk. "Will you wait a moment, and he will be at liberty?"

"Did you wish to see me?" asked Mr. Harris of the boy, whose thoughts were so intense that he had not noticed the approach of his friend.

"Mr. Harris!" exclaimed Edward, and it was all he could say.

"My noble Edward!" said the old man. "And so you needed a friend. Well, you shall have one."

Five years from that time Edward Delong was the confidential clerk of Mr. Harris, and in three more a partner in the firm. The integrity of purpose which first won the regard of his benefactor, was his guide in after life. Prosperity crowned his efforts, and happiness blessed his heart—the never-failing result of faithfulness in "little things."



WHO EVER CAUGHT A WEASEL ASLEEP?—A hawk once seized a weasel, and soared away with his prey; but suddenly he was seen struggling and falling to the earth. On going to the spot where he fell, it was found that the weasel had seized the hawk by the neck, and sucked its life blood, and on reaching the ground he run away, having taken a short excursion, and obtained a meal.

Lessons on Physiology and Hygiene.—No. 1.

MATTER AND LIFE-POWER.

BY JOHN B. NEWMAN, M.D., LL.D.*

IN a small town, near a large city, there was an academy which prepared boys for either business pursuits or entering college. The principal was noted for the attention he paid to the health of his pupils. With him, a sound body was the first requisite, and a sound mind the second; and, as might be expected, he was very successful in attaining both objects. Physiology was one of the main studies of the school, and the laws of Hygiene were carried into practice with the most rigid care.

Mrs. Gimbert was on a visit, with her family, to a relative living near the school. She had many times seen the boys, and was much struck with their fine, happy, robust appearance. Her eldest son, Peter, a lad of fourteen, had formed an acquaintanceship with William Beecher, a boy about his own age, a pupil of the academy, and wished to remain and study with him. After making some inquiry, and becoming satisfied that the mind was as well trained as the body, she consented to his remaining, and on her return to the city, his father sent him the necessary books and clothes.

Peter had always been a sickly child, and although willing to study, had made but little progress in consequence of frequent attacks of illness. He possessed little strength, walked with his head bent forward on his chest, and generally had a dull headache.

The Saturday preceding his first appearance at school, he was engaged with William Beecher in making a little ship to sail in a pond near by. While putting the bowsprit on the ship, his knife slipped and cut off a thin slice from the end of his finger. The wound bled

very freely, and he was much frightened.

William told him there was no danger, and, tearing off a strip from his linen handkerchief, rolled it round and round the finger, and then poured cold water upon it until the pain was gone, and it stopped bleeding. In a few minutes Peter was quite comfortable, and at his ease. Yet the knowledge and ability William showed, surprised him very much.

Peter.—How did you know what to do? A doctor could not have done it better.

William.—We are all instructed in school to be ready for common accidents. It forms part of our lessons in physiology. Have you not studied physiology?

Peter.—Yes, but I don't know anything about it. There were so many hard names that I took no interest in it, and was glad when the book was finished.

William.—I find the study very interesting; if any thing, more so than any of the rest. It teaches how to live to the best advantage, and how to study to the best advantage, and we can often apply it usefully, as I have done to you. You see how strong and hearty I am. Well, I was once as sickly-looking as you are, and yet, by training, I became stout and healthy; I think you can do the same.

Peter.—I am sure I am willing to try, if you will teach me. The finger be-

* Dr. Newman is the author of a series of works on physiology and natural history, designed for the use of schools, which aim to remove the great obstacles to the more general introduction of the study of this important subject, by presenting it in a clear, comprehensive, and familiar style, free from technical terms. This article is the first of a series, which we need hardly assure our readers will be not only interesting but highly instructive.—[Ed.]

gins to pain again. (*William pours some more water upon it.*) When do you think it will get well?

William.—In a few days, at the most. Don't take off the rag until it does get well. If it pains any more, pour water on it. If it was a more serious cut, I would advise you to put the arm in a sling, so as to keep the hand and fingers up, and prevent too much blood running down to them, but as it is, you need not take that trouble.

Peter.—Do you learn all about that in the *Physiology*? I wish you would explain to me how it gets well, and how the slice that I cut off will come on again.

William.—I think I know, and so I will try, and even if I should fail we can ask our teacher; he will tell at once. What is the slice you cut off made of?

Peter.—Our bodies are said to be made of matter, so I suppose the slice is.

William.—How did the matter get into your body to make it?

Peter.—I don't know any other way than from the food I eat.

William.—Just so. Your body is made of the elements of bread and butter, coffee, tea, water, and meat. Now the slice you cut off is dead, and will soon decompose. What has it lost?

Peter.—I do not know; I never thought of these things before.

William.—The body is made from the food we eat; but bread and butter inside the body has surely no more power to make flesh than bread and butter outside of it. How does it happen, then, that flesh is made?

Peter.—There must be some power inside the body that takes all I eat, and combines it in some way into flesh.

William.—You are right. The name of that principle is the **LIFE POWER**. The *properties* of this power convert what you eat into blood, and then from blood make flesh.

Peter.—Did you ever see this **LIFE POWER**?

William.—No, but we can tell as much about it as if we did see it?

Peter.—That is strange. I don't think I could tell any thing about what I could not see.

William.—Look at that aspen-tree; it is waving from side to side, and all the leaves are quivering. Does it make those motions of itself, for its own pleasure?

Peter.—No, the wind shakes it. I know it is the wind, and yet I can not see it. I begin to understand what you mean. For every effect there must be a cause. So far, that is plain enough; but I think I have found an objection to the *Life Power*. It extends through every part of the body, and must be its exact shape, must it not?

William.—Certainly; for in every part of the body we perceive matter serving various purposes that it could not do of itself, and the cause must be the *Life Power*. It is an invisible mold which fills itself with matter; it is owing to its presence that the place where you cut off the slice will be again filled up. But what is your objection?

Peter.—It is, that we must have many *Life Powers*, or the one that we have must be continually stretching, for the *Life Power* I have now, was too big for me when a baby, and will be too small when a man.

William.—It does not stretch, it grows; and because it grows we grow. The matter in our bodies does not grow, it is constantly changing; new particles are added, and thus we increase in size. Every few years our bodies are supposed to be made of matter entirely new, and yet we know we are the same persons. The soul does not know matter, it only knows the *Life Power*, which is its real body or servant, and the *Life Power* wears matter as we wear our clothes.

A story is told of an old philosopher who came near going crazy because he could not understand this. He was for years exclaiming in wonder, "To be another, yet the same."

Peter.—I perceive now. Then the bodies of plants and animals are so many houses for the Life Power.

William.—Yes, and most beautiful houses, too. The seeds and eggs are models with enough of material to begin working, and then by means of the processes of nutrition they get more matter as they want it. I have often thought how curious it would be, if builders could only make such models of houses for people to live in, and then let them grow to suit us, as our numbers and wants increased. But the seed models are much more wonderful. You have neglected the house of your soul, but fortunately you can yet set it all right again, by proper care. But this is enough for this time, and as our ship is finished, we will go and sail it. We have plenty of time for studying as well as for play.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

MANY a heart can echo the touching sentiment of the following lines, copied from an exchange. Especially will they awaken thrilling emotions in the hearts of those who, after a long absence, have revisited the scenes of childhood, and felt how great the changes, since many years ago.—[Ed. Student.

I've wandered to the village, Tom ;
I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the school-house play-ground,
Which sheltered you and me ;
But none were there to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know,
That played with us upon the green,
Some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom ;
Bare-footed boys at play,
Were sporting just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay ;
But "Master" sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place,
Just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered some ;
The benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same
Our pen-knives had defaced ;
But the same old bricks are in the wall ;

The bell swings to and fro,
Its music just the same, dear Tom,
'Twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game,
Beneath that same old tree ;
I do forget the name just now—
You've played the same with me,
On that same spot—'twas played with knives,
By throwing so and so ;
The leader had a task to do,
There, twenty years ago.

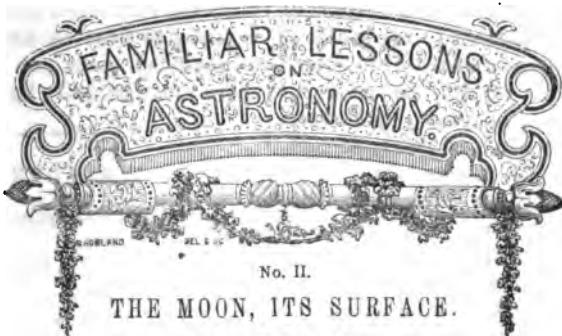
The river's running just as still ;
The willows on its side,
Are larger than they were, Tom ;
The stream appears less wide—
But the grape-vine swing is ruined, now,
Where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—"pretty girls"—
Just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill
Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low—'twas once so high,
That we could almost reach ;
And kneeling down to get a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so,
To see how much that I am changed,
Since twenty years ago !

Near by the spring, upon an elm,
You know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,
And you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch had peeled the bark,
'Twas dying sure but slow,
Just as that one, whose name you cut,
Died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom,
But tears came in my eyes ;
I thought of her I loved so well—
Those early broken ties ;
I visited the old church-yard,
And took some flowers, to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved,
Some twenty years ago

Some are in the church-yard laid—
Some sleep beneath the sea ;
But few are left of our old class,
Excepting you and me ;
And when our time shall come, Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played,
Just twenty years ago.



LAST month, you remember, I told you about the phases of the moon, or its appearance to the naked eye. Now I will show you a picture representing its appearance when seen through a telescope, and tell you something about the moon's surface.



TELESCOPIC APPEARANCE OF THE FULL MOON.

From this engraving you will see that the moon is covered with light and dark spots, mingled with each other. These spots represent the mountains and valleys on the moon. The light spots are the mountains, and the dark ones the valleys.

The mountains on the moon are not like those on the earth; they do not extend in long ranges, like the Andes, or the Alleghany mountains. They are more broken and irregular. Some of them rise up from the plain nine thou-

sand feet high, in the form of an immense sugar-loaf.

Near the southern portion of the moon's surface, there is a large mountain, several miles in height, in the center of which is a chasm of fifty miles in diameter, and more than three miles deep.

Were a person placed in the center of this cavern, at the bottom, he would behold on every side of him, about twenty-five miles distant, an immense rocky wall, rising seventeen thousand feet above him. What a prison!

These caverns are very numerous, and supposed to be the craters of what once were immense volcanoes. They are vastly larger than the crater of any volcano on the earth.

Perhaps you wonder how any one can know the height of those mountains, or the size of the caverns, since no person on the earth has ever been to the moon, to measure them.

With the largest telescopes the moon appears only eighty miles from us. Then the shadows cast by the mountains can be distinctly seen. From these shadows the height of the object which casts them can be estimated.

It is believed that there is no water on the moon, and very little, if any, atmosphere. Hence, were some plan devised by which we could travel to the moon, we could not live there for a single hour.

What a strange scene the surface of the moon would present to us, could we visit it, and live there. We should find no lakes or oceans, no rivers or springs, no trees, no grass, no flowers, no grains of any kind, no dews, no rain, no snow, no clouds, and no wind.

Should we turn our back to the sun, we might see the stars in the daytime, as well as at night. Were we to go into the shadow of a mountain, or any other object, it would be total darkness ; there would be no light where the sun did not shine.

Such would be the case on the earth if there was no atmosphere to reflect the sunlight. Then we could see nothing except what the sun shone upon. Were that the case, it would be a strange world, indeed.

We do not know whether the moon has any inhabitants, or not ; though it is quite certain if there are any there, they must be very different from those on the earth.

He who created the earth with its atmosphere, and man and animals to live here, could also create beings fitted to live upon the moon.

The same side of the moon is always turned toward us ; hence, if there are any inhabitants there, those residing on the opposite side never see the earth, unless they make a journey around on this side.



THE EARTH AS SEEN FROM THE MOON.

Our earth would appear, to an inhabitant on the moon, thirteen times larger

than the full moon does to us. And it would give thirteen times as much light as the moon gives us ; hence, the nights there must be quite light.

EMPLOYMENT.

EMPLOYMENT ! employment !

Oh, that is enjoyment !

There's nothing like "something to do ;"
Good heart-occupation
Is health and salvation ;
A secret that's known to but few.

Ye listless and lazy !

Ye heavy and hazy !

Give hearts, hands, and feet full employment ;
Your spirits twill cheer up,
Your foggy brains clear up,
And teach you the real enjoyment.

The lilies, they toil not,
They drudge not, and moil not,

And yet they are cared for, 'tis true ;
But the lily, in beauty,
Fulfils its whole duty ;

E'en lilies have something to do ;

"They sow not, they spin not,"
'Tis true, but they sin not ;

They work, uncomplaining, God's will,
Their work never hastening,
Their time never wasting,
The laws of their nature fulfill.

Ye hands white as lilies,
Remember God's will is,
" Whoso doth not work shall not eat ;"

'Tis heart-occupation
Prevents heart-starvation ;
Wouldst thou the great Lawgiver cheat ?

Then up, man and woman !
Be godlike—be human !

To self and to nature be true !
Employment ! employment !

Oh, that is enjoyment !

There's nothing like "something to do."

Selected.

SURELY some people must know themselves, for they never think about any body else.

For Children.

"To aid the mind's development, and watch
The dawn of little thoughts."

THE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

LOUISA and Henry, and Jane and Willie, the four children of Mr. Williams, were standing around the bright fire in the parlor one cold winter morning, talking together very happily.

It was the day before Christmas, and they were showing each other the little gifts which they had prepared for their parents and other friends, and wondering what they should themselves receive.

Louisa told Henry, in a low whisper, what presents she intended to make to Jane and Willie; and Jane and Henry, in their turn, whispered together as to the gifts designed for Louisa.

Little Willie, in a very audible tone, confided to each one the presents which he should make to the others, and heeded not their smiles, when his little secrets were discovered.

The children had been saving their pocket-money for a long time, and had expended it only the day before. A certain portion had been appropriated to the poor, and each child had purchased some gift which their mother thought might be useful to those who looked to them for assistance.

"I have bought a nice warm cap for that poor boy who comes to the door, with that old straw hat on his head," said Henry. "How happy he will be to get such a good Christmas gift."

"And I have bought a calico dress for that poor woman who comes for cold victuals," said Louisa. "She has four little children to take care of, and her husband is dead."

"And I," continued Jane, "have bought three pair of woolen socks for that old man who lives in the little cottage at the foot of the hill. He is very poor."

"What shall I give the poor?" asked Willie, who was listening eagerly to every word that his brother and sisters said.

"Oh, you need not give them any thing," replied Henry, carelessly. "They will not expect any thing from a little boy like you."

"I am not very little," said Willie, drawing himself up to his full height. "I am four and a half years old, and I can give something to the poor, as well as the rest of you."

"Certainly," replied Louisa, "but you have spent all your money, Willie. Shall you ask mother to give you some more?"

"She said, yesterday, that she could not spare any more," answered Willie, sorrowfully. "I wish I had not spent all my little silver pieces. Why did you not tell me you were going to buy something for the poor?"

"We did not think you would care about it, Willie," answered Jane; "but never mind, I will give you one pair of socks, and you may take them to the old man."

"That will not do," said Willie; "I want something to give to the little girl who was here this morning. Mother gave her some bread and meat, and she said, 'Thank you, ma'am' so prettily, that I know she is a good girl."

The children smiled at this, for Willie was rather apt to forget to say "thank you."

The breakfast-bell rang just then, and they all went into the breakfast-room, and talked no more about their gifts for the poor. But Willie did not forget it, and very often, in the course of the day, he thought over all his little treasures, and wondered what it would be best to give the poor girl.

Their mother was baking pies, and she gave a little one to each of the children. Louisa, and Henry, and Jane, ate theirs as soon as they were cool, but Willie gave his to his mother, and asked her to put it away in a safe place.

"Why do you not eat it, Willie? Are you sick?" asked Mrs. Williams.

"No, mamma, I am not sick, but I would rather save it. Put your head down, mamma, and I will whisper in your ear: 'I am going to give it to the poor little girl.'"

Mrs. Williams smiled and kissed her little boy. She was glad that he thought of the poor.

In the course of the day Louisa and Henry had an opportunity to give the cap and dress to the poor boy and the woman, for whom they had bought

their Christmas gifts; and all the children went with their mother to see the old man on the hill.

Jane gave him the warm socks, and Mrs. Williams had some other comfortable garments for him. He was very grateful, and prayed that God might bless them. Willie did not say much when he saw the other children giving their presents to the poor, but his eyes so shone, and he looked so happy, that they all wondered what he could be thinking of, for they did not know that he had saved his pie for the little girl.

Christmas morning was stormy and cheerless, but the poor girl was very hungry, and so she took her little basket on her arm, and, poorly clad as she was, went out to get food for the day. The streets seemed almost deserted, the storm was so severe; but on she went, urged by hunger.



While Mr. Williams's family were at breakfast, this poor child knocked at the kitchen door. Willie ran to open it, and his mother followed him, that she might fill the basket with bread and cold meat.

The little pie was taken from the shelf and given to Willie, and his

mother also gave him a nice pair of warm mittens, which she told him he might give to the girl if he chose.

Willie ran to the door with his presents, and it would have pleased you to have seen how grateful the poor child was, and how little Willie jumped and clapped his hands, and shouted to his brother and sisters, "Now I have given something to the poor as well as you."

Selected.

CASTING OUR SHADOWS.

If people's *tempers* could cast shadows, what would they be?" said Augustine, as he lay on the grass and looked at Amy's shadow on the fence.

"Joe Smith's would be a fist doubled up, and Sam Stearns' a bear, for he is always growling, and sister Esther's a streak of sunshine, and cousin Julia's a sweet little dove, and mine"—here Augustine stopped.

According to Augustine, our *inner selves* are casting their shadows; that is, I suppose, we are throwing off impressions of what we really are all around us; and, in fact, we can no more help doing so, than we can fold up our real shadows and tuck them away in some back drawer.

Suppose we follow out Augustine's idea, and ask, "And *mine*—what shadow would *my* temper cast?"

It might surprise and possibly frighten us, although it might, in some measure, help us to see ourselves as others see us.

The fact is, our associates know us better than we know ourselves; they see our shadows, which though they may sometimes be longer or shorter than we really are, the outlines are, in

the main, all correct; for our shadow is, after all, the image of ourself.

We sometimes hear of people who are "afraid of their shadows," and it seems cowardly and foolish; but if Augustine's idea should come to pass, a great many would have reason to be frightened by the image of their inner selves, so deformed and unsightly it might be, or so disagreeable, that nobody would wish to take a second look.

Now, it is this *shadowing out* of what we really are, in spite of ourselves, which makes it such a sober and responsible business to be living, and which makes it so immeasurably important that we be living *right*; for other people are constantly seeing and feeling our influence, whatever it may be.

Every child at school is throwing off a good or bad impression upon her schoolmate next to her. Every child at home is casting off kind and gentle influences in the little circle around him; or, it may be, he is like the image of a *fist doubled up*, or a *claw-scratching*, or like a *vinegar-cruet, pouring out only the sour*. How is this? Let the children look to this point.—*Child's Paper.*

QUEER COUNTRY.—Dr. Forbes, in the *Quarterly Review*, says: "The crabs in some of the islands in the Pacific Ocean eat cocoa-nuts, boring a hole through the shell with one of their claws; the fish eat corals, and the dogs hunt fish in the shallow water of the reef; the greatest part of the sea fowl roost on the branches, and many of the rats make their nests in the tops of high palm trees."

Ollie Misspell.

VISITING CARDS.—WHEN USED.—Visiting cards consist of a common enamelled paste-board card, containing a person's name. These are used on various occasions, among which the following are some of the most common:

When calling at the residence of an acquaintance, a card is given to the servant to be taken to the person on whom the call is made.

When the person called upon is out, a card is left to inform them of your call.

Sometimes calls of respect are made by simply leaving a card, without waiting to see the person; this call is usually returned by the one with whom the card is left.

After a wedding, the card of the bride and bridegroom, or the card of each, is sent to their acquaintances, informing them of the wish of the newly married pair to continue their acquaintance. On such occasions, enamelled envelopes are used, and these are addressed to those to whom the cards are sent.

When an individual or family, residing in a city, is about to be absent for some time, the fact is sometimes announced by leaving cards with their acquaintances, with the letters T. T. L. (*To Take Leave*) written upon it.

Families, on returning after such an absence, send cards to their acquaintances, informing them of their arrival at home again.

When a call is intended for two or more persons of the same family, as for sisters, a corner of the card is doubled or turned up. But when a visit is intended for a member of the family and a guest, separate cards should be used, and also for sisters, if either or both be married.

Sometimes the question is asked, "Should the residence be inserted on the card?" Though it is often omitted, we reply in the affirmative. This practice would save the receiver of the card much inconvenience should there be occasion to know the residence of the person sending it. It would also prevent the mistakes arising from different individuals bearing the same name. There are also other reasons for its insertion. The residence might be given in small letters, and

placed near the right hand lower corner of the card.

In the cards of the young ladies of a family, it is proper for the eldest daughter to use the prefix, "Miss," without her christian name. But each of the younger daughters should use the christian name. However, on the death or marriage of the eldest daughter, it is proper for the second to drop her christian name from her card. Suppose a gentleman, by the name of *Arthur L. Wilson*, resides with his family, a wife and two daughters—*Emma L.*, and *Mary C.*—at 125 Bleecker Street, their cards should be:

Arthur L. Wilson, Mrs. Arthur L. Wilson,
125 Bleecker Street. 125 Bleecker Street.

Miss Wilson, Miss Mary C. Wilson,
125 Bleecker Street. 125 Bleecker Street.

Visiting cards have been in use for at least a century. About the middle of the last century playing cards were used for this purpose—the name of the person was written upon the back.

SINKING FUND.—What is it? and why was it so called?

LAUGHING AND FRETTING.—They that laugh at every thing, and they that fret at every thing, are alike fools.

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.—Although this phrase has been in popular political parlance for many years, its derivation and signification are perhaps not generally understood. Mason and Dixon's line is the boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania. Frequent disputes had arisen between Penn and Lord Baltimore in reference to the limits of their respective provinces. Years of litigation was the consequence. In 1760 both parties became tired of dispute, and an agreement was made, by which Jeremiah Dixon and Charles Mason were appointed to run a line of boundary. That line was made in 1761, and has since borne their names.

"Ma, is Pennsylvania the father of the other states?" "Certainly not, my child; why do you ask that question?" "Because I see that all the newspapers call it *Pa*."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN FORMER NUMBERS.

"Why do the sun and moon appear larger when rising and setting, than they do at the meridian?"

Our impressions of the magnitude of distant bodies are in proportion to the distances at which we estimate those bodies. When the sun or moon is near the horizon, there exists between it and the eye a number of objects of known magnitude, and known relative distances. These furnish a means of measuring a part of the distance between us and the heavenly body. When a heavenly body is at the meridian, no such means of measurement exists. Now, by comparing these intervening terrestrial objects with the sun or moon, the impression produced on the mind of the observer, though he be unconscious of its operation, is, that this heavenly body is at a greater distance when beheld in the horizon than when at the meridian. This impression causes it to appear greater when seen in the first position than when in the second, from the fact that a distant body appears as much greater, in proportion, than its real size as the imaginary distance is greater than its real distance. But, in reality, these bodies do not appear any larger in the horizon than at the meridian; this seeming difference is only an error in our judgment; for, by actual measurement, it is found that the apparent magnitude is the same in both positions.

A. N. says the stars twinkle because they shine of their own light, as the sun does. The planets shine by reflected light, and their light is like that of the moon, steady.

Cinnamon grows in the East Indies. It is the inner bark of a tree.

Arrow-root grows in South America. The natives are said to employ the roots of a species of this plant for extracting from wounds the poison of arrows, whence the name. The species of this root generally known, is that from which is obtained a nutritious substance somewhat resembling starch, used as a medicinal food.

The highest mountain in the United States is Mount Shaste, in California, 14,000 feet high. The highest mountain in America is Aconcagua, in Chili, South America. It is 23,100 feet high.

Several questions in the last four numbers remain unanswered still. Come, young philosophers and students, think, and let us have replies to them all.

2 N E 1.—Cold winter is at ~~now~~. Vegetation has D K d. Old Boreas is singing a mournful L E G over the graves of the flowers, & the * * * * of heaven seem 2 glisten more brightly in the frosty firmament.

SPECIMENS OF TYPE—showing the various sizes of type used for books and periodicals. The name of the type is given in CAPITALS of the specimen following it. The six sizes from nonpareil to small pica inclusive, are those most generally seen in books and papers.

DIAMOND.

Flowers spread their sweet leaves to the air, and dedicate their beauty to the sun.

PEARL.

Flowers spread their sweet leaves to the air, and dedicate their beauty to the sun.

AGATE.

Flowers spread their sweet leaves to the air, and dedicate their beauty to the sun.

NONPAREIL.

Flowers spread their sweet leaves to the air, and dedicate their beauty to the sun.

MINION.

GEOLOGY lets us down by stony steps into the tombs of epochs.

BREVIER.

GEOLOGY lets us down by stony steps into the tombs of epochs.

BOURGEOIS.

GEOLOGY lets us down by stony steps into the tombs of epochs.

LONG PRIMER.

GEOLOGY lets us down by stony steps into the tombs of epochs.

SMALL PICA.

GEOLOGY lets us down by stony steps into the tombs of epochs.

PICA.

MENTAL CULTURE is founded on habit.

GREAT PRIMER.
MENTAL CULTURE is founded on habit.

TUSCAN.

Pica Condensed.

Church Err.

Old English.

Antique.

GOTHIC.

Record of Events.

NEANDER'S LIBRARY.—The long-looked-for books comprising the library of the late Dr. Neander, the distinguished theologian of Germany, which were purchased by the University of Rochester (N. Y.), have arrived. The collection contains 4,000 volumes. It was obtained at a cost of about \$2,300. Many of the volumes have been rebound, consequently the whole expense will be about \$3,000.

THE LOBOS ISLANDS.—These islands are situated in the Pacific, near the western coast of Peru. Recently immense deposits of guano have been discovered upon them. These having been visited at an early period by an American navigator, it was the opinion of Daniel Webster that the United States should claim the right for our citizens to land there, and carry away the guano. Subsequent discussion has elicited statements, entitled to credit, that the Republic of Peru has a just claim to them, as belonging to her dominions. The government of that country has therefore taken measures to defend them. The English government assist them in this, and in return, Peru has granted to the English the privilege of procuring guano there.

STILL ANOTHER "NEW PLANET."—It seems to have become such a common affair to discover new worlds, in this age of advancement, that the announcement of a "new planet"—another member of our great solar family—hardly creates any sensation of wonder. Mr. Hind, of London, has discovered his sixth planet, or rather, "Asteroid;" he has named it *Fortuna*. Certainly he must be the prince of planet discoverers. There are now known to exist, between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, *nineteen* Asteroids—those duodecimo editions of Planets. These have all been discovered since 1800—fourteen of them within the past seven years, and nine of these within the past two years. But we must not wonder, for with such vast telescopes as science has enabled us to construct, it is impossible to tell what we may not discover.

BARON VON HUMBOLDT—the world-renowned traveler, the botanist, the geologist, the antiquarian, the astronomer, the physician, the philologist, and philosopher, celebrated his *eighty-*

third birth-day on the 14th of September last. This patriarch of science is in excellent health, and spends several hours daily in writing the fourth volume of his "Cosmos."

POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.—The quadrennial contest is over, and we anticipate another four years of comparative peace in the political arena. The election has resulted in the choice of Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, for President of the United States, and Wm. R. King, of Alabama, for Vice President. The inauguration takes place on the fourth of March next.

NEBRASKA.—This territory, lying west of Iowa, and between the North West, or Missouri Territory and the Indian Territory, is becoming so populous that the inhabitants intend electing a delegate to Congress, to ask that body to grant them an organization and government.

RAILROADS.—Twenty-six years ago the first railroad in the United States was constructed, from Baltimore to Elliott's Mills, a distance of only thirteen miles. At the present time there are about *thirteen thousand miles* of railway in our country.

LOUIS KOSSUTH is in London, living in privacy, but still quietly laboring for the freedom of his father-land. He has not spoken in public since his return to England from this country; and says: "I have done with oratory." In regard to the future prospects of his nation he declares, "We will triumph, therefore we shall."

RECENT DEATHS.

JOHN L. STEPHENS died October 10, at the residence of his father in New York, after an illness of some months, at the age of nearly 47. Mr. Stephens was not only an extensive traveler, but a popular author. His principal works are "Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia, Petra, and the Holy Land;" "Travels in Greece, Turkey, and Poland;" and "Incidents of Travel in Central America." As an author, he always threw a charm of interesting freshness around the scenes which he described. At the time of his decease he was the President of the Panama Railroad; and his death resulted from a fever which he contracted in that unhealthy climate, in forwarding the plans for the hasty completion of that great work, for opening an enduring pathway for commerce and travel between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

For Teachers.

TEACHING, WHAT YOU MAKE IT.

The following valuable thoughts are extracts from an article by "Kate Montgomerie," in the *Ohio Journal of Education* for September.

Teaching is, as you choose to make it, the most irksome or the most delightful task in existence. If you read a fine poem, if you hear of an exalted act, if you get a new idea, under the feelings thus excited, go to your pupils and talk about it with them: into their minds, so fresh, and bright, and impressive, will the kindlier glow of your spirit pass, and the original impression be communicated to many as an impulse and a motive.

I have a fine class of girls, ranging in age from ten to fifteen years—glorious creatures they are—often have I seen the eye lit up, and the whole face glow with emotion, as some fine thought was apprehended for the first time, and those fresh, ingenious minds were laid open before me, and responses were given back, which showed me that here was the very field for influence I coveted, here the very vein into the depths of earnest, true, unworldly natures.

I have said nothing of details, and have not room to enlarge, but my idea is this, that teachers must *work hard*; they must exact rigidly the performance of tasks and a strict discipline, and at the same time keep up the pupil's enthu-

siasm; let intelligence, and thought, and originality pervade, as much as possible, every exercise. A dull, dry method of hearing recitations, is killing. Get as much *soul* into every thing as possible; if you can rouse your pupils to the delights of intellectual culture, your work is already more than half accomplished. This greatly aids the formation of character, by making the brightest and best, also the loveliest and most attractive.

It is better always, where you can, to lead than to coerce; bring out the best traits, and keep them active, until they become habitual. *Indulge* when you can without detriment to them; to thwart and cross unnecessarily, injures the temper, and hinders the work of instruction much.

Teaching is a laborious, self-sacrificing life, but it is *not*, as has been too often said, a *thankless one*. If you go into it rightly (it will not do to be half-hearted in teaching), if you make it your passion, if you bind your mind from day to day to what may be called the *drudgery* of the profession, suffering not your energies to flag, shrinking not from toil, you will most assuredly find your task a becoming delight; you will reap your reward, not the least of which will be, that you will keep your own feelings ever fresh, ever young, and happy. Surrounded thus by young, loving, happy hearts, with their beautiful, undeveloped graces of character—of which to obtain a glimpse is a joy, and an inspiration—I say to myself, I say to all others engaged in teaching, **BE IN EARNEST.**

Editor's Table.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTES.

TEN years ago, Mr. J. S. Denman, then the Superintendent of Common Schools for Tompkins' County, N. Y., devised a plan for county gatherings of teachers, of from one to three weeks each, for instruction from able and efficient teachers, and for mutual improvement. On the fourth day of April, 1843, this plan was successfully carried into operation by the assemblage of nearly one hundred teachers, at Ithica, N. Y., and the organization of the first Teachers' Institute held in the United States.

Since that period these Institutes have been established in many of the counties of New York, Ohio, and several other states; also in Canada. In several places the teachers thus meet semi-annually, spring and fall, while in other counties only one Institute is held during the year, and that one in the autumn, just before the opening of the winter schools. During the past year, no state in the Union has had as many Institutes as Ohio. The teachers there are active, and wide awake for improvement.

A few weeks since we had the pleasure of being present, for a few days, at an Institute in Western New York. It was attended by some eighty teachers. From our former experience in these meetings, and what we have recently witnessed, we are still convinced that when properly conducted, the knowledge which teachers may thus derive, in the short space of one or two weeks, is of the greatest service to them in the discharge of the duties of their vocation.

From a circular recently received, we learn that the Fond du Lac County Teachers' Association held a meeting of one week, at Ceresco, Wisc., in October last. About sixty members were in attendance. We are pleased to hear of these educational movements; for wherever teachers are active in holding associations and Institutes, there may always be found *good schools*.

THE NEW YORK TEACHER has made its appearance. It is published monthly, under the direction of the "New York State Teachers' Association," edited by twelve practical teachers, chosen by that body, who reside in different sections of the state. These editors have placed it under the immediate supervision of a resident editor—Mr. T. W. Valentine, Albany, N. Y.—at which place the periodical is published. It is octavo, containing thirty-two pages per month, price \$1 00 a year.

This periodical is designed to be a medium of publishing communications from teachers and others on the subjects connected with education, and those interested in sustaining it are invited to furnish contributions as well as subscriptions. We sincerely hope the teachers of the Empire State will take hold of this work with energy, and make it the *best* educational journal in the Union.

"The Massachusetts Teacher" has long been a most valuable organ for teachers. "The Ohio Journal of Education," now one year old, does honor to the teachers of the Buckeye State. "The New York Teacher," began its existence with the number for October last, and we are happy to learn that the teachers in several counties of the state have already taken hold of the enterprise with a commendable zeal.

In looking over the past history of educational journals in different states, we have often felt deep regret and mortification at the apathy that *teachers* have heretofore manifested on this sub-

ject, which, above all others, should most deeply interest them. Why will teachers thus neglect their own interests? The farmer supports his journal; so does the merchant, the mechanic, the artist, the physician, the lawyer, the minister, the man of science, the politician—all support their papers and journals, and reviews; and shall he who is to lay the foundation for eminence in all of these callings, he who is to sow the seed for the whole future life, be indifferent in regard to the diffusion of knowledge relative to his calling, than which there is no calling of more vital importance to society. Shall he, we ask, look with indifference upon the journal which is established to aid him in the discharge of his duties? Teachers of the Empire State! let it not thus be said of you.

DECEMBER formerly was the tenth month in the year, hence its name; *decem*, ten—December, tenth month. At the time the present names were given to the months, the year commenced in the spring—an appropriate period to begin the year. Then the new year and new life of the vegetable kingdom, and the renewed vigor of the animal kingdom all began at once. December is the time of the shortest days and the longest nights—the darkest month of all the year.

Christmas Day, the 25th of December, has been observed from an early period, in memory of the birth of Christ, hence its name.

Christmas Eve is the evening preceding Christmas, and in former days the celebration of this season began at this time.

Literary Notices.

NIGHT THOUGHTS on Life, Death, and Immortality. By Edward Young, LL.D. With a Memoir of the Author, a critical view of his writings, and explanatory notes, by James Robert Boyd. 8vo; 516 pages. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York; H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati.

We were so well pleased with Prof. Boyd's treatment of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, that we felt assured his notes must prove a valuable addition to Young's *Night Thoughts*, and in this we have not been disappointed. However, Young does not afford as extensive a field for explanatory notes as Milton, yet it has many historical allusions, obscurities, intricacies, and reconcile truths, which, to most readers, require elucidation. These Prof. Boyd has supplied with good judgment and taste. This work is printed on excellent paper, with plain type, and is every way worthy to stand side by side with the same author's edition of Milton. It would be better for the world were these two works read more.

THE SINGING BIRD; or, Progressive Music Reader. Designed to Facilitate the Introduction of Vocal Music into Schools and Academies. By W. B. Bradbury. Published by Newman and Ivison, New York. Also by Griggs & Co., Chicago; Moore & Anderson, Cincinnati; Ivison & Co., Auburn; McFarren, Detroit.

The design of this work is explained in the title, but the admirable plan by which this design is to be accomplished is developed only in the pages of the work itself. In the arrangement of the work, Prof. B. has followed his new mode of interweaving the elements with pleasing songs, which has proved so successful in his large classes in this city. His plan of illustrating Transposition, and the Chromatic Scale, by new diagrams, called a "Musical Ladder," is the most ingenious, simple, and comprehensive arrangement we ever saw. By this means the whole subject is presented to the eye in such a manner, as to be comprehended at a glance; so that the songs in the keys of sharps and flats become as simple as those in the natural key. The Singing Bird is no mere compilation; every part of it bears the evidence of study and labor on the part of the author; and a very large portion of the work is composed of new words and original music. For the use of schools it has no equal; either in the adaptation of its plan, music, words, or variety.

DELLA'S DOCTORS; or, A Glance Behind the Scenes. By Hannah Gardner Creamer. 12mo; 262 pages. Published by Fowlers & Wells, New York.

This work conveys many wholesome truths, under the form of satirical comment on prevailing social customs. Della is a nervous young lady in a country village, who believes she is afflicted with various ailments, and after placing herself under the care of various physicians, and those of different schools, she is at length cured, through the influence of a strong-minded female friend, by a faithful adherence to the laws of health in diet, exercise, and employment of time. The work will afford amusement as well as useful lessons in regard to habits in home life.

CHARACTERS UNVEILED; or, "I knew you would like him." By Sarah Emery Saymore. 12mo, 300 pages. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"The Pure Pleasure of Pure Minds," is the subject of this volume. A young lady in high life is brought from affluence and indolence to poverty, suddenly, and there learns the pleasures in industry and intellectual pursuits of pure minds. It is written in an easy style, while a fascinating charm pervades the whole work. Its lessons are such as tend to true motives in life, and to happiness.

NEWMAN'S NATURAL HISTORY FOR SCHOOLS is the name of a series of works on Physiology, Anatomy, and Hygiene. By John B. Newman, M.D. LL.D. The plan of the series is to divest the subject as much as possible from technical terms, and to define, at once, the two great forces in the animal kingdom—the Life Power, and Destructive Power—and from this point to explain the organic functions in a clear and direct manner, at the same time investing the subject with new interest. The Second Book in this series—*The Principles of Physiology*; with Anatomy, and the Laws of Hygiene—is now ready. This is adapted as a reading-book, as well as a Manual for Recitation. It develops the great principles of the

science, together with many of their practical applications. It is illustrated with several colored Lithographic Plates, and numerous wood engravings. Teachers of schools will find here a work adapted to their use. Even the common reader, who desires to obtain a knowledge of the human system, and of the Laws of Health, may peruse it with profit and interest. 12mo; 187 pages, Published by Daniel Burgess & Co., 60 John Street, New York.

PUTNAM'S SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY for Travelers and the Fireside, continues to present its cheap and useful reading for the million. Among its latest volumes are the "Eagle Pass; or, Life on the Border." By Cora Montgomery—"Further Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England." By Fred. L. Olmsted—"A Book for a Corner." Second series. By Leigh Hunt.

The Eagle Pass is descriptive of scenes on the frontier borders of Texas, and portrays life in that remote state. This lady author yields a bold and vigorous pen, and her work will be read. She is severe, at times, in her condemnation of public men, and public apathy, and speaks plainly of our Indian Policy, and the relations with Mexico.

Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England, will need no recommendation to those who read the first series, published last February. Those who have yet both to read, will find them very interesting in descriptions of life in England.

Leigh Hunt has done service to literature by his critical essays, and agreeable chat, and sparkling style. His "Book for a Corner" is one of this class of his works, and contains very entertaining extracts from various authors and critical remarks.

SMITH'S QUARTO GEOGRAPHY has just been revised, with new maps, and the statistics according to the last census. The changes in our country are so rapid, that new maps, and a new Geography even, are required every ten years. In the work now before us, we believe all the important changes are represented; in other words, it represents the geography of the world as it is now. The quarto form of geography we think admirably adapted to the wants of nine tenths of our schools. It contains all the important and leading features of the study, and is convenient and cheap. Published by Daniel Burgess & Co., 60 John Street, New York.

A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, have just issued something novel in the way of Primers for Children. "The Illustrated French and English Primer;" "The Illustrated Spanish and English Primer;" "The Illustrated German and English Primer," are their several titles. How far these will contribute toward instructing the little juveniles in these three languages, we do not pretend to say; but we are sure they will love the pretty pictures with which they are so profusely illustrated.

"THE ILLUSTRATED FAMILY KEEPSAKE," by J. S. Taylor, 143 Nassau Street, New York, is a very appropriate volume for a Holiday Present.

THE KNICKERBOCKER commences a new volume with next month. See prospectus on cover.

ASSEMBLED AT THE CLOSING HOUR.*

Moderate.

By G. F. Root.



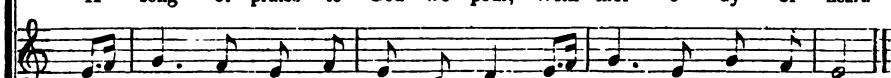
1. As - sem - bled at the clos - ing hour, When we a - while must part,



2. 'Tis by His good - ness we are led With - in these fa - vored walls;



A song of praise to God we pour, With mel - o - dy of heart.



And ev - ery foot - step here we tread, Thy good - ness still re - calls.

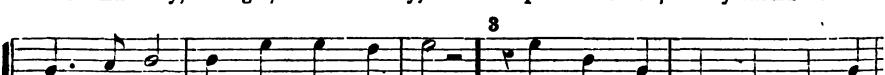
3. Oh, while we here our time employ,
Permit us to improve
In useful knowledge, and enjoy
The tokens of thy love.

4. In kindness, when we separate,
Regard our tender prayer;
And let us, when again we meet,
A Father's blessing share.

OH! HAPPY WE.* (Round in Four Parts.)



1. Come and sing a mer - ry song, Wake the cheer - ful glee, Now the joy - ous
2. En - vy, an - ger, hence a - way, E - vil pas - sions flee; Why should we in -



tones pro - long, Hap - py, hap - py we; } Oh, hap - py we, oh hap - py
dulge them, say, Why should you or me? }



we, oh, hap - - py, hap - py we, . hap - py, hap - py we.

3

4

THE STUDENT.

THE NEW YEAR'S THRESHOLD.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

THE threshold of a New Year is a pausing spot in man's existence, where he can scan the past and ponder the future. Up to this threshold the Old Year comes, and, gazing for a moment on the future, which it can not enter, it turns away to lie down with the years that have already marched round the earth. As we look on its retiring form, we see its giant shadow flung over the past, as it slowly sinks into its grave, to wait its resurrection with "the years beyond the flood."

While we look and muse, the New Year approaches fresh from the hand of Time, with its brow unscarred and unwrinkled by the months that must leave their furrows there; and with an eye bright with the light of hope and promise, extends its welcome hand to the weary generations that come to meet it.

Say what men will of life, the voice of the New Year is cheerful and congratulatory. The Old Year is sad with memories; the New, cheerful with hope; and with the same spirit and the same cheerfulness do we extend the hand to our friends, and echo its voice of congratulation, reiterate its words of promise. There is "a time to weep, and a time to laugh," and if one spot in our existence is more proper than any other for the former, it is when we bury the Old Year.

The monuments that line its pathway stand over lost friends, disappointed hopes, and broken promises. There is also the good that could have been done, and was not; the error committed that can never be recalled; the pleasure we received gone with the objects that created it; and the hours that we squandered, lost beyond the power of redemption; and why should we not be sad? But as we turn to the New

Year, we may smile at its words of encouragement. Its lap is full of blessings, and life again offers us the power of accomplishing good.

With our animosities buried, our errors regretted and repented of, we may start with fresh resolutions and fresh encouragements. We can, if we will, help the weary, feed the hungry, cheer the lonely-hearted, brighten the hut of poverty, and turn the erring and the wicked to paths of truth and happiness. The warm grasp of those we love tells of the pleasures of friendship that are in store, while the glad countenances about us are but indices of the blessings with which the year promises to strew our way. These gifts are to be taken to our bosoms with hope, in order to strengthen us for the struggles we are to enter upon.

Cheerful hope is as powerful an ally as stern resolve, in accomplishing good both to ourselves and others; therefore, let the heart brighten up with the encouraging words the New Year whispers in our ears. Besides, the plans of Deity are to move on toward their consummation, and we are reserved to aid their progress, and receive in our own hearts the reward of doing good. The weary earth staggers blindly on in its path, yet each year breaks one of the links of its fetters, lightens up one new star in its heaven, and sends it one step farther on toward the paradise it lost. All hail, then, the New Year, with its untried scenes and new experiences!

Still it is with *thoughtful* feelings we should cast our eye before us. The great things of this life do not happen in cycles but in single years. In a single year the flood swept the world, and a new year

ASSEMBLED AT THE

Moderate.

1. As - sem - bled at the

2. 'Tis by His

A

The stars—those bright records of the sky, that seem to retain the same place from age to age—are also in motion, and each year approach nearer fulfillment of their destiny. The whole universe, like a single orb, is probably in motion, and, like a single engine, striking continually for the fulfillment of the plans of its Creator. From this law of change man is not exempt. His body is not the same for two successive hours; his whole life is a history of changes, the last of which removes him beyond observation.

The greatest events of life are not

and alarming to the outward world. The uproar of battle; the sound of armies; the terror of the ad- earthquake; and all the din and tumult of outward life, are not, after all, the enemies of life. The changes that ought to arrest thought, and awaken emotion, are unobtrusive and noiseless as a passing breath. The Old Year dies without a struggle, and the New Year is born in silence. We see not the threshold over which we step, or the responsibilities on which we are to enter. The change that passes over us with the new life that is begun, as well as the change that has passed over all the plans of Deity from their progress, are not seen, and can not be felt, unless the soul will stop to think of itself, and of the life that is fluctuating around it.

The New Year also should remind us that the number of years is limited, and their solemn revolution is soon to cease. Soon the archangel who stands and gazes on the dial's face, which yonder stands before the Sun of Righteousness, and

—“Computes
Times, seasons, years, destinies,
And slowly numbers o'er the mighty cycles
Of eternity,”

shall see the last ray that falls on “the gnomon of Time,” and seizing his trumpet, and sending its rapid blast over the earth, shall swear that “Time shall be no longer.”

The threshold of the New Year is a thoughtful place, full of hope and promise, but full of reflection, too. It bids man “throw empires away and be blameless,” but none squander his hours. I asked an aged man, with hoary locks, as he stood trembling between two years, what was Time? “Time,” he replied, “is the warp of life: oh! tell the young and gay to weave it well!”—Selected.

WIT AND JUDGMENT.—Wit is brushwood, judgment timber; the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the most durable heat; and both meeting make the best fire.—Sir Thomas Overbury.

PLAIN TRUTH.—One of the sublimest things in the world, is plain truth!—Bulwer.



GEYSERS* IN ICELAND.

HOOT SPRINGS exist in various parts of the world, more commonly in the vicinity of volcanoes, though they are not confined to these localities. They are found upon the slopes of Etna and Vesuvius, in the volcanic regions of Central and South America, in the Azores and Java; but in the greatest numbers, and with the most remarkable features, in Iceland. There they are called geysers—raging fountains.

Within a circuit of two miles, in sight of Mount Hecla, more than two hundred of these boiling springs may be seen. The basin of the Great Geyser is of an oval figure, about thirty feet across, with a caldron at the bottom some six or seven feet in diameter, and many feet deep. This is usually filled with clear water, with a temperature of 180°.

While near this, sometimes a subterranean sound may be heard, resembling that made by a volcano during an eruption. Then a slight, tremulous motion is perceived on the rim of the fountain; soon large bubbles of steam rise and burst, throwing up boiling water several feet high. A heavier noise below follows, and there shoots up suddenly a column of water to the height of a hundred feet, dispersing at the summit into a dazzling white foam. After a brief period a column of

steam bursts forth with a loud, roaring noise, which is followed by another column of water. In a few minutes the fountain again resumes its tranquil state.

"The column of water always rises perpendicular into the air, and the waters invariably overflow on the same side of the basin, which it is best to avoid at all times. They run over on the other side, it is true, but in irregular streams, of slender volume, which are so little dangerous that one can stand at forty paces from them in perfect safety during the most violent eruptions. The explosions are always preceded by a low rumbling, which is no sooner heard than one must hasten to the appointed spot at once, as the eruption follows immediately. The waters do not always spout into the air, and to witness a fine explosion, the traveler must sometimes wait for several days.

"For fear of missing an explosion, it is customary to watch during the whole night. I [†] sat beneath my tent, or in front of it, listening with stretched attention for the signs I had been told to ex-

* Pronounced, *gi'sers*—with soft *g* as in *gem*; the word signifies *raging*, or *roaring*.

† Madame Ida Pfleiffer, the celebrated German traveler. The paragraphs quoted, in this article, are extracts from a "Journal to Iceland," by this lady. She visited that island in 1845.

pect. Toward midnight I heard a few dull sounds, like those of a distant cannon, and, rushing from the tent, I waited for the subterranean rumblings. I could hardly defend myself from a paroxysm of fear. It is no slight thing to be alone, at midnight, in such a scene.

"The low rumblings were repeated thirteen times at very short intervals, the basin overflowed after each noise, and nearly emptied itself of its waters, the sounds appearing to proceed from their violent ebullition, rather than from any subterranean commotion. In a minute and a half the whole was over. The water no longer overflowed the basin and caldron, which remained nearly full; and, disappointed in every respect, I returned to my tent. This phenomenon was repeated every two or three hours; but I heard nothing further during my first watch, nor all the next day and night.

"At last, after waiting till the second day of my sojourn among the Geysers, the long desired explosion took place. When the first dull sounds, announcing the event, were heard, I hurried to the spot, and as the waters boiled over as usual, and the noise died away, I thought I was doomed to disappointment again; but the last tones were just expiring when the explosion suddenly took place. I have really no words to do justice to this magnificent spectacle, which once to behold in a lifetime is enough.

"It infinitely surpassed all my expectations. The waters were spouted with great power and volume; column rising above column, as if each was bent on outstripping the others. After I had recovered, in some degree, from my first astonishment, I looked round at the tent: how small, how diminutive it seemed, compared to those pillars of water! And yet it was nearly twenty feet high; but tent might have been piled on tent; yes, five or six, one above the other, would not have reached the elevation of these jets. The largest of these I think I can affirm to have risen, at least, to the height of a hundred feet, and to have been three or four feet in diameter.

"Fortunately, I had looked at my watch when the first rumbling was heard, and by

the calculation made when it was over, found that it lasted nearly four minutes the actual outbreak occupying more than half of that time. When this wonderful scene was ended, I went to examine the basin and caldron. The water had entirely disappeared from the basin, into which I entered, and walked close up to the caldron, and found the waters had also sunk there to the depth of seven or eight feet, though they were still boiling and bubbling with great violence. I tasted the water; it had no unpleasant flavor, and can contain but little sulphur. The steam is also free from sulphurous smell.

"In order to ascertain how long it would be before the basin and caldron were full again, I returned to the spot every thirty minutes, and found that for the first hour I could still stand within the basin; but at my next visit, the caldron was completely filled, and on the point of running over.

"After the expiration of two hours, the basin was nearly full to the brim, and I was standing near it, when the water became violently agitated again, and the distant rumblings were once more heard. I had barely time to spring back, when the jets burst forth. They continued to play as long as the sounds lasted, and were fuller than those of the former explosion, which was perhaps in consequence of their height being less. After the eruption the basin and caldron were about as full as they were before.

"I had now witnessed two explosions of the geyser, and felt amply compensated for all my watchfulness. But I was so fortunate as to see two other outbreaks, which varied a little from the former ones. During the three nights and two days which I spent in the immediate vicinity of these wonderful springs, I watched with the closest attention for every minute particular of their outbreaks, of which I saw five in all; and I must declare, that the descriptions of these springs, which I had read in various books, are by no means correct. For instance, I never heard any greater uproar than what I have already mentioned, and never felt any symptom of an earthquake, although, during one explosion, I put my ear to the ground.

"All the hot springs worthy of notice, lie within a circle of eight or nine hundred paces. They are situated in the corner of an extensive plain at the foot of a hill, behind which arises a chain of mountains. The valley is well grown with grass, excepting in the immediate vicinity of the springs, where the vegetation is somewhat thinner. Huts are plentifully scattered about, and the nearest could not have been more than seven or eight hundred paces from the springs. There is one spring which leaps perpetually, but only to the height of three or four feet; some only boil and roar."

There are many other boiling springs in Iceland, but those described in the above extract are the most remarkable, and present the most singular and interesting phenomena.

NEW YEAR SALUTATION.

BY MRS. E. M. GUTHRIE.

A HAPPY New Year, gentle friends.
We fear no boding sorrow;
A well-spent past sweet Memory blends
With prospects of to-morrow,
And One above our pathway bends,
Who guards the "falling sparrow."

A happy New Year! with our souls
Together fondly blending,
As wave with wave together rolls
When oceanward they're bending,
So, as Affection's flower unfolds,
Are hearts to union tending.

A happy New Year! glowing bright
With promises of pleasure,
With brilliant joys, and pure delight,
With blessings in full measure;
No sorrow hath the power to blight
The hopes we fondly treasure.

A happy New Year may this be,
All other years transcending;
Our hearts are one, our spirits free,
To peaceful realms ascending;
If thus, why should this year not be
All happy to its ending?

BEING SOMEBODY.

BY ELIZA A. CHASE.

"COME, William, you will go with us this afternoon," said James Grey to his cousin.

"No, James; and I have already given you my reasons for refusing," was the reply.

"A fig for such reasons! You can't afford the time! Why, man—or boy, rather, for you will never be a man—what is one afternoon, that you are so afraid of spending it?"

"Much, very much, James. I have a difficult plan almost completed, and wish to finish it while the idea is fresh in my mind."

"That everlasting plea again. Some old machinery, enough to puzzle the brain of Archimedes himself. Are you going to invent perpetual motion? I do declare, William Grey, you are enough to provoke the patience of a saint. Forever moping over plans, diagrams, and models, and heathenish machinery, that would make one think your room a pagan temple. I expect you will apply for a patent for an improvement in the car of Juggernaut. But it is of no use to talk to you, for you are 'joined to your idols.'

"I would try to be somebody," he pethishly continued, as he turned toward the door.

"Would you, James?" was the quiet reply of William. "Well, I *am* trying to be somebody."

"You take a strange way for it though. Here you are shut up in this dismal room, night after night, never enjoying a harmless trick with the rest of us, or giving yourself any of the indulgences that make life pleasant. Even a holiday makes no difference with you. One would think you love the very sight of the tools and workshop, for you have them forever with you."

"Don't get excited, James," said William, smiling. "Come, be serious now. Do I neglect any of my duties? Do I not perform as much labor and succeed as well in my trade as any of you? And as for enjoyment, no one loves pleasure bet-

ter than I do. I should enjoy a sail with you this afternoon very much, but I can not indulge myself, for my means of improvement are limited, and but little of my time can I call my own.

"James, we are machinists, causing gross, material substances to assume shapes of beauty and fitness, under the mysterious supremacy of our wills. Some call this a low, a common business, a mechanical operation, but it is not so. There is a mental power to which matter must bow, and there is nothing higher than to elevate and ennable our conceptions, so as to make this plastic matter subservient to the best interests of man. It is thus improvements are made. First, the ideal, then the corresponding outward form. Now, in my mind there is shadowed forth, though dimly—"

"Save me from such learned inflictions," exclaimed James. "I have no taste for what I can not understand. Well, William, be a dreamer if you please, I am for active life and its pleasures. Hurrah for our sail, and good-by to the second Fulton!"

"Poor James! A mere hewer of wood and drawer of water," said William, as he closed the door and resumed his employment.

"Where's Will?" cried several voices, as James joined his comrades in the street.

"Oh, in his room, of course, calculating how much beetle power it will take to draw an acorn up an ant-hill."

"Couldn't you prevail on him to come? He is one of the best rowers we have."

"Prevail on him! No, you might as well try to prevail on an oyster to leave his shell! I was really vexed with him, and gave a short piece of my mind. I told him, at length, I would try to be somebody," said James, lighting his cigar and twirling his cane after the most approved fashion.

"Good!" said Harry Gilbert, "I am glad you showed your spirit. William is a good-hearted fellow, if he is so full of oddities, and it may perhaps start him from his burrow. But what did he say?"

"Oh, after arguing the matter awhile he went off into a learned dissertation, in the

midst of which I made my escape. His 'conceptions' and 'ideals' were too much for me. He never will be any body in the world, that's the long and short of it."

James and William Grey were cousins, and were both apprentices in a machine shop, where various kinds of machinery were made. James, as may be inferred by the foregoing conversation, looked upon his employment as a necessary evil. To him it was mere manual labor, a given number of blows, a requisite degree of heat, a certain expenditure of strength, in a word, it was *toil* in its most literal sense.

William, on the contrary, viewed it with the eye of an artist. There was not merely the rough iron to be molded into some uncared-for machine, but, as he had told James, a plastic material, assuming beauty by the will of man. He studied, therefore, not only the mechanical part of his trade, but his inventive genius was excited. Curiosity led him to examine the uses and peculiar adaptation of the machinery he made, till at length his active mind suggested various improvements.

All his leisure time was employed in the construction of models, and his room might have been taken for a miniature patent-office. The last year of his apprenticeship was nearly at its close, and William had not only improved, but had invented several really useful designs.

Looking over a paper one day, he read an offer of a prize of a thousand dollars for the best model for a peculiar kind of machinery to be used in a cotton factory.

"Why should I not try?" said William.

He understood what was wanted, and, day after day did he study intensely on the subject. At length he grasped the idea, and it was the model of this upon which he was at work when James urged him to join the sailing party.

Late at night his cousin returned, weary with pleasure, and found him sitting at the table, a sealed package before him, his cheeks flushed, an unusual brightness in his eye, and a peculiar expression on his countenance.

About a week after this, a gentleman knocked at the door. It was opened by James, who was then alone.

"I wish to see Mr. Grey," said the

stranger, glancing with a smile at the peculiar decorations of the room.

"My name is Grey," returned James, placing a chair for the guest.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your success, Mr. Grey," said the gentleman, pointing to a counterpart of the model which stood upon the table.

"My success! I do not understand you, sir," said James.

"Are you not Mr. Grey, the inventor of this delicate and important machinery?"

"I am Mr. Grey, but I am not an inventor of any thing," returned James, somewhat bitterly. "Here is the fortunate person, my cousin, William Grey," he continued, as William entered.

"I rejoice in your success, young man," said the stranger to William. "Your plan has met the entire approbation of the committee, of which I am one. My name is Wilson; and I am authorized to pay you the thousand dollars, and also to advance you another thousand on condition that you superintend the erection of the works to be established."

William was astonished, overwhelmed, and after expressing his thanks, added, "I am yet an apprentice, and my time will not expire within some three months. After that I will accept your offer, if you will wait till then."

"An apprentice!" said Mr. Wilson. "How then, let me ask you, have you obtained such a knowledge of mechanics?"

"By saving my leisure moments, joined to a love of my business as involving some of the best interests of man."

Six months from that time saw William in a responsible office, with a high salary, and the patentee of several useful inventions, while James was a journeyman laborer with twenty-five dollars a month.

"Well, James," said Harry Gilbert, a short time after, "William is somebody after all."

"Yes," returned James, "I think we judged him wrongly, once. I would give all I have in the world to live over my apprentice life. These leisure moments are what make the man after all, Harry!"

◆◆◆
We may give advice, but we can not give conduct.

BENEFITS OF NEWSPAPERS IN A FAMILY.

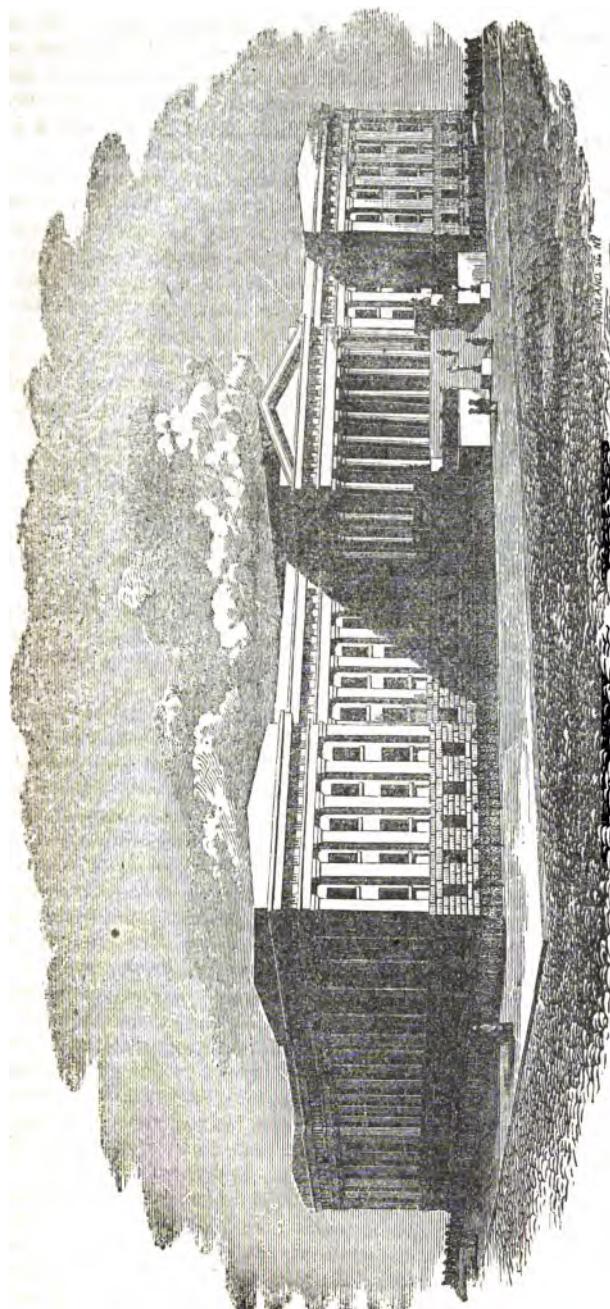
HENRY WARD BEECHER says: "In no other way can so much, so varied, so useful information be imparted, and under circumstances so favorable for educating the child's mind, as through a judicious, well-conducted newspaper.

"To live in a village was once to be shut up and contracted. But now a man may be a hermit and yet a cosmopolite. He may live in the forest, walking miles to a post-office, having a mail but once a week, and yet he shall be found as familiar with the living world as the busiest actor in it; for the newspaper is a spy-glass by which he brings near the most distant things; a microscope by which he leisurely examines the most minute; an ear-trumpet, by which he collects and brings within his hearing all that is said and done all over the earth; a museum full of curiosities; a picture-gallery full of living pictures from real life, drawn not on canvas, but with printer's ink on paper.

"The newspaper is a great collector, a great traveler, a great lecturer. It is the common people's encyclopedia; the lyceum, the college!"

The influence of a good paper upon the minds of a family of children can hardly be estimated; certainly not compared with the cost of the paper itself. It is a universal fact asserted by teachers, and others who have made observations on this subject, that children who have access to useful newspapers, at home, are better spellers, better readers, and understand what they read better; they obtain a practical knowledge of geography and history more readily, make better grammarians, and write better compositions, and, in short, are more intelligent, and learn faster than children brought up in a family without the enjoyment of such reading.

Children are interested in newspapers, because they read about many things with which they are familiar. Often, too, they will read a paper, because it comes new to them, every week, or every month, when they would not open a book. We candidly believe that a *good* newspaper is worth a quarter's schooling to every child.



UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE.

The architecture of this building is the Grecian Doric. It is constructed, unfortunately, of a soft, white stone, which absorbs dampness in wet weather, and crumbles to pieces. In consequence of this, it has been found necessary to paint it. The left wing has not yet been commenced; the right wing is nearly completed, and is built of stones of a finer texture.

The basement is used for storing models of rejected applications, and other similar purposes. The first floor contains the offices of the Commissioner of Patents; the examiners, and their assistants; the messengers; the librarians; the draughtsmen, and the models of patented articles. The upper floor is occupied as a National museum. It contains the trea-

tures and curiosities brought home by Com. Wilkes, from his exploring expedition; also a vast collection of interesting articles, among which may be seen the original Declaration of Independence, the camp-

ture of Gen. George Washington; the gifts presented to our naval and civil officers by foreign powers, busts, portraits, etc.

UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE.

THE Patent Office at Washington is the depository for the models of such inventions as are patented in the United States. Its contents display, in an eminent degree, the inventive and ingenious character of our countrymen. There may be seen models of machines for almost every purpose—plows, harrows, rakes, hoes, forks, saws, hammers, knives, axes, locks, guns, pens, spinning-jennies, looms, sewing-machines, coffee-mills, water-wheels, corn-shellers, threshing-machines, stump-removers, reaping-machines, mowers, locomotives, steam-boilers, telegraphs, printing-presses, and thousands of other articles, embracing implements and utensils used in every trade and occupation of man.

When a person has invented any machinery, or implement of art, which he believes would be useful, and for which he thinks there will be an extensive demand, he desires to secure to himself the sole right of selling it. By this means he hopes to obtain a remuneration for his toils in inventing it, and perhaps, also, great wealth. Accordingly, he constructs a model of it, which he sends to the Patent Office, accompanied with a description, specifying what he claims as his invention, and an application for a patent.

There are six examiners, with six assistants, at the Patent Office, whose duty it is to examine such models and applications, to ascertain whether they possess any thing new, that is worthy of a patent. If it be found that something so nearly like it has been previously patented that the claim can not be allowed, the machine is next carefully examined to discover whether it comprehends any other feature or combination, than the one described in the application, which would justify the granting of letters-patent.

Should any thing patentable be thus discovered, the papers are returned to the applicant, with such suggestions as will assist him in mending them, and properly modifying his claim. But if nothing patentable be discovered, the application is at once rejected, and the necessary reasons given. However, even after such a rejection, the applicant has the privilege

of amending his papers and machinery, if he thinks it best, and to present an amended or new claim. In the United States, one patent covers every State in the Union, and for it the patentee is required to pay the moderate fee of thirty dollars.



SEAL OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

The history of the Patent Office would be a history of the progress of mechanic arts in this country. During some years there are from one to two thousand applications sent in for patents. But a very large proportion of these are rejected from want of novelty or merit. In 1848 there were 968, and in 1849, more than 1,400 applications thus rejected.

In every section of our country may be found worthy and ingenious men, whose energies are directed toward inventions and improvements in the arts. Many of these are not sufficiently informed of what has already been done in the particular department to which their attention is directed, to avoid the track already beaten, hence, these are subjected to disappointment, loss of time, and money. Said Thomas Ewbank, in his report as Commissioner of Patents, made in 1850, "No greater boon could be conferred on inventors than an annual volume or two devoted to the publication of descriptions and drawings of inventions patented. For the want of such a work, an incalculable amount of intellectual and physical effort has been wasted within the last twenty years."

Coats of Arms, or State Seals.—No. 30.



IOWA.

THE Seal of Iowa contains the following simple device: An eagle in the attitude of flight, grasping in its talons a bow, and holding an arrow in its beak. It has no motto.

Iowa is one of the youngest states in the Union. Within the memory of many of our readers, it was but a vast wilderness, the home of the red man and wild beasts. It was settled at Burlington, in 1833. However, some miners had discovered lead at Dubuque, and commenced mining there a few years previous to this. In 1838 it was organized as a territory; and admitted into the Union, as a state, in 1845. During this year Florida and Texas were also admitted—a greater number of new states than had been formed in any other year since the first adoption of our Constitution.

The State of Iowa lies west of the Mississippi River, and extends from it to the Missouri. It is bounded on the north by the Minnesota Territory, and south by the

State of Missouri. It is about 270 miles long, from east to west, and about 200 miles in breadth; containing 50,914 square miles. Prairie predominates in this state. These are variously covered; some are clothed with thick grass, others with shrubs. The margins of streams are thickly timbered.

This state is rapidly progressing in population. Besides the numerous emigrants from the eastern states, it has been a region of uncommon attraction for foreigners. Norway, Denmark, Germany, Hungary, Ireland and England, have all contributed largely toward its settlement. The state mainly owes its prosperity to its agricultural resources. Its fine prairies are easily converted to cultivation, while its natural pastures afford excellent facilities for raising cattle, sheep, etc. The soil is fertile and very productive, and congenial to the grains and fruits of the temperate climates. It is also rich in minerals—lead, zinc, and iron. The lead mines of

Dubuque are probably the most valuable in the world. Ten thousand miners could find employment there.

The capital of this state is Iowa City, situated on the east bank of the Iowa River, about sixty miles north of its junction with the Red Cedar River. Its population is about 2,500. Dubuque has about 4,000, and Burlington, the largest town in the state, about 4,500 inhabitants. The state is divided into 49 counties, and has a population of 192,214.

For so young a state, education is receiving much attention. Its provisions are liberal, and when fully organized must become very beneficial. Internal improvements, thus far, have been little required, but several railroads and canals have been projected. The governor is chosen once in four years, and has a salary of 1,000 dollars. The elections are held on the first Monday in August, and the legislature meets on the first Monday in December, once in two years.

PURITY OF LANGUAGE.

Most heartily do we commend the following article from the *Boston Olive Branch*, on the use of pure language, to the candid and thoughtful attention of every talker, writer, and reader. The abuses to which it alludes demand the attention of parents and teachers, and all who love purity of thought, and beauty and elegance in language.

In every department of science, literature, art, and mechanics, one great virtue, one grand desideratum appears to be that of purity.

The dealer in drugs, and articles for family consumption, looks most carefully to see that they are unadulterated; that no foreign substance is admixed to weaken or vitiate the original and genuine article; and however it may pass *from* his hands, he sees that he receives it pure and unmixed. So the artist, in the selection of colors for his canvas, chooses not those which are alone brilliant and attractive, but the purest and clearest, for he knows that these qualities alone insure to his works a permanency and durability; and

in the disposition of his colors on the canvas he looks and labors for "purity of tone," and clearness of expression, and does not, or should not, rely on mere tricks of art to catch the fleeting forms of Nature.

So the musician looks, in his performances, for a purity of tone and execution which he well knows makes a large part of his success. Now, while it is true in these different connections, it is no less so in language, whether spoken or written. If it is necessary, if it is indispensable, in science and art, to search after and cultivate purity, how much more is it to make purity of thought and of expression our study, in our every-day intercourse with each other, and with the world. And it is with a feeling somewhat akin to grief and alarm, that one who is anxious to secure that purity of which we have spoken, sees the tendency of the present age to lay aside many of the rules of proper language, and to forget the native purity and simple strength of our own tongue, for senseless expressions, cant phrases, and slang terms.

In the social circle, by the fireside, among friends, in the marts of business, and even in the public lecture-room, we are obliged to hear constantly in use, such corrupt and impure language. A sort of humorous punning, a kind of double meaning, which the French call "double entendre," seems to have become the prevailing fashion of speech among people of all classes at the present day.

We hear men talk in a very moral, innocent way, as if, in all gravity, they intended to offend no one's taste or propriety, and if you object to the apparent vulgarity which can be seen beneath the surface, they will deny any thing of the kind, and quote the hackneyed proverb of "evil to him who evil thinks" against you, and never allow that there is in their speech a kind of ironical negation of the truth, which they may seem to indorse; and though they may seem to uphold truth and morality, yet they are all of the time endeavoring, by artful insinuations, to undermine the very safeguards of a purity-loving society.

This lingual prostitution, and the con-

stant and almost universal employment of a set of vulgar slang terms, and hackneyed proverbs, constitute one of the crying evils of the day. People seem to be tired of the good old Saxon of our forefathers, and can no longer express themselves fully in the language of their youthful education. Hence they have recourse to a barbarous admixture of half-foreign idioms, and phrases, and slang terms, picked up, it may be, in theater lobbies, at the gambler's board, or in the circus ring, to help out their mother tongue. And from the clergyman in the sacred desk even, down to the veriest ragamuffin in the street, we are forced to hear such phrases as, "no you don't," "I didn't do any thing else," "yes, sir-ee," "I'll bet I shall," and a thousand such.

There is a sort of sarcastic waggery, a kind of ironical humor, which gives them a peculiar gusto, and makes them slide easily and glibly from the tongue of the unwary, and often help to eke out his scanty ideas. But the constant use of them is an employment of the basest kind of wit; a humor, indeed, of the very lowest order, if humor or wit it may properly be called.

Hence you shall see that no really sensible person, alive to the evil consequent upon such an improper use of language, will ever be guilty of using such vicious phrases; and no one who has any flow of language of his own, will attempt to shine in the meretricious glare of any such false wit; and if he be so unfortunate as to have no such flow of language and felicity of expression, he will certainly, if virtuous, refrain from borrowing the passwords of low-lived and vicious men.

Indeed, we can not but be impressed with the natural depravity of that man whose language is thus impure, either giving hidden and twofold meanings to his words, or in using smutty inuendoes, or such phrases as we have noted above. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," saith the Good Book, and if this be the stream which flows from their lips, what must be that fountain whose source lies down below the surface which seemeth so fair?

But it is not to social life alone that this

evil is by any means confined. The current literature of the day is teeming with it; the press—that powerful engine of either good or evil—the press is spreading it far and wide; editorials, communications, essays, common chit-chat of the day, and, indeed, every species of newspaper literature, are spiced with such phrases as "done brown," "posted up," "right in town," and such like.

And worse than this, besides this cant form of expression, this literary rowdyism, we are constantly forced to observe in the columns of our newspapers, from the lively and widely circulated penny paper to the more stately and dignified "sixpenny," direct allusions of a questionable, if not of a decidedly vulgar and obscene character. Political personalities, newspaper squibs and stories, are all too often redolent of that disgusting odor of immorality which has become a marked feature of our national literature; and the same sort of questionable morality and indecent ambiguity which characterized the early age of English literature, seems likely to become the character of our own in a great degree.

Contrast, I pray you, the style of the gifted Addison with that of the writers of the present day. See the difference between the simple, pure elegance of Milton's prose and the prose of our own time. It was not difference in genius, but difference in heart, which made them to be so much unlike.

But let us hope that a better state of things will obtain ere long. May our authors, literati, and indeed every man who writes or speaks, even never so little, look to it that he uses only the terse, nervous Saxon, pure and undefiled, and no slang *patois*, but our own vernacular; for we must be impressed with the indisputable fact that it is no superior power, no social or literary government, which shall correct this state of things. The same power which brought it about must do it away, and that power is "our own influence," each one acting for himself; and each one acting for himself will make a united effort of society, which alone can remove the evil of which we have spoken. What influence are you now exerting?

Youth's Department.

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, to fix
The generous purpose, and the noble thought.

HAPPINESS, THE RESULT OF A VIRTUOUS LIFE.

BY MRS. E. M. GUTHRIE.

A CHEERFUL gathering of friends and relatives took place at the residence of Mr. Waldo upon New-Year's day. A number of the young people assembled in the library, apart from the main company, to enjoy a pleasant chat by themselves, and we will listen awhile to their conversation, to learn what we can of their respective characters.

The group consisted of Edward Clayton, Fanny Waldo, Jesse, Ellen, and Anne Clifford, their ages ranging from fifteen to twenty years.

"Well, cousin Edward," said Jesse Clifford, "the new year has come around again, and I presume, in accordance with your fastidious whims, you will doff some pleasant practice which you may fancy unnecessary, or unworthy, as you would term it."

"No, Jesse, I do not intend to relinquish any pleasant practice at this or any other time, but when conscious that I am indulging in habits injurious to either body or mind, I shall, with great pleasure, strive to rid myself of them. As the old year goes, let it take these marks of folly with it, and let me begin the new with a fair page."

"Now, Edward, tell me frankly, did you not deprive yourself of pleasure when, three years ago to-day, you resolved to drink nothing but cold water, or two years since, when you threw away your tobacco, or last year, when you refused thenceforward to join any party of pleasure that would require

your attendance later than ten o'clock in the evening?"

"Frankly, Jesse, I can assure you that I deprived myself of nothing at either period to which you allude. True, by taking these steps, I repulsed, for a time, many of my old associates, but I induced others to follow my example, and does not the career of the latter appear to good advantage compared with the former?"

Here Ellen Clifford advanced near the two young men, and exclaimed, "Come, tell us, Cousin Edward, what offending member are you about to amputate? I see brother Jesse is looking upon you compassionately, as though you had already parted with your good right hand, and deprived yourself of both your faithful eyes; now he stands awaiting the sacrifice of your 'devoted head' upon the altar of virtuous principles."

"But, Ellen, I hope that you fear no such dreadful thing," returned Edward, smiling.

"No, indeed, cousin, I fear nothing for you; a young man who deems obedience to the laws of his being his highest pleasure is not pursuing a very disastrous course, according to my humble judgment."

By this time all had gathered around to listen, and a more interested or interesting group is seldom seen. There was Edward, the eldest of the number, with his clear, intellectual brow and

healthful look ; Jesse, whose recklessness of manner, some would think, indicated generosity ; Ellen, gay, yet sensible ; Anne, the youngest, glancing thoughtfully from face to face ; and, last of all, Fanny, who looked on so anxiously, you would have thought that life depended upon the result of the matter under consideration.

" I should like to know what we live for, if not to enjoy ourselves," began Jesse. " I verily believe it would ruin my health, Edward, were I to pore over books as you do, and yet forego amusements of which you so stoically deprive yourself ; I should desire an offset in some way."

" Why, my dear cousin, do you not understand that my enjoyment consists in the performance of what I feel to be right ? and you know full well that I regard cheerful and healthful exercise as a part of my *sacred duty*. As to offsetting hard study by habits of dissipation, it would be a very poor bargain, for I am satisfied that my temperate mode of life alone, enables me to study as perseveringly as I do."

" I am sure such a life would be extremely disagreeable to me," rejoined Jesse, assuming an air of indifference.

" But, Jesse," said Fanny, " for what object *should* we live ? This life mis-spent, it seems to me, must be a source of regret throughout eternity."

Nothing was said for some time, until Edward broke the silence by repeating Fanny's question, remarking that " every thing depended upon the proper solution of this life-problem. Come, Jesse," said he, " tell us what you believe to be the true aim of existence."

" The attainment of happiness at any hazard."

" Ah, no, no ! brother Jesse ; if happiness is our *paramount* aim, how prone are we to become selfish."

" The noblest object for which we were placed here is to perform something worthy the remembrance of posterity," interposed Ellen.

" I think," added Anne, " that we should answer a more elevated purpose were we to seek zealously for the contentment and happiness of those around us."

" But I believe," said Fanny, " that we live here to prepare for a life beyond this life, where all is bright, and beautiful, and true ; to fit ourselves for companionship with angels."

" You have each of you, unconsciously, perhaps, defined your relation to the future, at least in theory. As I chose to construe your definitions, every one involves the whole. If, with Anne, we would render those around us happy and contented, we are already doing that which is well worthy the remembrance of posterity, while we are most wisely fitting ourselves for intercourse with angels, and attaining happiness richly worth striving after, without hazarding any thing. Seek first to *do right*, and 'these things shall be added.' " Thus Edward closed the conversation.

Years passed away ; they who were assembled upon that New-Year's day were youths no longer, but men and women engaged in the active duties of life. All but Jesse Clifford, that diseased wreck of manhood, who knew no hour without pain and remorse ; he little resembled the gay but thoughtless being who regarded the 'attainment of happiness at any hazard' as the true aim of existence.

He had compromised health, friendship, and a clear conscience, in his selfish pursuit after the sickly phantom that he called Happiness, and lo, all was lost ! And far, very far, was he from obtaining the object of life as defined by himself or either of his young friends in the joyous days long since past. Tortured with disgusting habits imbibed for the pleasure he once fancied they gave him, he dragged out an unprofitable probation, unblessing and unblessed.

Not so with Edward Clayton ; he who had acted from higher motives, and more intelligent views of life, became a

useful, honorable, and beloved member of society, little changed in external appearance, save as each year added the stamps of a higher nobility. The same cheerful look, the same kindly demeanor, the same exalted firmness in living out his principles, characterized him wherever he was known. Without forfeiting any thing deserving a passing regret, he had answered the object of existence according to the best of his knowledge, and left an example to be long and gratefully cherished.

LEAVING HOME.

BY ALBERT.

Boys, I desire to say a word to you, or to those of you who are about leaving parents and home. I imagine there are many of you, even now, planning ways, and devising means, by which to leave a good home, to go out into the world to act for yourselves. I imagine you have got the idea into your heads that you have served your parents, already, too long for what they have done for you; that because you have reached the age of fifteen or sixteen, and served your parents faithfully, your time ought to be your own. A mistaken idea, truly.

Boys, pause for a moment, and review the years of your past life, and reckon up the years you were in a helpless and dependent state; then reckon up the years you were in a state of wild boyhood, and how many years will you have remaining, up to your present ages, on which to reckon for faithfully serving your parents.

Listen to one who has been where you now are, and who once thought as you now think. When I was sixteen, and perhaps before, I got it into my head that I had lived at home long enough; and that I had, thus far in life, paid my way. I therefore felt a strong desire to go forth into the world

and act for myself. The truth was, boys, I was *tired* of living at home; it seemed a sort of monotonous life to me. Accordingly, I early apprised my parents of my desires, but they met with little encouragement; and as I had been taught *obedience*, I gave up for the present.

At the age of seventeen, however, I succeeded in carrying my points, and was allowed to take my own course; a singular course it was, too. In the latter part of February, I set out (pedestrian style) on a journey of about three hundred miles, with a pack strapped over my shoulders, and *seven* dollars in my pocket. The day previous to my departure was one of life and joy. The monotony was about to be broken, and the home I had become *tired* of, was about to be left. I don't know that I shed any tears when I left, but I felt a sort of choking sensation when I caught a glimpse of the tear in my mother's eye. But I left with a light heart, happy in the prospect of the future.

Every thing went along cheerfully, till toward the close of the first day's travel. When I saw the sun sinking to rest in its western home, there seemed to come over me a sort of strange feeling, and ever and anon I felt a tear trickling down my cheek. I wiped it off, but still another followed in the same channel. Why was this? Why did those tears start one after another, from my eyes? There was a cause; my mind had gone back to the spot that now begun to seem dear to me. I felt that I was fairly abroad in the world, and among strangers; I felt, too, that I had indeed left *home*, and not till then had I felt it in all its reality.

Boys, I am aware that many of you will deem me foolish for thinking of home so soon after leaving, but let me say to those of you who are anxious to leave home and parents, and be acting for yourselves in the world, that you know not the value of a good home and

kind parents until you have left them. It is not my desire to dissuade you from leaving home, and going forth into the world, at the proper time, and under proper circumstances; no—far from it. I would rather encourage *young men* to do so. But my object is to keep *boys* at home until they have become matured in mind and judgment, sufficiently to *act* for themselves; and to such as would leave home at the age of fifteen or sixteen (however faithful they may have been to their parents), I would say, few have paid the debt they owe their parents.

Certain it is, that boys, at this age, are not fitted to go out into the world among strangers, and act in their own capacity. The state of society in our cities and villages (places where boys usually desire to resort) is so corrupt, that even *young men* are led away, and nearly ruined, ere they are aware their characters have become sullied. Then, boys, abandon the idea of leaving parents and home, and cling to them till you have seen twenty-one years, at least; and in the mean time get all the knowledge and advice from your parents you can; by so doing you will be better prepared to engage in the various avocations and duties of life.

Do not scorn or turn a deaf ear to the counsels of your father and mother; for, bear in mind, they can advise from experience—having passed through similar scenes. Then treasure up the advice of your parents, and withal profit by it; and when *duty* calls you to bid adieu to the home of your childhood, resolve in your minds that you will never do aught that will bring down sorrow upon the heads of your parents.

TIME.

TIME that is past, thou never canst recall;
Of time to come, thou art not sure at all;
Time present, only, is within thy power,
And therefore now improve the present hour.

Byron.

I WOULD IF I COULD.

“I WOULD if I could,”
Though much it’s in use,
Is but a fallacious
And sluggish excuse;
And many a person
Who could if he would,
Is often heard saying,
“I would if I could.”

“Come, John,” said a school-boy,
“I wish you would try
To solve this hard problem—
Now don’t you deny;”
But John at that moment
Was not in the mood,
And yawningly answered,
“I would if I could.”

At the door of a mansion,
In tattered rags clad,
Stood a poor woman begging
A morsel of bread;
The rich man scarce heeded,
While trembling she stood,
And answered her coldly,
“I would if I could.”

The scholar receiving
His teacher’s advice;
The wearer admonished
To shun such a vice;
The child when requested
To try and be good,
Oft gives the same answer,
“I would if I could.”

But if we may credit
What good people say,
That “where a strong will is,
There’s always a way;”
And whatever *ought* to be,
Can be, and *should*;
We never need utter,
“I would if I could.”

Selected

CONVERSATION.—One of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had left unsaid.—*Swift.*

LESSONS ON PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.—*Vol. 2.*

THE WELL-ARRANGED ACADEMY.

BY JOHN B. NEWMAN, M.D., LL.D.

WILLIAM BEECHER had an hour of leisure on Monday morning. He had prepared his lessons the preceding Friday night, and had only to observe his usual review. Peter waited quietly until he saw that all was done and William free. He then broke the silence.

Peter.—You said I had neglected the house of my soul, but could set it all right again by proper care. How did you begin?

William.—By observing the Laws of Hygiene.

Peter.—I have many times heard that name, and studied over precepts, but I know nothing about it.

William.—What is the meaning of the word Law?

Peter.—A rule of action.

William.—Hygiene means the same as health. You must know now.

Peter.—A little more clearly than I did before. The laws of Hygiene mean the rules of action by which we may keep in health. Where does the word Hygiene come from?



William.—It is derived from HYGIEA, the goddess of health, one of the four daughters of ESCULAPIUS, the god of medicine. Hygiea taught the people how they might obtain sound bodies, and thus prevent the need of her father's assistance in sickness. It was very kind of her to take so much trouble, as her father, besides being a great doctor, was also a king; so she was a princess.

Peter.—As she could not have taken pay for giving advice, she must have been very good; but is it right for us to say *god* and *goddess*? I thought it was only the ignorant heathen that used such terms.

William.—As we do not pray to them, no harm is thought of it, and it helps us remember ancient history. The old Greeks, themselves, did not suppose such beings had supreme power; they only believed they knew more than any one else about these particular subjects, and their error consisted in imagining that help could be given by them after death. You can find the word *god*, as meaning creatures of a high order, printed in small letters in the Bible.

Peter.—How did she teach the laws of health?

William.—By telling the people that certain habits and influences would keep them well, and other modes and influences would make them sick. She thus taught them to seek the good and avoid the bad.

Peter.—Were her instructions written down and preserved until now?

William.—If written, there is no trace of them now; but you will find in the Physiology, reasons to believe that

she was well acquainted with the subject. Her name is used only as a compliment in memory of her exertions.

It was now time for the boys to go, to be ready at the first stroke of the bell for entering the academy. The boys were not permitted to come early, for the purpose of having a spell of play in and around the building, any more than they could have done so before church on Sunday.

For those who wanted showing, the doors were always thrown open at eight, and teachers present to render any needed assistance. The one hour thus spent, saved many whole days in a month. Every member of a class, no matter how dull, could be as prompt as the rest in recitation, and thus there was no keeping others back for his sake, or keeping in for his own. The practice cut off every possible excuse, except sickness or accident, for not being well prepared.

The academy was a large building, two stories high; the lower story for girls, the upper one for boys. Both floors were arranged precisely alike; one main room, and three smaller recitation rooms. There was a male principal, and a female principal, and each had two female assistants. Each department numbered about one hundred and fifty pupils. There was a fair assortment of well-selected books, some chemical and philosophical apparatus, and a supply of various weights, measures, and coins.

The ceiling was high, that in the main room having two square openings, into which blinds, with movable slats were inserted, and these could be shut or opened by means of cords and tassels suspended from them. The garret, into which the ventilators communicated, had, at one end, a blind sash, so made as to prevent rain or snow entering, and yet allowing free egress for all the foul air from below. A good draught was thus insured, and by means of the cords and tassels, the blinds in the main room

could be adjusted so as to regulate the temperature in winter.

The recitation rooms had been neglected in respect to ventilation, but Mr. Aymar, the principal, remedied this in a measure, by taking out one of the highest panes of glass in the upper sash of every room, and inserting instead a sheet of tin, out of which was cut in the center, a space of four inches, in diameter, to make room for a wheel with oblique spokes or slats to revolve, which it constantly did by means of the warm current rushing out.

Any tinman could make this apparatus at the cost of a mere trifle, and so well did it answer its purpose, that nearly every room in town had a "perpetual motion," as the people named it. Mr. Aymar was much gratified at this, for he thought it pertained to his office to instruct the parents as well as their children.

The desks sloped and varied a little in height, rising as you went toward the back of the room. The lower part was intended to be somewhat higher than the elbows of the pupils when their arms hung down. Whenever one arm was on the desk, the other arm was rigidly required to be there also, to prevent a difference in height in the shoulders. Every pupil had a seat to himself, consisting of a chair without legs. The chair-seat had on its under part a block containing a spiral groove made of iron, into which played a spiral screw, also of iron, set in a round wooden pillar, fastened to the floor. The expense of having these castings made was not much, and the advantages very great.

The feet of the pupil could always touch the floor, while his back was supported. The deformity produced by the writing exercise of schools was unknown, for the proper adjustment of height to desk could be made at once. There could be no crowding and no rumbling noises of moving benches.

Need we add that the outside of the building and the grounds corresponded

with the inside. Green blinds to the windows ; rows of shade-trees, see-saws, swings, and similar gymnastic apparatus. A high brick wall completely separated the grounds set apart for the boys from those of the girls ; the very entrances for each sex were on opposite sides of the building.

The more difficult studies were pursued in the morning, and the easier ones in the afternoon. The exercises alternated so as to produce variety of position ; they stood more in the morning session, and sat more in the afternoon session. Peter, who had expected a weary day, was surprised to find the recesses occur so rapidly. He was more interested than he ever thought he could be in school lessons. When the five hours were over, he had no sense of weariness, and during the whole day not a single dizzy attack seized him and forced him to leave the room. The air inside seemed as pure as the air outside. The first day was over, the dreaded ordeal passed, and he bounded along home with William, a lighter-hearted, and more hopeful boy than he had been for years.



JAMES WATT AND THE TEA-KETTLE.

BY GRANT THORBURN.

ON a winter's evening, nearly one hundred years ago, the tea-board was laid out, and the window-curtains closely drawn, in the humble parlor of a small house in the town of Greenock, in the west of Scotland. A tidy, active matron was bustling about, slicing the bread and butter ; a blazing fire gleamed and roared in the grate, and curled round the black sides of the kettle which reposed in the midst of it, and the fire crackled, and the water boiled with a faintly-heard popping sound, and a stream of white vapor came whizzing out of the spout of the kettle, with a shrill, cheery hiss.

Now, the matron saw nothing particular in all this ; kettles had boiled, and fires had burned from the beginning, and would probably do so to the end of the chapter.

As the matron stooped to pour the boiling fluid in the tea-pot, her son James, a boy of twelve summers, sat on a low bench in front of the fire, his elbows resting on each knee, while his hands supported his head, being placed under the chin.

The boy was intently gazing at the fire, the kettle, and the steam, swallowing them with his eyes, absorbed in deep thoughts, and lost in contemplation.

The boy looked at the fire, and the mother looked at the boy. "Was there ever such an idle neer-do-well in this world as our Jamie ?" was the question which almost unconsciously she proposed to herself.

Mrs. B. stepped in at this moment ; turning to her visitor, Jamie's mother said, "Mrs. B., did you ever see the likes of our Jamie ? Look at him ; he'll sit there for hours, staring at the kettle and the steam, till you wad think his 'een wad come out o' his head."

And truth to tell, there was something peculiar in the glance of the boy's eye. There was mind, active, speaking mind, looking through it. He seemed as one who gazed upon a wondrous vision, and whose every sense was bound up in the display of gorgeous pageantry floating before him.

He had sat watching the escaping steam, until the thin vaporous column had appeared to cast itself upward in fantastic, changing shapes. Sometimes the subtle fluid, gathering in force and quantity, would gently raise one side of the lid of the kettle, emit a white puff, and then let the metal fall with a low, clanking sound.

There was power and strength in that watery cloud, and as the dreaming boy saw this, an unbidden thought came

upon his mind, and he knew that the fierce struggle was symbolical of intellect warring with the elements.

And still he gazed, and saw in his day-dreams ships sailing without wind or sails ; and wagons propelled over deserts wild, by some power unseen to mortal eye. " Jamie, Jamie," exclaimed his mother, " sit by to your tea ; if I find ye staring at the fire again, ye'll feel the wicht 'o my hand."

The boy rose meekly, and did as he was told. His name was James Watt, afterward Sir James. He was honored with the title of knighthood, being the first who applied the power of steam to any useful purpose.

Steam has made this old world of

ours a new one. What does it not do for man ? It hurries him across the Atlantic in ten days, and grinds wheat for the grocer's store ; yet this triumph of art and science was once the laughing-stock of jeering thousands, and once it was only a waking fantasy of a boy's mind as he sat, and, in seeming idleness, watched a little column of vapor rise from the spout of a tea-kettle.

The above anecdote is literally true. Watt was born in 1736. This incident occurred when he was in his twelfth year. He was the son of a poor tradesman in Greenock [in Scotland], and probably had never read a book, the spelling-book and the Bible excepted.—*New York Observer.*

Letters to Young Scholars.—No. 1.

WHY DO YOU GO TO SCHOOL?

MY YOUNG FRIENDS—You attend school ; but do you know, or have you ever thought why you attend ? Do you ever reflect, young friends, why you learn to read, and write, to reckon numbers, and write compositions ?

Some may reply that, " though they are averse to study, and can perceive no benefit therefrom, are nevertheless compelled to go to school. Why is this ? Your parents and guardians certainly incur expense in sending you to school, besides allowing you the time, which would otherwise be engaged for their benefit.

Ah, children, reflect whether it is not for your own advantage, that they provide so liberally for your education. How thankful and obedient should you be to your parents and teachers, who take so deep an interest in your welfare.

You learn to read in order to become useful and intelligent citizens ; to be able to read books and newspapers, which inform you what is transpiring in

other places, thus enabling you the better to manage your own affairs and those of the town and state, when you become men.

You learn to write, reckon numbers, and compose, that you may be prepared to enter into business ; as a lawyer, doctor, magistrate, or even a farmer. Should you prefer learning the trade of a mechanic, to the above occupations, believe me, young friends, you will become better workmen if you possess a thorough knowledge of these branches, than those who do not.

Girls will not engage in any of these pursuits ; but they are capable of becoming useful and intelligent, as well as boys. They should be able to conduct household affairs, frugally and skillfully ; to preside in the parlor, and to manage in the kitchen ; hence, they must be educated.

Let me repeat it, my young friends, if you are ignorant of the branches before spoken of, you can not become a

useful member in society in any capacity. No worthy and profitable business could you creditably conduct. No books could you read. No letters of friendship could you write. Oh, of how much happiness you would be deprived!

Strive, therefore, never to be idle. When you are not at school, at exercise, or in the service of your parents or friends, devote your leisure time to reading. Never allow your teacher to compel you to study.

Have you a difficult problem to solve? Then betake yourself to your task; apply your mind to nothing else except your problem; remember the teacher's instructions, and the rules of your arithmetic; these, together with your own reasoning, will effect a solution.

Should you fail to solve it, yield not to disappointment; your endeavors will not be useless. In consequence of your attempts, you will the more readily comprehend the teacher's explanations. Solutions obtained in this manner are never forgotten.

Do you always comprehend the meaning of all the words contained in your lessons? If not, delay not a moment to procure a dictionary; in which you will find the requisite information; and always keep it near when you are studying.

I must conclude the letter now, but I will endeavor to write to you again soon.

Truly your friend,
XENOPHEN.

◆◆◆

A PRIZE.

"CAN you tell me where I stand—
On the sea, or on the land?
Near the equator or the pole?—
T wixt you and me vast oceans roll.
Every one would fain caress me;
No one yet did e'er possess me,
Though in their reach they all confess me.
Man seeks me till his latest breath,
E'en till his search is lost in death.
Now would you have this blessed prize,
Tis written plain before your eyes."

DAY AND NIGHT.

THEIR QUARREL AND RECONCILIATION.

BY CAROLINE HOWARD.

By my window I stood on a soft autumn even,
While the last blush of sunlight, red-tinted the
heaven,

When the breeze, blowing softly, the restless
leaves stirred,
And the faint pipe of birdlings around me was
heard.

"How sweet," said I, gently, "this meeting of
Day,
And the first star of Night, with its tremulous
ray,
While the sun calmly sinks from his throne in
the skies,
As if leaving a blessing behind as he dies.

"Can any one tell which we ought to love best:
The Day, when we labor, or Night, when we
rest?
The Day for glad meetings, and pleasure, and
play,
The Night for the slumber which follows the
day?"

I started, for lo! from a crimson-fringed cloud,
A voice sounded sternly, impatient and loud—
I looked, and a giant, whose face was the sun,
Outspoke, as if I some great evil had done.

Oh, I do assure you his eyes, bright and bold,
Were flashing all colors from ebon to gold,
His arms seemed extended to crush my slight
form,

And the frown on his brow was a menacing storm.

"How dare you, frail mortal, compare me with
Night,
That babe, that mere insect, with power and
might?

I light man to labor, I give him his bread,
I quicken the seed in its cold, darksome bed.

"I color the flowers with delicate dyes,
With a brush that I dip in my own glowing skies,
The rainbow I paint, and all rich fruitage send,
Oh! which of us, then, is of mortals the friend?

"I relieve the night watcher all weary and worn,
I gladden the hearts of the cold and forlorn,
I give"—but he slowly sank down in the west,
And left me all trembling to finish the rest.

But, as I was thinking 'twas *really* the sun
Who all that was good on the wide earth had
done,

Another voice came from the far away east,
So sweet, that it frightened me not in the least.
A maiden I saw, oh, so pale and so fair,
That I thought her frail beauty would die in the
air;

A silvery light shone from her deep, tender eyes,
And she gracefully moved as a bird when it
flies.

"I come," said she, quickly, "as Queen of the
Night,

Forever you proud and bold upstart to blight;
Can you doubt, for one instant, *my* might and
my power

To shed cooling dew on the sun-withered flower?

"Who brings quiet sleep to the work-tired frame,
When in anguish men call on my powerful name?
Who whispers blest dreams, gives sweet converse
and rest,

If not I, who am ever a thrice welcome guest?

"Rash being! *at least*, when the question you
asked,

If your memory had, for one instant, been tasked,
I should think that *your* gratitude, small though
it be,

Would have led you to choose, as the best of
gifts, *me*."

"I'm convinced," said I, frightened, "that there
is *no* choice

"Twixt the Day and the Night,"—I assure you
my voice

Issued hoarsely and trembling—"oh *equal* are
you,

Brilliant sun, lovely moon, in your power, 'tis
true."

Oh, glad was I wisdom was lent me that night,
To lead me to answer these fearful foes right;
It was all that they wanted, I saw by her face,
As she drew her robe round her, and quickened
her pace.

"I am late," she said softly, and went on her
way,

"But see, there's once more that bold ruler of
Day."

Sure enough, he peeped o'er the horizon once
more,

And I saw on his face a brighter smile than
before.

And his voice, not now thunder, but softened,
uprose,

And his gaze flushed her face like a bud ere it
blows.

"Peace," he said; "peace," she echoed;—all
tumult was hushed,

And to tell the strange tale all the meteors
rushed.

Then I, brooding solemnly over the same,
To my desk, and my pen and ink, hastily came,
To tell this sky-news to The Student, too,
And I hope, little reader, to interest you.

Charleston, S. C.

PRAISE GOD.

BY CYNTHIA.*

PRAISE God! is echoed from the lofty hills,
And sung by all the crystal rills;
'Tis breathed by morn, 'tis breathed by night—
The moon and stars with silvery light
Praise God.

Praise God! the vast old ocean roars;
In every grove, on all the shores;
Each bird with trilling symphonies,
To forest rock, and stream replies
Praise God.

Praise God! bright valleys, trees, and flowers,
Ye heavens, and the gentle showers;
To the King of Kings loud anthems raise,
To Him belongs your grateful praise—
Praise God.

AN OPEN, HONEST HEART.

"I LIKE an open, honest heart,
Where frankness loves to dwell;
Which has no room for base deceit,
Nor hollow words can tell;
But in whose throbings plain are seen
The import of the mind;
Whose gentle breathings utter naught
But accents true and kind."

* Cynthia is but fourteen years of age. In a letter accompanying these lines, she says, "This poetry is for you alone to see;" but the piece is so good for one of her age, that we have taken the liberty to publish it.—[Ed.]

For Children.

"To aid the mind's development, and watch
The dawn of little thoughts."



ARE YOU A BROTHER?

HAPPY were the three little Mays made one day by a letter which their father received, saying that a friend of his was coming to see them, accompanied by his son.

"A brother!" said Jessie, the eldest of the three; "he shall be our brother while he stays, we always wanted a brother so," and she looked much pleased.

"Will he *really* be?" asked Mary, the second little girl.

"He will be like a brother," answered Jessie; "and won't it be nice to have even such a brother?"

His name was Lewis; the little girls were glad they knew his name, and they kept saying it over, so as to "get it by heart."

Lewis and his father came at the time they were expected, but it was quite the children's bedtime; so they could only be introduced to Lewis, and saw that he had black hair, and was "beautiful looking," and they all *knew* they should like him.

After breakfast the next morning, the first thing to be done was to show Lewis the baby-houses. So little Sarah led the way, and Mary took him by the

hand, and Jessie followed on, feeling very happy.

These little girls had no brother. Jessie, especially, thought she would give all the world for one—a brother to go with her and help take care of the younger ones—for her sisters were always put under *her* care, when they went out together; and sometimes Jessie felt a great responsibility about them. "Oh," she often thought now, "if we only had a brother to take care of them, and me too."

As soon as they reached the chamber where the baby-houses were, Lewis spied a little dog, and he ran and grasped it, crying out, "Oh, mayn't I have this? Give me this."

"You may have it in your hand, Lewis," said Mary, "but not to keep; for my cousin Jenny gave it to me to remember her by, and now she's dead."

"Dogs to remember girls by!" cried Lewis; "why, its sugar, and sugar dogs are made to eat up."

"Please—" began Sarah, looking a little frightened; but before she had time to say more, Lewis bit off the dog's head, and sat munching it in his mouth.

The sisters stared at Lewis, but they neither stirred nor spoke, only a tear came into Sarah's eyes, which she tried to wipe away with her little fat fingers.

Presently she stole out of the room, and was soon sobbing in her mother's lap. This was but the beginning of their sorrows.

The poor children found themselves almost at the mercy of a self-willed, selfish boy, and Jessie had her hands full to stand between him and her little sisters, whom he took delight in teasing.

Toward the afternoon, after Lewis had lost his own, Jessie's, and Mary's balls, he wanted Bell Emory's, a little girl who came to visit them.

"Please don't," said Jessie, "because you may lose it, and we can't make it up to her."

"But I want it, and I will have it," said Lewis, roughly.

"It is a law here for each of us to give up sometimes," said Jessie; "now, won't you take your turn, and give up, Lewis?"

"Give up! I never give up to girls; I will have the ball," rushing angrily toward Jessie, who held the ball in her hand.

Jessie never flinched. "Lewis, are you a brother?" she asked, looking the rude, selfish boy calmly and steadily in the face—"are you a brother, Lewis?"

Lewis knew enough to feel the reproof. He looked much ashamed of his conduct; and whether it had any abiding good effect, I can not tell, but he behaved better in Jessie's presence while he stayed.

What a question Jessie's was! "Are you a brother?" the boy who reads this story. Remember that a selfish, tyrannical, overbearing spirit is not the spirit of brotherly love.

"Are you a brother?" do you cherish a brother's tender care, a brother's protecting hand and watchful eye over the sisters whom God has given you?

"Are you a brother?" and will you never abuse the confidence and ruin the happiness of one who should be treated as a sister?

"Are you a brother?" remember a

brother's duty, and a brother's responsibility, and never abuse a brother's love.—*Child's Paper.*

WHAT I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD.

A FRIEND of mine has a little boy whom I have heard wish that he could do something to make people happy. He has read of some few great acts of benevolence, and he wishes he could imitate them.

If he only had money, he would give a great deal to poor people; he would give food, and clothes, and books to all the poor children.

I believe the little fellow really takes comfort in thinking of the good he would do if he had money enough.

I have seen this little boy rush into the parlor, without cleaning his boots from the mud before he entered; toss his cap into a chair, and begin some fine story to his mother, without noticing that at every step he left a quantity of mud or sand upon the carpet. I heard the mother say,

"Thomas, is that the place for your cap? I shall have to forbid your coming into the parlor unless you remember why a mat and scraper are placed at the door."

Then I have seen her get a dust-pan and brush, and carefully remove the traces of his feet, while he went to put away the cap. Twice in a single day I have seen this done.

Thomas does not wish to give his mother trouble; he loves her, and often notices that her cheek is pale, and she looks weary.

He thinks that if he lives to be a man,

his dear mother shall not work so hard, and get so tired as she does now. But a little more thought would enable Thomas to save his mother much fatigue, and give her much pleasure even now.

Let her see him keeping his things in order; his cap and tippet always in the proper places; his books where they belong, and not on nor under the sofa.

Let him see that the broom and duster never follow him through a room. Let him *always* obey, quickly and *cheerfully*.

Finally, and above all, let her see him growing up with a strict observance of the *truth*, and he will do much good by his influence and example; he will confer happiness more true and lasting, wherever he is, than, without these habits, any amount of money would enable him to confer.

He that is faithful in *little* things is the one who would be faithful in much.—*Well Spring.*

THE TIDY GIRL.

"SEE her books! how clean they are!
Corners not turned down, I know!"

"There's a marker, made to show
In her lessons just how far.

"Dog-eared books
Are a certain sign to me
That the girl must careless be!"

"She's as tidy as a pink!
Clean and neat, and gentle, too!
If you take her actions through,
Just the same I know you'll think!"

School or home—
Tasks or play—
Books or toys—
Every way—

ORDER keeps this loving girl,
With her auburn hair a-curl."

Selected.

Our Misspell.

JOURNEYMAN—a mechanic who has learned a trade and is hired to work for another. This name is said to have originated in a custom of Germany, where it was a law that all mechanics, at the expiration of their apprenticeship, should travel from place to place for three years. During this journey they worked at their trades, but were not allowed to remain in any one place longer than three months. If it so happened that they were unable to find sufficient employment to defray their expenses, they were assisted by the government. At the expiration of the three years, the *journey man* having seen something of the world, he was allowed to settle down where he chose. Thus came the origin and signification of "Journeyman."

IMPERTINENCE TITLED.—After the termination of the Seminole war, General Jackson visited Washington, and during his stay there, having occasion to supply himself with a pair of pantaloons, employed a fashionable tailor named Ballard. He was a pompous little fellow, and very fond of being recognized by great men who had been his customers. A few days after he had finished the garment, seeing the general in front of a hotel, conversing with some gentlemen, Ballard stepped up and spoke to him. The general, thinking him some distinguished individual, very cordially gave him his hand, but not remembering him, in a whisper inquired his name; to which the man of the "goose" replied, "I made your breeches."

The general, deceived by the sound from the indistinct manner in which it was uttered, immediately turned to the company and introduced him as *Major Breeches*—a title which poor Ballard was obliged to wear to the day of his death.

ONE OF HOOK'S PUNS.—As Hook and one of his companions came to a toll-bridge, his friend asked if he knew who built the bridge. Hook replied, "No, but if you go over you'll be tolled."

ANTIQUARIAN RELIC.—The following was sent us by Sarah, a little girl at Fredonia, N. Y. She is only nine years of age—are there some older ones who can do as well? "Some years

ago the following inscription, engraved on the fragment of a stone, was discovered among the relics of an antiquarian, by whom it was considered as a great curiosity. Its value was greatly enhanced to him, because its translation had puzzled some of the best scholars of the age:

B E N E .

A. T. H. T. H. I. S. S. T.

O N E R E P O S E T.

H. C L A U D. C O S T E R. T R I P.

E. S E L L E R O.

F. I M P.

I N. G T. O N A S. D O T H.

H. I.

S C. O N. S O. R T.

J A. N E.

Some supposed this inscription to refer to the Emperor Claudius, of Rome; but a little boy spelled it out, one day. Can our young readers tell us what this inscription is?

THE FRENCHMAN AT HIS ENGLISH STUDIES.—*Frenchman*—(spelling)—w-o-u-n-d—how you pronounce?

Teacher.—*Wound*; preterit tense, and passive participle of to wind. Example: The clock will stop if it be not wound up.

Frenchman.—(Reads the paper)—"Four Insurance Companies are wound up; they will be obliged to stop." Ma foi! What is the meaning of dis? De clock stop if it be no wound up, and the compagnie, because it be wound up! I can not understand.—(Reads again). "Mr. Smith, of Roxbury, was thrown from his wagon, yesterday, and received a severe wound in his head, from the effects of which he expired at one o'clock this morning." Ah, pauvre Smit—he stop, too, because he get wound! Oh, 'tis one ver fine language; I shall ver soon learn it by and by.

NEWSPAPERS.—The first newspaper published in the English language was issued in England, about 1622. The first newspaper was published in France, in 1681. The first newspaper printed in the United States, was the *Boston News Letter*, published in 1704. The first paper published in New York City was the *New York Gazette*, issued in 1725.

There are now about 2,800 newspapers published in the United States; the whole number published in Great Britain and the Provinces, is about 600; in Germany, 820; in Prussia, 800; in Russia, 90; in Denmark, 85; in Belgium, 65; in Spain, 24; in Portugal, 20; in Austria, 10; in all Asia, 30; in Africa, 14.

Y CENHADWR AMERICANAIDD, is the title of one of our exchanges, published at Remsen, Oneida Co., N. Y. We copy the following verse from a poem in its pages:

“Ni fedrai eu melldithio hwy
Er goddef geiriau cas,
Ond fe'u bendithiai yns, trwy
Ddymuns iddynt ras.”

Though our paternal ancestor, long generations ago, may have been a Welchman, his native tongue is worse than Greek to us.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—The year began in March, 2,566 years ago. Its commencement was changed to January 1st, by Numa, the second king of Rome, who instituted a feast on this day, on which occasion the Romans sacrificed to Janus a cake of new sifted meal, with salt, incense, and wine. On this day all the mechanics began something of their art or trade; the men of letters did the same with books, poems, etc. On this day the Romans laid aside all old grudges and ill humor, and took care not to speak so much as one ominous word. In many parts of the United States, but chiefly in New York, this is observed as a holiday, when the ladies receive complimentary visits from the gentlemen. This custom was derived from the Dutch.

“**AGORS QRDERE**”—was the inscription on a sign which a traveler in England saw over a door. On calling to inquire what was sold there, he was informed by the woman that she did not sell any thing; it was *agues cured here*.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

The weather is warmer in summer than in winter, because then the days are longer, and the earth has more time to receive heat from the sun, than to cool at night; also, because then the rays from the sun fall less obliquely, hence, more strike upon the same surface.

The enigmatical inscription in the November museum has probably been solved by all our readers before this time. The maxims can easily be seen by reading the words in the first line

with those in each of the lines beneath, as, “Never tell all you may know, for he who tells,” etc., or “Never believe all you may hear, for he who,” etc.:

The highest mountain in the United States east of the Mississippi River is Black Mt., in North Carolina, 6,476 feet in height.

Answer to Charade in November Museum— Persons elected to office should of-fish-f (of-ficiate).

ENIGMA.

From I. O. N., of Toledo, Ohio.

I am composed of thirteen letters.

My 2, 6, 11, 12, 9, 6, 9, is a river in South America.

My 6, 5, 8, 11, 1, 4, 11, 7, 12, 13, is a city in Europe.

My 13, 3, 1, 4, 8, 7, 10, is a group of islands in Oceania.

My 8, 9, 1, 13, is a mountain in Europe.

My 6, 5, 11, 12, 7, is a sea near Asia.

My 9, 12, 4, 13, 8, 11, 2, is a lake in North America.

My whole is the name of one of the United States.



Review of Exhibits.

SINCE issuing the last number of our magazine, the Congress of the United States has assembled at Washington, but nothing of importance has been transacted yet.

AMERICAN ART UNION.—This institution, which has contributed so largely to the cultivation of a taste for the fine arts in our country, during the few years of its existence, has at length been pronounced as illegal, and the paintings exhibited during the past year have been sold at auction, and a settlement will be made with the subscribers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, the American poet, has gone to Europe to spend the winter.

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER, the celebrated German traveler, has recently been visiting the wild Dyak tribes inhabiting Borneo. She travels on foot, principally, walking about twenty miles a day. Everywhere she was well received, and she describes herself as being conveyed and escorted in “almost triumphant style.” By late intelligence she was at Batavia, in the island of Java. Madame Pfeiffer is fifty-five years of age, though few would take her to be more than forty. She is married, has two sons in Germany, where we believe her husband also remains.

PRESIDENT FILLMORE and his family receive calls of ceremony every Tuesday, from 12 to 2 o'clock. The President receives calls on business each day, from 10 to 12 o'clock.

SANTA ANNA.—The *Panama Star* states that Santa Anna is about to return to Mexico again, with the design of placing himself at the head of the revolution. He is nearly sixty years old, and his life has been one of many vicissitudes. Six times has he been a leader in Mexico, and six times lost that power. Four times has he been proclaimed president of that republic, and four times deposed. About four years ago he was obliged to leave his country as an outlaw, when he went to Jamaica, where he resided several months, and from thence went to Cartagena, in New Granada, and there engaged in business, awaiting a favorable time to return to Mexico.

CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.—There are some 12,000 Chinese in California. They are said to be peaceable and industrious.

EDUCATION IN IOWA.—In the State of Iowa there are five hundred and eighty-one public schools, taught by about the same number of teachers, of whom one half are females. In each township of the state, one square mile of land has been set apart to remain forever, devoted to the support of public schools. The number of acres thus reserved in the whole state for the support of schools, is about one million.

RECENT DEATHS.

HORATIO GREENOUGH, the American sculptor, died on the 18th of December last, at Somerville, Mass. He was about 47 years of age. He has recently been engaged, in conjunction with Mr. H. K. Brown, upon the equestrian statue of Washington, to be erected in Union Park, in the city of New York, by a liberal subscription of private gentlemen.

MRS. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, daughter of the late Prof. Stuart, of Andover, and wife of Prof. Austin Phelps, died at Andover on the 30th of November last. All who have read those charming volumes from her pen, "Sunny Side," and "A Peep at Number Five," will feel that in her death they have lost a personal friend.

For Teachers.

TEACHING GEOGRAPHY.*

ALL teachers agree that in the pursuit of this study, the first great object is to form in the mind of the pupil a picture of the exterior of the earth, its countries, oceans, mountains, rivers, cities, etc.; also the relative position of all these, together with their size, form, and appearance. The only point at issue then is, how can this best be done?

We know of no better way of doing it than that of requiring the pupil to describe routes from one part of the country, or from one country to another; naming the direction in which he travels, the waters on which he sails, the capes he passes, the rivers he crosses, the mountains he climbs, the cities he visits, and all other matters of interest in the journey. After becoming a little accustomed to this, he may describe his return in like manner. When still further advanced, he may be required to transport with him the principal productions of the country which he may visit. He can also name the wild beasts which he may expect to meet with there, as well as the most noted birds, also the domestic animals, and the manners, customs, and characters of the people, and many other interesting items.

This method has the double advantage of being very instructive and exceedingly interesting. The pupil thus acquires the very matter which he most needs, and that, too, in such a form that it is very easily retained. It partakes somewhat of the animation and interest of a real tour, and very seldom fails of engaging the attention of the pupil more than any other part of the lesson. Where this plan is adopted in one class, the teacher will often hear the inquiry from others, "May our class also describe routes?" "Let us take a traveling lesson too!"

This is certainly an argument in favor of the course; for what teacher does not know that a great point, indeed the principal point, is gained when the pupil becomes interested, and that one idea which he may voluntarily and cheerfully acquire, is worth a dozen which may have been driven into his cranium with a birchen rod or an oaken rule, inasmuch as the former will almost invariably be retained, while the latter will find the difficulties of escape not to be com-

pared with those of admittance? Give this mode a fair trial. We ask no more.

CRAYONS.*

EVERY school-room has, or should have, blackboards. On these, chalk is almost universally employed. There are many objections to the use of chalk, not the least of which is, that after a problem is performed, the fingers and clothing present a *dirty white* appearance. Crayons are far preferable. Could they be generally employed, it would be a favor done to some delicate hands, to say nothing of a large amount of wearing apparel.

White crayons may be made of Paris white, or Spanish white, which are nearly the same, and wheat flour and water. The correct proportions are five pounds of Paris white, one pound of flour, and sufficient water to make a dough of these materials, hard enough not to crumble, and soft enough to roll. Little balls of this are then rolled out into cylinders about the size of a pipe-stem, and laid away in a warm place, or in the sun, to dry; the drying will generally require from twelve to twenty-four hours.

The process of rolling may be performed upon a table, or any flat board. This process will be expedited somewhat, and the crayons be of a more equal size, if a rolling-board be employed; which is simply a strip of board, say a foot in length, and eight or ten inches in width, with a handle on the top, and with the edges upraised about a third of an inch in thickness on the side of the lower surface, on which it may slide back and forth, as the crayons are rolled. With an apparatus simple as this, crayons may be made with great rapidity and cheapness. Every school contains some lad possessing skill enough to manufacture them with ease. The expense is trifling, scarcely greater than that of chalk, while it is far superior.

BLACKBOARDS.*

PUPILS can not well be accustomed to the use of the blackboard too early. Every school-room should be supplied with one, and better, if with several. If any teacher, who reads these lines, is without such a convenience, he should appeal at once to the "Committee on Ways and Means," or the trustees, and have the

want supplied. But such an appeal is not always complied with.

It has been the writer's fortune, several times, to enter upon his labors, where there were no conveniences of this kind. In such cases the teacher should be able to manufacture his own apparatus; and it will be well for his school, if this ability does not stop with the blackboard. Many teachers to whom this periodical pays its monthly visits, may be in as needy circumstances as the writer once was; if so, these words can not but be acceptable.

If blackboards are made upon plastering, the lampblack should be mingled with the mortar, as all masons ought to know; and even then an additional covering of black will often be desirable. But black paint, mixed in oil, should not be employed on such surfaces. A better and far more expeditious paint is made by simply mixing lampblack with a very thin solution of glue in water, which the painters would call *size*. An oil paint frequently gives great trouble by the length of time consumed in drying; whereas this species of covering will dry as soon as put on.

Such a surface is very easily restored to its original state, simply by rubbing it with a wet cloth. The same species of paint will do for any kind of wall, or board. Thus, any teacher can, with great ease, prepare boards for his own use. No precise rule need be given for mixing the ingredients above named. In one quart of water, containing two ounces of glue thoroughly dissolved, stir in a quarter of an ounce of lampblack, and you have paint enough to cover the walls of an ordinary room.

J. B.

EDUCATION.—There is a tendency in modern education to cover the fingers with rings, and at the same time to cut the sinews at the wrist.

The worst education which teaches self-denial, is better than the best which teaches every thing else, and not that.—*Sterling*.

Do **RIGHT**; this is the golden rule for the school-room. Let the teacher labor earnestly and faithfully to inculcate its observance, and implant this principle in the minds of his pupils, and he will do more toward laying the foundation for correct conduct, and peaceful citizenship, than all other codes of morals and rules ever devised. This is the essence of all good rules.

* From *The Massachusetts Teacher*, published by Samuel Coolidge, Boston, Mass.

Editor's Table.

OUR DESSERT.

SITTING by our "Table" from month to month, amid its miscellaneous fare of books, magazines, exchange papers, letters, communications, and manuscripts of our own, we often find many pleasant things spread before us, which, to an editor, make a very agreeable dessert. Though, in most cases, these are intended only for ourselves, we are sometimes tempted to show them to our friends; and this time we shall yield.

"*The Student* has been used by me, in the same institution, for upward of five years, as one of my *best* reading-books, and is still held in the same high regard. Most fully has the motto, 'Onward and upward,' been developed in its career. Earnestly has it labored to teach—and, if I mistake not, successfully, beyond comparison—the great doctrine of gradual improvement, by constant, well-directed effort, both by its wholesome precepts, and its own practice. To be highly esteemed by all, it needs only to be known.

"F. L. HANFORD,

"Principal of Hobart Female Seminary, N. Y."

Such words of commendation are particularly encouraging, when, as in the present instance, they come from the most practical, efficient, and successful teachers.

EDUCATION IN CANADA.

ANNUAL REPORT of the *Normal, Model, and Common Schools*, in Upper Canada, for the year 1851; with Appendices by Rev. E. Ryerson, D.D., Chief Superintendent of Schools. This report forms a large octavo volume of 224 pages. From it we learn that there are 8,340 schools in that province, and 258,607 children, between the ages of 5 and 16 years; number reported as attending school, 170,254; number of teachers employed, 8,277, of whom 2,551 are males, and only 726 females.

In 1847 a Normal and Model School was established at Toronto. The Normal department was designed to accommodate 200 teachers, and the Model School, which was intended to be a pattern for conducting Common Schools, generally, and a place for the teachers of the Normal department to practice in teaching, contains about 600 pupils.

The above-named report contains a large amount of interesting educational statistics, and other matter relative to schools; and under the efficient supervision of their able superintendent, the Common Schools of Canada must make great improvements.

To TEACHERS.—You are now engaged in your winter labors, and doubtless are earnestly desirous to benefit your pupils as much as possible. You *can* if you *will*; but there must be labor well directed. Allow us here to offer one or two brief suggestions, which, if practiced, will materially aid you in accomplishing your desires.

Visit Schools, and thus learn how others succeed, and why they fail. Adopt what is useful, and shun that which is worthless in the practices of your calling. School visiting is the teacher's best manual.

Make your school so pleasant and attractive, by your own cheerfulness, and the freshness and interest which you impart to the studies and instructions of the school-room, that your pupils will deem it a privation to stay at home.

Always treat your pupils politely; it is better to ask them to do a thing, than to command them. Give them your confidence, and you may expect confidence in return. Impress upon your pupils the importance of governing themselves; and let the aim of your school government be to teach self-government, rather than to usurp power, and establish your own authority.

Literary Knicks.

KNICK-KNACKS from an Editor's Table. By Louis Gaylord Clark. 12mo; 336 pages. Published by D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

This volume is made up from the Editor's Table of the Knickerbocker Magazine. "Of one thing, at least, the reader may be assured, and that is, abundant variety. There are sad thoughts, and glad thoughts, influenced by all seasons, and jotted down at all seasons; scenes and incidents in town and country, and all over the country; familiar 'home views,' anecdotes and stories not a few; the whole forming a dish of 'gossip,' in which everybody may find something to please." The editor of the Knickerbocker has long been famous for getting up the greatest variety of readable and enjoyable miscellany contained in any of our monthly magazines, and thousands will be delighted that his entertaining miscellany

has been served up in such a beautiful style. It is a capital book to amuse odd moments.

THE NEW BIBLICAL ATLAS, and Scripture Gazetteer.
With descriptive notices of the Tabernacle and the Temple. Large octavo; 96 pages. Published by the American Sunday School Union. To be had of J. C. Meeks, 147 Nassau Street, New York, and at the depositaries in the various cities.

This is the most interesting and useful work for Sabbath-school teachers, and all readers of the Bible, which we have seen in the form of an atlas. Its size, octavo, is convenient for use; while it contains twelve maps, exhibiting the ancient world as peopled by the descendants of Noah, and all the countries mentioned in the Bible, including the journeyings of the Israelites, and of the Apostle Paul. Jerusalem and its environs are exhibited on a large scale, as are also the Temple, Tabernacle, its altars, utensils, etc., etc. It also contains much reading, descriptive of the settlement of the ancient world, of the countries mentioned in the Bible, and of all which the maps illustrate. In addition to all this is a Scripture Gazetteer, giving the signification of the names of places, and their location. A more comprehensive, or better work for the purpose for which this is published, can not be found. Its very rapid sale is a sufficient guarantee of its popularity.

POPULAR EDUCATION: For the use of Parents and Teachers, and for Young Persons of both sexes. By Ira Mayhew, A.M. 12mo; 470 pages. Published by Daniel Burgess and Co., No. 60 John Street, New York.

This work was prepared and published in accordance with a resolution of the Legislature of the State of Michigan. It is a volume of great practical merit, and its general circulation would contribute largely toward advancing true education. In by far too large a majority of our schools the intellectual training of the mind is the chief and almost sole aim, to the neglect of both body and morals. But in the volume before us, the author has dwelt chiefly upon the two latter points; and his aim is to turn the attention of parents and teachers to the importance of physical and moral education, as the true foundation of a sound, well-instructed mind. This is a work that was written to do good, and such a mission will it accomplish if it receives the wide circulation which its merits deserve.

TABLE TALK, about Books, Men, and Manners. No. 21, of G. P. Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library.

One of the most interesting volumes published; abounding in wit, sentiment, anecdotes, beautiful gems, short, beautiful extracts from the best writers of the English language. It is full of good things, and just the book to make one forget the long minutes while waiting for dinner.

PICTURES FROM ST. PETERSBURG, by Edward Jermann—translated from the original German—is No. 22 of Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library.

The author of this volume gives us much insight into the private and social life of Russia, and of the character of its people. In his pen-pictures he portrays the schools, the peasantry, the serfs, the justice, and police, the merchant, and the Imperial Family; also the country, and its winters.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR, Synthetical and Analytical. By J. T. Covell. Published by D. Appleton & Co., No. 200 Broadway, New York.

This treatise opens with orthography, in which the

elementary sounds of the letters are treated phonetically, followed by spelling, the prefixes and suffixes, orthographic analysis, or parsing. Then comes etymology; but eight parts of speech are given—noun, pronoun, adjective, verb, adverb, preposition, conjunction, and interjection; four genders—masculine, feminine, common, and neuter; four cases—nominative, possessive, objective, and absolute; four classes of pronouns—personal, relative, interrogative, and definitive; two kinds of adjectives—attributive and affinitive; these are some of the distinguishing features of this treatise, and from the examination we have been able to give it, we are much pleased with its arrangement, definitions, and mode of teaching English Grammar.

PRACTICAL MATHEMATICS, with Drawing and Mensuration, applied to the Mechanic Arts. By Charles Davies, LL.D. 12mo; 312 pages. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

The design of this work is to afford an elementary text-book of a practical character, adapted to the wants of the times, when there are such numerous demands for applications of science to the useful arts. Prof. Davies' well-known popularity as a scholar and author is a sufficient guarantee of the merits of the work. It opens with the first principles of Geometry, then follows with Topographical drawing, Plan-drawing, Architecture, Measurement of surfaces and solids, timber, bricklayer's work, mason's work, carpenter's work, plasterer's, painter's, pavilion's, and plumber's work; the Mechanical Powers, etc.

THE DAUGHTERS OF ZION. By Rev. S. D. Burchard, D.D. Illustrated with eleven steel engravings. 12mo; 335 pages. Published by John S. Taylor, 143 Nassau Street, New York.

This work is composed of interesting Scripture narratives, drawn from the Old and New Testaments, and placed in chronological order. They exhibit woman as she was in the primitive ages of the world; woman emerging from under the shadows of an older dispensation; woman at the feet of Jesus; woman suffering; woman bleeding in martyrdom among the bravest; and woman in her sublime and appropriate sphere. These biographical histories are free from the sameness, and oft-repeating characters of the heroines of romance; they are more life-like, and real, hence more interesting. Dr. Burchard has sketched these portraits with gracefulness and beauty, and thrown a charm of heart-moving interest around the Daughters of Zion.

MUSIC.

In calling attention to the following songs, we do it with much pleasure, for we consider them worthy of a place in every household.

From *Firth, Pond & Co.*, No. 1 Franklin Square, N. Y.
"I Love the Old." Words by L. Virginia Smith, music composed by H. Kleber. The words are full of true sentiment, and the music well adapted to them.

"Maggie by My Side." Words and music by S. C. Foster, the well-known author of "Nelly was a Lady," and other popular melodies. This new song is very pretty.

"Yes, I'll Come to Thy Mountain Home." Words by Frances Irene Burge, music by Francis H. Brown. From *Gould & Berry*, 297 Broadway, New York.

"Just Twenty Years Ago." Music by R. B. Sanford. The words were published in the last number of *The Student*. To say that the music is as good as the words is no small praise. It is one of the sweetest songs we have heard for many a month. It reminds one of *Ben Bolt*, yet surpasses even that.

"O Would I were a Girl Again." By H. Elkmeir. Not equal to "Would I were a Boy Again."

"Old Oaken Schottish." By Fred. Ficker.
"Gondollied." By Zeodor Oesten.

NEVER LATE.*

By W. B. Bradbury.

1. I'll a - wake at dawn on a win-ter's day, For I will not doze precious time a - way ;

2. Birds awake betimes, every morn they sing, None are tardy there, when the woods do ring ;

With my lessons learned, this shall be my rule, Never, never, never to be late at school.

So when daylight peeps, Then I'll think of my rule, Never, never, never to be late at school.

3.

When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again,
They the call obey—none are tardy then ;
Nor will I forget, that it is my rule,
Never, never, never to be late at school.

4.

O, these precious days will too soon be o'er,
And these happy hours will return no more ;
Then I'll never regret that it was my rule,
Never, never, never to be late at school.

THE GOLDEN RULE.*

Lively.

Be you to o - thers kind and true, As you'd have o - thers be to you, And

nei - ther do nor say to men What - e'er you will not take a - gain.

* From "THE SINGING BIRD, or Progressive Music Reader," by permission.

THE STUDENT.

ADVANTAGES OF INTELLIGENT LABOR.

BY J. ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D.

MAN does not wish to be a mere newer of wood and drawer of water—a mere creature of burdens and tasks; or a mere *business* automaton. He can not be so without doing violence to his nature. He can not cheerfully labor as a beast labors. He can not happily do business as a machine. There must be a purpose to animate him. But is even a good purpose, such as the love of home, enough? Still, toil is often heavy and weary, and business dull and uninteresting. It is a long furrow which is turned in the field. It is a slow process with which leather is manufactured, or silk is made. It takes a voyage of slow, revolving years, to obtain the oil that burns in our evening lamp. That evening lamp sends no ray to cheer the wanderer upon the deep.

What would all ordinary incentives be, compared with the silent delight of knowledge? If the husbandman, as he turns the slow furrow, saw the component parts and chemical properties of the soil, and what would improve it, and, moreover, with philosophic eye saw the all-surrounding vision of nature; if the manufacturer in leather, in silk, in wood and iron, and in every material, understood the processes amid which he is working; if they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, saw the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep, how would toil be lightened, brightened, beautified, by that infusion of the promethean fire—ay, and of the holy unction!

Man, the laborer, would no longer be the drudge, the slave, the victim of tasks. He would be a loving pupil of great, beautiful nature. He would stretch forth his brawny arms to embrace her. He would open his bright eye to read her lessons.

He would be a “worker together” with nature and with God. He would not feel like a shivering outcast upon the bleak and pitiless bosom of the world.

Soils, and rocks, and mines, would be his materials; rain, and storm, and cloud, would be his ministers; fire, steam, and water, his subject powers; the winds would be his sportive companions, and the rippling waves would be music in his ears; earth should nourish him, and ocean cradle him, and heaven over-canopy him; and this great world-house should be a home to him. Yes, he would have a home in the elements; a home in the storm; a home in the sunshine; a home in the very bosom of labor.

Such, then, when duly mixed with higher ends, is the friendly ministration of labor. At present, man is wont to look upon many of the powers of nature with a kind of superstitious feeling, as if they were his enemies. This superstition especially characterized the elder periods of the world—the times of the world’s ignorance. But it still remains, for ignorance still remains.

Man still looks upon many things around him as hostile to him, and all his thoughts are of resistance, protection, defense. Cold, and storm, and darkness, and lightning, are his enemies; and, worst of all, his greatest enemy is the hard necessity of labor. And so he fleeth from the country, from the tilled field, and from the bending harvest that waiteth for the reaper, to the city. He had rather stand behind the counter, and be a mere seller, than to live in the country, and be a maker, a grower, or a manufacturer.

At length he gathereth a fortune, whose great advantage in his eyes is, that it is to

deliver him from man's great enemy, the necessity of labor. And then he buildeth a guarded palace of ease and luxury, and when the black storm roars in the heavens, and the rain or snow beats against his window, he is glad in his heart, and he rejoiceth that the folding curtain is there, and the soft couch is by his side, and the bright fire is before him, and he is fed and clothed, and cushioned in luxury.

Well, I am not about to deny that ease, and leisure, and protection are good things, in their place. But this I say, that the world, in all its elements, and all their visitations, is designed to develop the faculties and energies of man. This I say, that the storm is as truly adapted to this end as the sunshine, and chill winter as warm summer, and the lightning itself as much as the equable light of day. And this, too, I say, that toil is *more* adapted to this high end than ease; and exposure, wrestling with the elements, more than heated rooms, and soft couches, and luxurious entertainments.

What is the fact? How many have gone forth amid the wrestling elements, and in this "ennobling stir," as the poet says, "felt themselves exalted." How many have walked, ay, and worked amid them as magician-masters, controlling them with the wand of philosophy, marking and molding them with the keen eye and the skillful hand; and have themselves become the ornaments and blessings of society. Witness our own Fulton and Franklin.

Now turn to the other hand, and look at the possessor of hereditary fortune, more often found in other countries than in this. What has he become? Amid his abundance it is very likely that he has become helpless; amid the gathered stores of other's cares and energies, useless and inert. His nerve wants firmness, and his heart wants fortitude, and his very muscular fiber has lost the true energy through softness and indulgence. He is very likely, at least, to yield himself up to the enervating appliances of his condition, and if he does so, he is diseased before nature demands it, and superannuated before he is old, and dead before he can be fairly said to have lived. And when

he is dead, it may be said of him, "he was well clothed, and well fed, and well housed; every thing was well but himself."

But I may be told, that although such a comparison may do for satire or declamation, it is all Utopian. Utopian! is it? Is Franklin's fame in Utopia? Are Fulton's steamboats, or Watt's steam-engines in Utopia? Is Sir Richard Arkwright's house in Utopia? I might go on till your patience was exhausted, enumerating examples of those who have risen from obscurity to the loftiest distinction in literature, in arts, in philanthropy; and then I might ask you to give me, for a hundred of my examples, one of an equally noble use of hereditary fortune. And when you had given me your example, then should I claim it for my argument. For this example, too, implies labor, a struggle with the physical or the moral elements of life; and the noblest of all struggles, for it is purely voluntary, and made in resistance to many adverse influences.

Let me say, then, as my conclusion, that intelligent effort, homely, honest virtue, will bear a man through the noblest course that is marked out for us on earth. They will make the true and lofty man. They will make the artisan an artist; working not merely in mines of gold, or with colors of the painter's pallet, but working in mines of wisdom, and with dies of immortal truth.

Philosophy, which, rightly understood is both knowledge and piety, would make, amid all the toils of life, great Nature our mistress. It would make all her powers teachers, all her tasks lessons. Then would the great and appointed vocation of our humanity—LABOR—be indeed a high calling. To the man whose lot it is to toil or to do business, I would say, though all the world says otherwise, though all the maxims of all ages be against me, yet would I say, and with something the more of earnestness, and directness, Sir, *think not evil nor scorn of thy lot.*

I scarcely care what may be the conditions and appendages of that lot. With thy wooden bench instead of a silken couch; with thy rude wagon, instead of planks of cedar, and thy cloud-curtain of mist and storm, not gorgeous tapestry;

and the lightning's flash upon thy path, not evening's sickly taper; ay, and with thy strong arm and brave heart, and the color woven upon thy cheek, by fresh winds and bright rays of the golden sun; with thy manly form, and free attitude, and fearless trust in the good Providence, stand in thy lot, or step forward on thy way.—*Selected.*

RIO DE LA PLATA, AND ITS VALLEY.

BY LIEUT. M. F. MAURY, U. S. N.

THE La Plata River drains the largest basin in the southern hemisphere, and the Mississippi the largest in the northern. Both these streams run from north to south, each one embracing a great variety of productions, traversing many diversities of climate. The valley of the Amazon lies in both hemispheres; it is the largest river basin in the world.

The areas of the principal river basins which are drained into seas that are accessible to ocean commerce may be thus stated:

In America—the Amazon—area (including the Oronoco) 2,048,480 square miles.

In North America—the Mississippi—area 982,000 square miles.

In South America—the La Plata—area 886,000 square miles.

In Europe—the Danube—area 234,000 square miles.

In Africa—the Nile—area 520,000 square miles.

In Asia-China—the Yang-tese Keang—area 547,000 square miles.

In India—the Ganges—area 432,000 square miles.

It will be observed that the valley of the La Plata, in area, is the third in the world; that it is twice as large as the valley of the Ganges, and more than three times as large as the largest river in Europe.

The basin of the La Plata embraces all the latitudes—and more, too—that are to be found in the valley of the Indus, the Ganges and the Irawaddy—the great River basin of India. It consequently has all

the agricultural capacities, and more than are to be found in the climates of India. These great resources of the La Plata for the most part lie dormant. They are hidden in the bosom of the earth, or concealed in the recesses of the mountains.

The waters of the La Plata flow through climates that are favorable to the growth of sugar, tea and coffee, of rice, hemp and tobacco, of cotton and corn, of drugs, woods, dyes and spices, and of almost all the agricultural staples of the earth.

The Rio de la Plata lies wholly within the southern hemisphere, and it is the greatest river that does so lie; consequently it has opposite seasons with those of the northern. When the husbandman is sowing in the north, he who tills the earth in this beautiful river basin will be gathering his crop; and consequently the planter, and the farmer, and the merchant on the La Plata, will have control of the northern markets for six months of every year, without a competitor.

The Rio de la Plata, properly speaking, is that arm of the sea between the parallels of 33° and 36° of south latitude. Its breadth is a hundred miles or more, according to the place of measurement, and it is formed by the junction of the Parana and the Uruguay. I treat of all the country drained by these rivers and their tributaries as the valley of the La Plata.

According to Hopkins, Paraguay is but another Paradise:

"Of this country and its commercial resources," says he, "I can speak with the greatest certainty from my own personal knowledge. Almost divided by the Tropic of Capricorn, its surface is like a chess-board, checkered here and there with beautiful pastures and magnificent forests. Unlike all other lands with which I am acquainted, it seems destined especially for the habitation of man. Here, in the eastern portion of our own land, the first settlers found the whole country covered with woods; west of the Mississippi the other extreme exists in the vast extent of prairie destitute of timber.

"On the north of Brazil, in a similar manner, are unbroken forests; in its southern parts, and throughout the Banda-Oriental, and the Argentine Republic, we

find continuous pampas, like our prairies, in many instances, without bearing the necessary fuel even for household purposes. Not so in Paraguay, where, added to a sufficiency for building fleets of a thousand steamers, its forests teem with every description of ornamental and useful woods.

Beginning with the head waters of the river Paraguay, we find the productions upon the Brazilian side to be gold and precious stones, sugar, molasses, hides of extraordinary size, hair, tallow, wax, deer and tiger skins, with rice, corn, and the different manufactures of the mandioca root; in Bolivia, gold and precious stones, silver, coffee (considered by good judges to be equal to Mocha), and Peruvian bark. Though we could undoubtedly draw from these two countries many other productions of tropical America, yet it is in Paraguay that we find the greatest wealth of all those valleys."

Of medical herbs, they yield in great profusion "rhubarb, sarsaparilla, jalap, bezonia, indica, sassafras, holywood, balsam of copaiba, nux vomica, licorice, and ginger."

Here, too, are found dye-stuffs of the most exquisite tints. Among these he includes cochineal, two kinds of indigo, a "vegetable vermin, saffron, golden-red, with other plants, producing all the tints of dark-red, black, and green."

In the forests are found sixty varieties of wood, valuable for ship-building, or as timber, or for cabinet work; among them are the "siebo tree," which, "when green, is spongy, as soft as cork, and can be cut like an apple, but when dry is so hard as almost to defy the action of steel; the *palo de vivora*, or snake tree, whose leaves are an infallible cure for the poisonous bites of serpents; the *palo de leche*, or milk tree, may be called a vegetable cow; and the *palo de boraccho*, or drunken tree, a vegetable distillery. The icica resin is found at the roots of trees under ground, and is a natural pitch ready prepared to pay the seams of vessels."

Some of them are said to yield gems and drugs of the rarest virtues, and of the most exquisite perfume; though, coming from a far country, which commerce in her best flights has not yet been able to

reach, many of these productions are not yet known to pharmacy, or the mechanic arts. "They comprise," says Hopkins, "some of the most delicious perfumes and incense that can be imagined. Others, again, are like amber, hard, brittle, and insoluble in water. Some cedars yield a gum equal to gum arabic, others a natural glue, which, when once dried, is unaffected by wet or dampness."

Here, too, in these wilds, flourish side by side the India-rubber tree, the vanilla, with its sweet-scented bean, and the *palo santo*, from which the gum guiacum of our commerce is gathered.

Wild, too, in those wonderful forests, grow, mature, and decay annually, and in large quantities, two or three kinds of hemp, the *nux soponica*, or soap nut, the *cocoa*, *yerba matte* of superior quality, two kinds of cotton, with vegetable oils and wax in vast quantities.

The pampas are grazed by immense herds of cattle and horses, and great quantities of "hides, hair, horns, bones, tallow, etc., are lost for want of transportation. Upon the fertile, alluvial banks of so many large streams sugar-cane, cotton, tobacco of a superior quality, rice, mandioca, Indian corn, and a thousand other productions, vegetate with profusion, while several varieties of the bamboo line the river banks, and dot the frequent lakes with islets of touching beauty." In short, this traveler thus sums up his account of this glorious valley:

"We have found the forest spontaneously producing every thing necessary for the comfort and luxury of mankind, from the beautiful cotton tree that affords him clothing, to the colors that suit his fancy as a dye; and from the woods that furnish his ship and house, or ornament his *escrioire*, to the herb that cures his sickness, or the incense that delights his olfactories. It is only necessary to add, that the climate is favorable to all the useful grains and table vegetables, with delicious fruits, to support the frame and gratify the palate."—*Washington Union.*

CONSCIENCE is the product of organization and education.



NICHOLAS I., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

BY D. H. JACQUES.

CORRECT information in regard to Russia, its people, its institutions, and its rulers, is of the utmost importance to every American. The great empire of the Czars and the giant republic of the West, are, in many respects, the antipodes of each other. The government of the one is an absolute monarchy, that of the other a pure democracy. The one is looked upon as the champion of despotism, the other as the great leader of the hosts of Freedom. But extremes meet, and the day is not distant when our rela-

tions with Russia will be more important than those with any other nation on the globe.

Russia is the most powerful country in Europe; the United States has no rival on the Western Continent. Russia and the United States are the only nations of the earth which are at the present time making any rapid or decided strides in population, wealth, and power. Under these circumstances, whether the position of our country, in regard to the Russian Empire, shall hereafter be one of peaceful rivalry or of

open warfare, a knowledge of its true condition, and the character of its government, is equally important. In the light of this fact, I desire to call the reader's attention to a brief sketch of the present emperor.

It is not the fault of Nicholas I. that he is "Czar of all the Russias." The circumstance of birth, which made me and you, perhaps, citizens of "free America," made him emperor of a semi-barbarous people. It is as such that we must judge him. A late German writer speaks of certain Germans, who in visiting and observing Russia, measured every thing with a German rule, a mode of measurement of which he says Russian matters do not admit. Neither must we measure a Czar by an American standard. Our duty in the matter is to divest ourselves of prejudice, and to inquire, in a candid and truth-loving spirit, whether Nicholas has acted his part faithfully and well, before God and his own conscience, according to the light he possesses, not simply as an *emperor*, but as Emperor of *Russia*, and if facts shall show that he has done so, to honor him accordingly.

Nicholas became, as I have said, through the accident of birth, emperor and absolute ruler of a semi-barbarous people, among whom the rights of man, as man, did not exist, even in name. He found laws in force which degraded men below the dignity of humanity, making them mere chattels and slaves. A stroke of his pen might have annulled these laws, and made all the serfs of Russia nominally free, but it could not have changed the confirmed habits of centuries, or have given the degraded peasantry the intelligence and knowledge necessary to self-government. The course of the Czar was a wiser one.

For female serfs there is but one legal path to emancipation: namely, marriage with a freeman. The males of this class had, till recently, but one avenue to freedom—a very questionable kind of freedom at that—service in the army. When dismissed from the army, it is true, he was free—that is, was no longer a serf—but the term of service was *twenty years*, at the end of which time he had become so

accustomed to his mode of life, and, from long disuse of his trade or occupation, saw so little chance of earning a living, that he usually recommenced his military career, which he then clung to till death. Nicholas shortened this term of service to eight years. This leaves the discharged soldier young, and in a position to return to his former pursuits, and to found a free family. This was an important step toward emancipation.

Another movement in the same direction was the imperial ukuse, or decree, which declared the serfs to form an integral and inseparable portion of the soil. This prevented them from being sold, except all together, and with the land which they tilled. At the same time the emperor established a government loan-bank, which made advances on mortgage of lands. If the borrowers failed to pay back three per cent. of this loan yearly, with three per cent. interest, the lands and their population became the property of the crown.

As crown peasants, the serfs held their bit of land and their dwellings as an hereditary fief from the emperor, and the road to freedom was at once opened to them. They could not purchase their freedom directly, but became free by the purchase of the spot of land to which they were linked. The lazy slave who worked so inefficiently for his master, now labored with a hearty good-will for his own freedom, and thousands annually emancipated themselves.

But Nicholas did not stop here. Under certain conditions, he loaned the serfs money to purchase themselves and their lands from their masters. On the repayment of this loan, with three per cent. interest, they became free, and the owners of the soil. In the Baltic provinces serfdom no longer exists, the serfs having all been liberated by the processes to which I have alluded. The same result will be attained, in due time, throughout the empire.

And Nicholas has not only given his subjects freedom, as fast and as far as they can be supposed to be prepared for it, but he has given them *lessons in self-government*, by instituting parishes, the

elders and administrators of justice of which are *chosen by the people*. He has also instituted schools, as far as practicable, which are free to all, and to which all are required to send their children.

Since Peter the Great, no sovereign has devoted himself so perseveringly and so successfully to the improvement of his empire and to the welfare of his people. The progress of agriculture, manufactures, and internal improvements, has been remarkably great since the commencement of his reign.

It is said that he habitually walks the streets alone, in a simple half uniform, divested of all signs of rank and royalty. Persons meeting and saluting him, are saluted in return, be they peasant or noble. If a fire occurs in St. Petersburg, he is one of the first on the spot, and is known by his powerful voice issuing orders.

In his family, and in all his social relations, his conduct is said to be above reproach. He seems, from the most reliable accounts, to be very easy of access, and to be much beloved by his subjects.

While at Peterhoff, during the summer, he never fails to invite the pupils of the naval school to visit and pass a day with him, not as their emperor, but as one of themselves. He invites, on the same terms, the cadets of the military school, and it is related that on one occasion the Czar challenged the boys to wrestle with him, and it took twenty of them to bring him to the ground.

The following anecdotes will illustrate the familiarity with which he treats his subjects, and is treated by them in return:

"A reeling, drunken clown, holding himself with difficulty by the corner of a public edifice, stopped the narrow stone path running close to it, so that the emperor, passing that way, had to step into the gutter to get rid of this biped obstacle. 'You are dead drunk, you scoundrel,' said his majesty. 'What is that to you?' replied the clown, who knew well to whom he spoke. 'I got drunk with my own money, and you did not have to pay for it.' The emperor passed on, but, recollecting the vicinity of a police station, looked back, and, sure enough, one of the

guardians of the peace was already in full drive against the tottering clown. 'Hold back!' cried the Czar, at the top of his voice; 'don't touch him; he has got drunk with his own money, and not at my expense.'

"The exchange of eggs and salutes—the offering party saying, 'Christ is risen,' and the receiving one replying, 'Verily risen'—is well known to be one of the Easter rites of the Greek Church, cheerfully performed by all, and particularly by the Czar, who, in all matters of religious observance, always sets the first example. Returning to his palace from the early mass, after having gone through with this ceremony with those who were present in the church, Nicholas observed a sentinel at his post, near the principal staircase, immediately approached him, and offered the egg and salute, saying, 'Christ is risen.' The sentinel replied, 'No such thing,' and declined the honor of being embraced by his sovereign. The Czar, in utter astonishment, exclaimed, 'Who are you, sir?' 'I am a Hebrew,' was the answer. 'I beg your pardon, sir, I did not know it,' said his TERRIFIC majesty, and passed on."

For many of the facts which I have presented, I am indebted to "Pictures of St. Petersburg," by Edward Jermann. For the form in which they are given, I alone am responsible. Space will not permit me to extend this article further. I leave the reader, in the light of the facts presented, to form his own estimate of the character of Nicholas I., "Emperor of all the Russias." Whatever judgment may be passed on his acts in regard to other nations, I think it will be conceded that he is the true friend of his own people—THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

THE water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter. And those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart can not be frozen in adversity.

To be happy, the passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE pursuit of knowledge is one of the most dignifying and ennobling objects that can actuate the mind of man. It offers inducements alike to wealthy and poor, to exalted and humble, to old and young. The fresh and vigorous mind of youth, strong and active though it may be, is rendered ardent and enthusiastic by want of experience and the warmth of young and bounding blood. To such the pursuit of knowledge is what the mental organization requires; it is just that indispensable which is proper to discipline the mind and the heart, and to fit them for a high and noble contest in life.

The aged have spent a life in this pursuit, for the mental and moral organization of man is such, that he must be continually gaining knowledge, whether he will or no; when the time of "the sere and yellow leaf" comes on, there is leisure afforded to calmly arrange and digest the ideas that were hastily received when the arm was strong, and the hand was active in the pursuits of the prime of life.

The poor man has in this a possession that places him above the wealthy and the proud, just so far as mind is superior to matter. He can secure that wealth of mind and of heart between which, and the wealth for which the masses of men strive, there can be no comparison.

The enjoyments that gold can procure are pleasant for a time; the pomp of circumstances and of outward show may, at least, while the charm of novelty is upon them, afford satisfaction, though they can never bring genuine happiness. But that enjoyment springing from the pursuit of knowledge, insures the expansion of the faculties and powers of the soul, and continually grows purer and purer, and higher and higher.

In the words of one whose name is synonymous with noble thoughts and correct ideas: "Pleasure is a shadow, wealth is vanity, and power pageant; but knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment, perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred offices it fears no danger, spares no expense, looks into the volcanoes, dives into the ocean,

perforates the earth, wings its flight into the skies, enriches the globe, explores sea and land, contemplates the distant, examines the minute, comprehends the great, ascends to the sublime; no place is too remote for its grasp, no heavens too exalted for its reach."

When the spirit is freed from its tenement of clay, and no longer clogged by its earthly prison-house, we have full reason to believe that the soul will still love all that elevated and ennobled it on earth; and ever expanding, ever progressing, through the ages of that space which we comprehend not, but call eternity, will still, while ascending higher and higher, ever continue in the pursuit of knowledge.

Selected.

IS THERE A GOD?

BY JOY WAY.

Is there a God? Go ask the flowers
Who scented them so sweetly;
Who painted them in colors bright,
And shaped their leaves so neatly.

Is there a God? Ask the unseen wind,
That keeps each leaf in motion;
Who gave it power to waft a ship
Far o'er the pathless ocean.

Is there a God? Ask the ruddy fruit,
That bears down the orchard trees,
Who gave to it the flavor rich,
Which ne'er has failed to please.

Is there a God? Ask those little birds,
That at morn and evening greet thee,
Each with a gay and joyous note,
Who taught them to sing so sweetly.

Is there a God? Ask the busy bee,
As it wanders from day to day,
In search of honey, from flower to flower,
Who taught it this industry.

Is there a God? Ask of the rain,
Now falling gently down,
With what authority it comes,
To bless ungrateful man.

Is there a God? Ask the bright sun,
On his journey through the sky,
Who sent him thus, with heat and light,
To cheer us from on high.

Is there a God? Ask the pale moon,
Who bids her shine at night,
To guide the weary wanderer home,
With her faint, silvery light.

Is there a God? Ask thy own heart,
What gentle, soothing power,
Calms it with thoughts of hope and faith,
When crushed with bitter sorrow.

And do they not each one reply,
"It is that God unseen,
Whose works are all for good designed,
E'en the most trivial thing."

Then doubt no more that there's a God,
When all on earth proclaim,
That God is good, He made all things,
And naught is made in vain.

PLANT OF FRIENDSHIP.

THIS rare, delicate, and beautiful plant, seems to have escaped the attentions of botanists, but a felicitous writer and amateur has given an excellent description of it in the *Waverly Magazine*, which we copy for our readers.

The plant Friendship has a branching root, running deep in the heart's soil; the terminative fibers, or radicals, deriving nourishment and support from the various nutritious qualities which are found in the soil where it is cultivated. The leaves are very broad and concave on the upper side, serving as a reservoir for the dews of human kindness, making them doubly useful, for their shade may be compared to a "great rock in a weary land," while the dews afford a refreshing draught to the afflicted pilgrim of earth. It belongs to the class diaccia—stamens and pistils on different flowers of different plants.

It has a manapetalous corolla; its long nectaries are filled with the honey of charity and benevolence, which renders it very valuable; its color, blue and white delicately blended. Its nature is very peculiar, being extremely sensitive; certain plants act as a poison when growing near to it. Among them are envy, jealousy, and selfishness; these cause it to wither and die, or to become shriveled and dwarfish, destroying its beauty and its medicinal

properties, for which it is highly valuable.

This plant is somewhat rare; it is an exotic, a native of Paradise, but has long been cultivated on earth. Ancient history speaks of it many centuries before the Christian era. It was extensively cultivated by David and Jonathan, and we see it growing in luxuriance and beauty, its broad leaves affording protection to the persecuted David. How refreshing must have been its fragrance as it opened its petals to the sunlight of love!

We see it growing in its pristine beauty when cultivated by Christ. Who may tell the many broken hearts that were healed by its balsam, and the many weak ones that were strengthened by its invigorating influences, which were so judiciously administered by the Great Physician.

This plant may be cultivated by every one with a little care, though it generally is considered very difficult; but it is owing to an ignorance of its nature, the soil not being entirely cleared from poisonous influences. I think all who will properly cultivate it, will feel themselves fully rewarded for their labor by its luxuriant growth and fragrance, which in the stern realities of life will breathe over the worn cordage of the heart a healing essence next the hope of Heaven.

THE LAST TRIO.

BY MRS. E. M. GUTHRIE.

We've boasted long of giants strong
To lead the march of mind;
From year to year we knew no fear—
Blind guided not the blind.

But darkness spreads above our heads,
Our noblest ones are gone,
And our proud state left desolate—
Her purest life-blood drawn.

GALHOUN and CLAY had passed away,
But ere our tears were dried,
Our princely one, New England's son—
WEBSTER—our king—had died.

Trio sublime! The waves of time
Have borne ye from our sight;
Oh, may the Power that sped this hour,
Guide in our country's night.

Coats of Arms, or State Seals.—No. 31.



CALIFORNIA.

THE design adopted for the Seal of the State of California was presented to the Convention by Mr. Lyon, First Assistant Secretary, though the credit of its invention is mainly due to Major R. S. Garnett, of the United States Army. The following is the explanation affixed to it by Mr. Lyon:

"Around the bevel of the ring are represented thirty-one stars, being the number of the states of which the Union will consist, upon the admission of California.

"The foreground figure represents the goddess Minerva, having sprung full-grown from the brain of Jupiter. She is introduced as a type of the political birth of California, without having gone through the probation of a Territory. At her feet crouches a grisly bear, feeding upon clusters from a grape-vine, which, with the sheaf of wheat, are emblematic of the peculiar characteristics of the country. A miner is engaged at work, with a rocker

and bowl at his side, illustrating the golden wealth of the Sacramento, upon whose waters are seen shipping, typical of commercial greatness; and the snow-clad peaks of the Sierra Nevada make up the background. Above, is the Greek motto "EUREKA," (I have found it), applying either to the principles involved in the admission of the State, or the success of the miners at work."

This Seal is very appropriate and beautiful, though a simpler design embracing the same general ideas would have pleased us better. We like the motto, though some have objected to it, as being hackneyed and indefinite. Lieut. Revere, in his book on California travel, suggests one from Horace: *Postera crescam laude*—I shall flourish in the future. Bayard Taylor, who was present when the Seal was adopted, says in a letter to the *Tribune*, that the discussion on the subject was very amusing.

There were some eight or ten designs presented, none of which seemed to tally with the taste of the Convention. The Sacramento members wanted the gold mines; the San Francisco members wanted the harbor and shipping; the Sonora members wanted some remainder of their noted "Bear Flag;" while the Los Angeles and San Diego members were clamorous for their vines, olives, and wild horses. The seal chosen is probably most satisfactory to the country.

The extensive tract of country so long known under the general name of California or the Californias, and all of which was formerly included in the Mexican Republic, extended from Cape San Lucas on the South, to about 42° N. lat. on the north, and in its widest part, from the Pacific Ocean on the west to 110° W. lon. on the east.

Lower California, which still belongs to Mexico, and which comprises the peninsula lying between the Gulf of California and the Pacific Ocean, was discovered in the year 1534, by a squadron fitted out for that purpose by the celebrated Cortez. It was then supposed to be an island. An attempt was soon after made to found a colony there, but the country was found too barren, and the communication with the other Spanish settlements too difficult and dangerous, and the design was, for the time, abandoned. Several subsequent attempts to explore and settle Lower California proved equally fruitless, and it was not till 1697 that a permanent foothold was obtained by the Jesuit missionaries.

Lower California is still very thinly settled, and is celebrated chiefly for its pearl fishery, but the amount of trade from this source is at present quite insignificant. Alta (or Upper) California, now comprised in our great confederacy of states, was discovered about the year 1542, by Juan Rodriques Cobrillo, a Spanish navigator who explored the coast as far north as 43° or 44° N. lat. A part of the same coast was discovered in 1578, by Sir Francis Drake, who, not being aware of the previous visit of the Spaniards, took possession of the country for England, and named it New Albion. The first set-

tlement was made (in this case, also, by the Jesuits) in 1769, at San Diego.

After the revolution which ended in the independence of Mexico, California was made a territory, and placed under the jurisdiction of officers appointed by the general government. Its affairs were always very badly managed, and although the fertility of Upper California was well known, its population increased very slowly, if at all, and its condition was never prosperous while under Mexican rule.

On the tenth of July, 1846, the flag of the United States was raised at San Francisco and Monterey; since which time the country has remained under our jurisdiction. It was formally ceded by Mexico to the United States, at the conclusion of the war between the two republics, in 1848, and was admitted into the Union on the ninth of September, 1850.

California is bounded on the north by Oregon Territory, on the east by Utah and New Mexico, on the south by Mexico, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. It contains 188,931 square miles. At the commencement of the year 1850 the white population was estimated at 115,000. It may now be set down at about 300,000, exclusive of Indians, of whom there are supposed to be about 100,000, but nothing is accurately known of their number.

The soil of a large portion of California is of unsurpassed fertility, and the agricultural resources of the State, when properly developed, will undoubtedly be found equal to those of almost any other state in the Union. Previously to the discovery of the gold mines, the inhabitants of California were mostly a pastoral people, and paid much more attention to the raising of horses and cattle than to the cultivation of the soil. At the beginning of 1850 the number of cattle in California was estimated at 500,000.

The climate and soil are well suited to the cultivation of wheat, barley, rye, oats, and most of the edible roots and fruits raised in the Atlantic states. The culture of grapes has attracted considerable attention, and has proved highly successful wherever it has been attempted. But the great commercial resources of California

are at present founded on her *metallic wealth*—her almost inexhaustible mines of *gold*.

Gold was first discovered on the south fork of the American River, at a place called Sutter's Mill, now Coloma, late in May, or early in June, 1848. Since that time, the growth of California, in population, wealth, and importance, has been without a parallel. Its history from the commencement of the "*golden era*" is familiar to every one. All the papers of America and Europe have been filled, and still are filled, with accounts most marvelous, but not less true, of its astonishing progress. Some of its principal cities and towns are, San Francisco, Sacramento, Benicia, Stockton, and Sonora.

Considerable attention is now being paid to the subject of education, but, as yet, the progress of the new State in this direction has not been very great. A few years more will undoubtedly show a great improvement in this respect, as the want of the educational advantages of the older states is severely felt by the people.

There are at present no railroads in California, and very few good carriage-roads, but public attention is being directed to the subject of internal improvements, and the facilities for travel will be largely increased.

NECESSITIES OF A YOUNG MAN.*

BY HON. HORACE MANN.

As you are an entire stranger to me, and have given me no information in regard to your age, or to the circumstances of your early life, and only mention that you propose to be a lawyer, I can not give my remarks so pointed an application as I otherwise might. I must, therefore, speak more generally; and point out, in their order, some of a young man's necessities. I hope you will find, in yourself, but little to be supplied.

First, you need health. An earnest student is prone to ruin his health. Hope cheats him with the belief that, if he can study now without cessation, he can do so always. Because he does not see the end

of his strength, he foolishly concludes there is no end. A spendthrift of health is one of the most reprehensible of spendthrifts.

I am certain I could have performed twice the labor, both better and with greater ease to myself, had I known as much of the laws of health and life, at twenty-one, as I do now. In college, I was taught all about the motions of the planets, as carefully as though they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to trace their orbits; but about my own organization, and the conditions indispensable to the healthful functions of my own body, I was left in profound ignorance. Nothing could be more preposterous. I ought to have begun at home, and taken the stars when it came their turn. The consequence was, I broke down at the beginning of my second college year, and have never had a well day since.

Whatever labor I have since been able to do, I have done it all on credit, instead of capital—a most ruinous way, either in regard to health or money. For the last twenty-five years, so far as it regards health, I have been put, from day to day, on my good behavior; and during the whole of this period, as an Hibernian would say, if I had lived as other folks do for a month, I should have died in a fortnight.

Health has a great deal to do with what the world calls talent. Take a lawyer's life through, and high health is at least equal to fifty per cent. more brain. Endurance, cheerfulness, wit, eloquence, attain a force and splendor, with health, which they can never approach without it. It often happens that the credit awarded to the intellect belongs to the digestion. Though I do not believe that genius and eupepsy are convertible terms, yet the former can never rise to its loftiest heights unaided by the latter.

Again, a wise man with a great enterprise before him, first looks round for suitable instruments wherewith to execute it; and he thinks it all-important to command these instruments, before he begins his labor. Health is an indispensable instrument for the best qualities and the highest finish of all work.

* Extract from a letter recently addressed to a young man who was studying for the profession of the Law.

Think of the immense advantages you would have in a suit in court, if, after a week's or a fortnight's laborious investigation of facts, you could come in for the closing argument, on the last day, fresh and elastic, with only so much more of momentum and fervor for the velocity and the glow you had acquired, while your wiled opponent had little more vitality than a bag of sand. How long will our teachers and trainers of youth suffer boxers and racers to be wiser in their generation than themselves?

Have you ever studied Human Physiology? If not, get such a work as Jarvis', or Cutter's, or Cole's, or Carpenter's, and "read, learn, and inwardly digest" it, and then obey it religiously. I say *religiously*; for Health comes within the domain of conscience and religion. The materials being given, a man is as responsible for health as for his character. He determines what the former shall be not less than the latter. Extraordinaries excepted, a man should be ashamed of being in ill-health as he should be of getting drunk.

But I can not dwell longer on this topic. Get health, if you have it not; keep it, if you have it.

OH, DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

Air—“Ben Bolt.”

Oh! don't you remember the school-house, dear Kate,

Where we first learned our A B C,
And the old beech tree where Frank used to wait
Every morning for you and me?

You have not forgotten dear Frank, I'm sure,
With his eyes so laughing and blue:
For of all the girls of our district school,
There is none that he loved like you.

And don't you remember Miss Betsy, Kate,
Our school-ma'am so tall and slim;
How she combed up her hair o'er a cushion so
queer,
And her vandyke so white and trim?

She was kind and true, though her lip was stern,
And she taught us to count and spell,
And for all the ferulings, now and then,
We loved the old school-ma'am well.

And don't you remember the walnut, Kate,
That stood by the school-house door,
Where we used to sit in the summer hours,
And study our lessons o'er?

And our play-house, too, with its sunny seat,
Where we went at noon time to play;
And the hang-bird's nest in the oak, hard by,
That we watched from day to day?

And don't you remember the grape-vine swing,
That hung from the oak so high,
Where Frank used to swing us so merrily—
Dear Frank, with his deep-blue eye?

And Henry, too—but my tears will start,
Dear Kate, when I think of him;
'Tis many a year since his pulse grew still,
And the light of his eye grew dim!

And there's many more, many more, dear Kate,
That we loved in our childhood hours,
Who have passed away from this green bright
world,
Like the dew from the morning flowers!

But we miss them now on life's pathway, Kate;
For the loving, the good and true,
Whose spirits still hover around to bless
In this changeful world, are few.

And don't you remember the saw-mill pond,
With its ice so strong and glare,
Where we used to go in the moonlight time,
To slide in the old arm-chair?

And don't you remember the night, dear Kate,
When we coaxed our mothers to go,
And we pushed them about with much mirth,
dear Kate,
Oh! such joy now we may not know!

For the old mill is gone, and our sliding place
No longer glares in the sun;
And our mothers sleep in the new church-yard—
Their work and their play are done.

And the spot where the school-house stood, dear
Kate,
Is the church-yard, silent and sad;
And the merry shout of childhood, now
Never makes the old play-ground glad.

Of all things that were loved so well,
Dear Kate, by you and by me,
There is left but one—'tis the walnut old—
And Frank sleeps beneath that tree.—*Selected.*

Youth's Department.

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, to fix
The generous purpose, and the noble thought.

MR. HILLMAN'S CANDIDATE.

BY ELIZA A. CHASE.

A LARGE number of travelers was waiting the arrival of the cars at the beautiful village of Canandai-gua, and, as usual in such cases, a variety of exclamations betrayed their impatience. One group, in particular, seemed very uneasy. It consisted of a plain, benevolent-looking old man, and two fine, intelligent boys of fourteen or fifteen. The latter, William Morris and Arthur Elton, were away from home at school, and the old gentleman, Mr. Hillman, was a friend of their parents, who, having business at the place, had agreed to accompany the boys home to spend their vacation.

He had never seen William and Arthur till the day before, but was much pleased with their frankness and good humor, and by his own kind and affable disposition he soon won the confidence of his young charges.

"That train must be doing like the hare in the fable, taking a nap, while the tortoise is winning the race, I think," said Arthur. "If it were as anxious to reach home as I, it would neither sleep nor eat."

"So your 'heart grows weary, far from the old folks at home,' does it?" asked William. "Well, I'll bet you won't see home to-night, nor to-morrow night either."

"Perhaps not, but I do wish the train would come. It would not seem half so long if we were only going, even though slowly."

"I see you are very anxious to reach home," observed Mr. Hillman, "and I do not wonder. How long have you been absent?"

"Six months, but it seems almost an age," returned Arthur.

"How do you like your school?"

"First rate," said William.

"And you, Arthur?"

"Very well indeed, sir."

"You are not so confined to your books that you do not read the current news of the day. Have you heard any thing of the movements of Kossuth, lately?"

"I declare," said William, "I am not well 'posted up' in these matters. Arthur is the news reader."

"I have not read much of him recently," observed Arthur, "but the last I noticed was an account of his attending a meeting, at which the Italian patriot, Mazzini, spoke, and being loudly called on, he made a few remarks, and concluded by saying that his time for oratory was ended; henceforth he should act; that he had but one speech for the future, which he should use when it was needed; it was 'Up, boys, and at them!'"

"There are the cars!" exclaimed William, joyfully.

The usual hurry and confusion took place; our travelers found seats, and Mr. Hillman resumed the conversation.

"You heard the plea of Mr. Greene in opposition to Mr. Hyde, yesterday.

Which did you think the most talented?"

"I thought Mr. Hyde superior," answered Arthur, "but Mr. Greene is very witty, and rather sarcastic."

"I thought Hyde was done brown," added William. "Greene gave it to him the tallest kind, I tell you."

"Tallest kind of what?" asked Mr. Hillman.

William looked confused, and his friend continued, "Greene knows that his opponent is superior, and therefore resorts to sarcasm to overcome the arguments he can not refute. Do either of you think of a profession?"

"I should like to be a teacher in one of our colleges or higher academies; a teacher of languages," answered Arthur.

"I have thought of the law, but I may study medicine," replied William.

"That is a beautiful landscape," observed Mr. Hillman. "Are you fond of wild and romantic scenery, William?"

"Oh, yes, I like it very much; I should like to travel if I had the time; shouldn't you, Arthur?"

"Indeed I should; I am not content to live where my fathers lived, and die where they died?"

"And why not?" asked Mr. Hillman. "Why not read, and gain such information as you desire?"

"Because," answered Arthur, very modestly, "I do not think we can know so much of a country by reading, as we can by visiting it; and I am sure that no description of Niagara can impress the mind with the awfulness of its grandeur so much as even a superficial view."

"I think you are right. We learn more from seeing for ourselves. The impressions thus formed are more vivid, and much longer retained."

"Syracuse! Cars stop twenty-five minutes for dinner," shouted the conductor.

"Cars stopping for dinner!" exclaimed Arthur, laughing. "I should

think they would be hungry by this time."

Mr. Hillman smiled and said, "Shall we get our dinner, too, while they are eating?"

"Well, I shan't do any thing else," said William.

Soon the cry of "All aboard!" was heard, and the passengers resumed their seats. The boys were in the highest spirits, and William, in recollection, no doubt, of the excellent dinner of which he had just partaken, began to sing, in a low tone, however, "The buckwheat cake was in her mouth," etc.

"Do you sing that song?" asked Mr. Hillman of Arthur.

"I know the tune, but I do not sing it."

"And you know 'Way down in the Carolina State,' and 'Ole Virginny,' I suppose, William?"

"Oh, yes, I sing them all," answered William.

"Do you, Arthur?"

"No, sir, but I know the tunes of them all."

"Why do you not sing them?"

"Because I think habits of using vulgar language are formed by singing such words, which, at best, are low and senseless. The tunes are beautiful, and if joined to proper words, I should take delight in singing them."

"And for this reason you refrain from singing the songs that find a place in so many parlors of even the intelligent, as well as among the low and ignorant? You are right, my young friend, and I am glad to discover that you possess such principles. There is too much spurious coin in our noble language. Will you let me see the paper you had a few minutes since; it contains a good article on this very subject."

"William, where is the paper you had?" asked Arthur. "Did you bring it in this car with you?"

"Well, I did," answered William, handing the paper to Arthur, who read

and approved the article to which Mr. Hillman referred.

Toward night the overjoyed boys reached their native village, and in a few moments they were at the familiar fireside of home.

It is not our purpose to describe their visit, but merely to observe the effect of their conversation upon their aged companion.

Mr. Hillman was trustee of the "Milton Institute," a school which had been established by several public-spirited individuals; and according to its organization, several scholarships were to be bestowed as a reward for correct deportment and good attainments in the lower departments.

About a year subsequent to their journey with Mr. Hillman, William and Arthur were placed in the Institute, and before the close of the third term a reverse of fortune which happened to their parents, made the bestowal of the scholarship a matter of the utmost importance to them. There was but one vacancy, however, and as the two boys were very nearly equal in attainments, it was doubtful which would obtain the appointment.

At the meeting of the committee, the members were equally divided. Mr. Hillman expressed a wish to state his reasons for voting for Arthur, whose literary qualifications were excelled by those of William.

"William Morris is a good scholar," said he, "but during my acquaintance with him, I have scarcely ever heard him utter a sentence without some of the *slang phrases* so fashionable at the present time.

"The negro melodies that we hear in every street are familiar to him, and it is painful to hear the flippancy with which he uses the low expressions that are destroying the purity of our language.

Arthur Elton, on the contrary, uses correct and chaste language. I have never heard a low expression from him,

and though he knows the tunes of these foolish songs, he refuses to sing them, because they foster the habit of using the vulgar language, which we can not too much despise. On the ground, therefore, of superiority of language, I give my vote for Arthur Elton."

Arthur received the appointment. William was much disappointed, and his mortification was extreme when he learned the cause of his failure.

BE OBEDIENT AS WELL AS STUDIOUS.

BY ALBERT.

WILLIAM is a very studious boy, not only at school, but also at home; and, what is still better, he seems to take delight in storing his mind with that which will be useful to him in after-life. Unlike most boys at his age, he is more anxious to read instructive books than books of an immoral tendency.

Every leisure moment he may be seen with a book in his hand, and his mind wholly absorbed in its contents. This certainly is not a *bad* habit in any boy; it shows that they mean to know and be something in the world.

When I look back to the days of my boyhood, many and many are the hours I can call to mind that were spent in useless and vain sports, which, if I had now given me to improve, I think I should profit by them. Now it is too late. "Time once past never returns."

I said William is a very studious boy, and I would I could say he is as obedient as studious. But I will relate what I saw with my own eyes.

"William," said his mother, "now I want you to hurry and dress you, and bring me a pail of water."

"Well," said William, who stood with his coat half on, intently reading in a book which was lying on the table.

His mother being very busily engaged

about her work, did not observe but that William had gone for the water as requested. Soon, however, she had occasion to use some water, and she says again :

"Come, William, I wish you would hurry and get me a pail of water."

"I'm going to in a minute," said William (rather louder than he was in the habit of speaking), who still stood with his coat half on, as much engaged in reading as ever.

The mother, who was very indulgent with her children, had to speak the third time, and finally commanded William to get the water.

At this, William broke out in loud tones, "Well, you never let me have any chance to read, you make me do so many chores."

William started for the water, and from the way he slammed the door after him, it was evident he felt very ill-humored toward his mother.

As I happened to be an eye-witness to the scene, the thought occurred to me, that although William is a studious boy, and fond of reading, he had read but little in regard to the duties of children to their parents, or if he had, not much benefit had been received therefrom.

I know it is generally believed that studious children—those fond of their books—are kind and obedient to their parents; but this rule does not hold good in all cases. I presume if the truth was known, this William I have mentioned is not worse than many other boys and girls. Do you think he is, my young reader?



CRIMINALS at their execution affect, sometimes, a constancy and contempt of death, which is, in fact, nothing more than the fear of facing it. Their constancy may be said to be to the mind what the cap is to their eyes.

LITTLE FOLKS, HOW IS IT?

JUST read what the editor of the *Golden Rule* says to little folks—boys and girls he means—and then ask yourselves the question, "How is it with myself?"

Droning, moping about like a snail! Is this the way to do business?

Why not stir yourselves? Wake up to life and animation; step *quick!* lively—be on the alert, on the wing! Why not *dispatch* business, do up your work on the *spot*, in good earnest, neatly, punctually, speedily?

Do what good thing your hands find to do, with all your *might!* Up, up! to life, action, energy! This habit of drawling, dragging, droning, lolling—this kind of half-hearted, slipshod, down-at-the-heel business, is like the plague; it will cling to you, like the leprosy, for life! Awful, horrible!

Begin aright; begin *now* to step *quick*—*now*, in the morning of life. If you permit yourself to be a snail or a drone now, a snail and a drone you will be—a kind of dull, stupid, dumpish, dragging, drawling, half-hearted, milk-and-water, dribble-drabble sort of a body, all your life!

Up, up! jump up! open your eyes, shake yourself, stir about, be lively, step *quick!* "Buy the truth and sell it not."

What are you doing? What did your father or mother set you about? What business, at home or abroad, up stairs or down stairs, what did they tell you to do?

Was it to get your lessons, work in the garden, gather the fruits or flowers, cut, split, or pile wood, drive the cow, feed the chickens, tend the fires, cook the dinner, scour the knives, set the table, brush up, clean up, knit, sew, spin, fold papers, stitch, or set type?

Have you done it? Lay hold in good earnest; fly about, show signs of life; step *quick!* make the little fingers *FLY!*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

WE copy from the Boston Olive Branch, one of Mrs. Denison's beautiful lessons in life. She says:

A boon of inestimable worth is a calm, thankful heart—a treasure that few, very few, possess. We once met an old man, whose face was a mixture of smiles and sunshine. Wherever he went, he succeeded in making every body about him as pleasant as himself.

Said we, one day—for he was one of that delightful class whom every body feels privileged to be related to—"Uncle, uncle, how is it that you contrive to be so happy? Why is your face so cheerful, when so many thousands are draped over with a most uncomfortable gloominess?"

"My dear young friend," he answered, with his placid smile, "I am even as others, afflicted with infirmities; I have had my share of sorrow—some would say more—but I have found out the secret of being happy, and it is this: *Forget self.*"

"Until you do that, you can lay but little claim to a cheerful spirit. 'Forget what manner of man you are,' and think more with, rejoice more for, your neighbors. If I am poor, let me look upon my richer friend, and in estimating his blessings, forget my privations.

"If my neighbor is building a house, let me watch with him its progress, and think, 'Well, what a comfortable place it will be, to be sure; how much he may enjoy it with his family.' Thus I have a double pleasure—that of delight in noting the structure as it expands into beauty, and making my neighbor's wealth mine. If he has planted a fine garden, I feast my eyes on the flowers, smell their fragrance: could I do more if it was my own?

"Another has a family of fine children; they bless him, and are blessed by him; mine are all gone before me;

I have none that bear my name; shall I, therefore, envy my neighbor his lovely children? No; let me enjoy their innocent smiles with him; let me *forget myself*—my tears when they were put away in darkness; or if I weep, may it be for joy that God took them untainted to dwell with His holy angels forever.

"Believe an old man when he says there is great pleasure in living for others. The heart of the selfish man is like a city full of crooked lanes. If a generous thought from some glorious temple strays in there, woe to it—it is lost. It wanders about, and wanders about, until enveloped in darkness; as the mist of selfishness gathers around, it lies down upon some cold thought to die, and is shrouded in oblivion.

"So, if you would be happy, shun selfishness: do a kindly deed for this one, speak a kindly word for another. He who is constantly giving pleasure, is constantly receiving it. The little river gives to the great ocean, and the more it gives, the faster it runs. Stop its flowing, and the hot sun would dry it up, till it would be but filthy mud, sending forth bad odors, and corrupting the fresh air of heaven.

"Keep your heart constantly traveling on errands of mercy; it has feet that never tire, hands that can not be overburdened, eyes that never sleep; freight its hands with blessings, direct its eyes, no matter how narrow your sphere, to the nearest object of suffering, and relieve it.

"I say, my dear young friend, take the word of an old man for it, who has tried every known panacea, and found all to fail, except this golden rule:

"Forget self, and keep the heart busy for others."

—
A LUMP of wet saleratus, applied to the sting of a wasp or bee, will stop the pain, and prevent it from swelling. Pin this fact up somewhere for next summer's use.

EMILY'S RESOLUTION.

A LITTLE girl, whom I shall call Emily, had been reading about Josephine, the wife of Napoleon. Emily was much pleased with what she read of this interesting woman; but her feelings were most touched by Josephine's words on her dying bed. "The people of France will mourn for me, for I never caused one of them to shed a tear."

"How gentle, kind, and benevolent, Josephine must have been, to be able to say that with truth!" said Emily to her mother.

"This is very true," replied her mother. "But few in any station of life have ever been able to say so much. Josephine must have meant tears of sorrow; for her kindness and benevolence, I think, often caused tears of joy to flow."

"I wish, mother," said Emily, thoughtfully, "that I could be like Josephine."

"I wish you would try to resemble her, my dear. But you must have more regard to the feelings and wishes of others than you now do, if you would be like her. If I remember right, I have seen George and Lucy both shed tears to-day, caused by your unkindness and rudeness."

Emily looked very sad. Indeed, she felt quite unhappy. It was not by any means the first time she had vexed her little brother and sister. She had often, very often, done it before, and conscience had as often told her it was wrong; but this habit of hers had never looked so hateful and disagreeable as it now did.

Her mother, who suspected something of what was passing in her mind, said to her, "I have not, my dear child, reminded you of your conduct to-day with any wish to give you pain. I would have gladly avoided this, had I not hoped that the lesson, though painful, would prove very useful."

"I do not think," said Emily, in a desponding tone of voice, "that it will be any use for me to try to be like Josephine, I am so very different already."

"My dear child, it will never answer for you to reason in this way. If you *yield* to your selfish and wicked passions, their power over you will continually increase; and if you now, when a child, cause so much unhappiness even in one day, how much will you cause during a lifetime in which your selfish and wayward passions are all the while growing stronger and stronger?"

"Are you willing to let things take their natural course, or would you rather prefer to struggle against and overcome these wrong feelings, if it does cost you something?"

"I certainly wish to overcome my wrong habits; for I should be very sorry to grow more and more selfish and unkind."

"You must commence, then, at once, for you have no time to lose. You must not be discouraged if sometimes you are overcome by sudden temptation; but when this is the case you must resolve to be more watchful next time."

"I will begin to-morrow, and see if I can not pass the day without doing any thing to make any one unhappy."

"You had better begin to-day, my dear. It is true the day is *almost* gone, but it is unsafe to delay, even for a single hour, to put in practice the good resolutions we form."

Emily did not forget her resolution to be gentle and affectionate to every one. The next morning she assisted George to build houses with his blocks, though she would much rather have been reading; and gratified Lucy by showing her the pictures in her new book, even though it occupied the time she had intended to employ in making an apron for her doll.

Having succeeded so well at home, she went to school determined there to act upon her new resolution. When

she returned at night she came to her mother and said,

"Mother, I have made one of my school-mates shed tears to-day, but I do not think you will be displeased when I tell you about it, for they were not tears of sorrow.

"You have heard me speak of Harriet M——, who attends our school. She is quite diffident and retiring, and the girls seldom notice her without it is to laugh at her for her round shoulders and awkward gait. I have always felt sorry for her, she looks so lonely and sad, but I have been so thoughtless and occupied with play, in recess, that I have never taken much notice of her.

"This morning as I was going to school, I resolved to do something to make some of my school-mates happy. As we were going out at recess, I saw Harriet sitting alone upon her seat, and looking very sad. I thought that if I were in her place I should like to have some one speak kindly to me; so I went up to her and said, 'Come, Harriet, put down your book and jump the rope with me, won't you?'

"'I would like to go,' said she, 'but here is a sum I can not do, and I am afraid my teacher will be displeased if I do not have my lesson perfectly.'

"I assisted her to do the sum. She thanked me with tears in her eyes, and we played together the remainder of the recess. I never enjoyed a recess better, I am sure.

"I wish, mother, I could be always kind and obliging; I think I should then be something like the little girl who said she had found out how to be always happy—'To forget all about herself, and try to make others happy.'

Emily was not always so successful as on the first day of her trial; still she persevered, and at length so far succeeded as to gain, by her gentleness and kindness, the love of all her companions.—*Selected.*



CHARLIE'S FIRST AND LAST HUNTING.

BY ANNIE PARKER.

It was a lovely autumn day,
And Charlie's tasks were done,
He quickly put away his books,
And shouldered his new gun.

And "Robert, Robert!" shouted he,
As loud as he could call,
"Let's go a-hunting in the woods,
Come, leave your bat and ball.

"I know where we can squirrels find,
And many a rabbit, too,
Woodcocks, and partridges, and quails,
And birds of every hue.

"Look at the beautiful new gun
My father gave to me,
He brought me powder from the town
And shot, as you may see.

"Come! Robert, come! why won't you put
Your bat and ball away?
I promise you the rarest fun,
If you'll hunt with me to-day."

"Charlie, I really can not go,
For I've heard mother say.
'Tis wrong to take in idle sport
The life God gave, away.

"Oh, Charlie, let the squirrel live
Their little life of joy;
Come play with me at bat and ball,
Lay down your gun, my boy."

"What! leave my gun, my fine new gun,
For a stupid game of ball!
Robert, you've lost your wits, to think
Of such a thing at all.

"Do go with me—we'll have such sport,"
"No, Charles, I'd rather stay."
"Well, then, good-bye, for I'm resolved
To hunt for game to-day."

With noiseless footsteps through the wood,
Charlie began to glide,
When presently, upon a stump,
A squirrel he espied.

He held between his two fore-paws,
A walnut large and fair,
At which he nibbled now and then,
With such a comic air,

That Charlie laughed, and shook his sides,
To see Prig eat his dinner;
" 'Twill be the last he'll ever eat,"
Said he, " as I'm a sinner."

He raised his gun, took aim, and fired—
Prig bounded in the air,
Then fell—ah, me! how sad it was
To see him lying there!

His dying struggles Charlie watched,
With thoughtful brow and eye;
" I really wish," said he, at length,
" I had not seen him die.

" What Robert said, I think is true,
'Tis wrong to take away
The happy life that God has given,
In idle, thoughtless play.

" I'll put away my fine new gun,
And never use it more;
Poor Prig! how happy I should be,
Could I your breath restore!

" From what you suffered, I have learned,
Never in sport again,
To give the meanest thing that lives
A moment's needless pain."

LAZY BOYS.

A LAZY boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances?

The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and alms-houses, have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of community, those

who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

When a boy is old enough to begin to play in the streets, then he is old enough to be taught how to work. Of course, we would not deprive children of healthful, playful exercise, or the time they should spend in study, but teach them to work, little by little, as the child is taught to learn at school.

In this way he will acquire habits of industry that will not forsake him when he grows up.

Many parents who are poor let their children grow up to fourteen and sixteen years of age, or till they can support them no longer, before they put them to labor. Such children, not having any idea of what work is, and having acquired habits of idleness, go forth to impose upon their employers with laziness.

There is a repulsiveness in all labor set before them, and to get it done, no matter how, is their only aim. They are ambitious at play, but dull at work. The consequence is, they stick to one thing but a short time; they rove about the world, get into mischief, and finally find their way to a prison or alms-house.

With the habit of idleness, vice may generally, if not invariably, be found. Where the mind and hands are not occupied in some useful employment, an evil genius finds them enough to do. They are found in the street till late in the evening, learning the vulgar and profane habits of those older in vice; they may be seen hanging around groceries, bar-rooms, and stores, where crowds gather, but they are seldom found engaged in study.

A lazy boy is not only a bad boy, but a disgrace to his parents, for it is through their neglect that he became thus. No parents, however poor, in these times of cheap books and newspapers, need let their children grow up in idleness. If they can not be kept at manual labor, let their minds be kept

at work ; make them industrious scholars, and they will be industrious at any business they may undertake in after life.

We know of many boys, and young men, old enough to do business for themselves, who can not read, and much less write their own names. They, too, are lazy, for ignorance and laziness are twin brothers.

We always feel sorry for such young men ; their habits are formed for life, the twig bent in childhood has grown a distorted tree, and there is no remedy for it. They must pass through life as they have lived—in laziness and ignorance. Think of it, young reader, and take heed that your habits and character be not formed like theirs.—*Palmer's Journal.*

ADDIE'S SCHOOL.

OUR school-house is in a quiet part of the pleasant village of Fredonia, Chautauque Co., N. Y. It is large and convenient, yet at this time we have not seats enough for all the pupils that wish to attend school here. There is a large room, and two smaller ones in the wings ; and the school is arranged in three divisions, under the charge of as many teachers.

The school-house is painted white, and soon we are to have blinds for the windows. The play-ground is large, and contains many thrifty maple trees, and has a good chain pump, and a cup at hand to drink from.

Our school-room is furnished with chairs for the pupils when studying, and with five settees for recitation purposes. We have blackboards arranged on standards, so that they may be moved to any part of the room.

Our teacher is a gentleman well qualified for his duties. He has under his charge one hundred scholars, and therefore must labor very hard ; but with so

many even to try his patience, he seldom loses his cheerful countenance.

By his efforts we raised the money for thirty-three copies of *The Student*, and we like it first-rate. One very interesting portion of it we find to be the music. When we sing our teacher accompanies us with his violin. The assistant teachers are very kind to us. One is an elderly lady, tall, with dark hair. She has about fifty little boys under her charge. The other is a young lady, of less than medium height, with dark-brown hair. She teaches the little girls.

We were very much pleased when reading about "Ella's School," away down in the Bay State, and, without boasting, we think,

" You will not find, go where you will,
A happier school than we."

ENGAGING MANNERS.

THERE are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways which every person may put on, without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the quiet, cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger, whom one may recommend to our good regards, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession—these will insure us the good regards of even a churl.

Above all, there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty. The voice can be modulated so to intonate, that it will speak directly to the heart, and from that elicit an answer ; and politeness may be made essential to our nature. Neither is time thrown away in attending to such things, insignificant as they may seem to those who engage in weighty matters.—*Selected.*

For Children.

"To aid the mind's development, and watch
The dawning of little thoughts."

Leaves from a Teacher's Note-Book.—No. 1.

LITTLE SARAH.

LITTLE children, I am a stranger to most of you; I say *most*, for I do not know but some of my pupils take *The Student*; however, I have a story which I would like all the children all over the world to know; but since that can not be, I will tell it to you—the readers of *The Student*.

My motive in telling it to you is, not merely that you may *know* the story, but that you may learn a good lesson from it. One thing will, I am sure, please you: every word of it is *true*.

In one of our school-readers, there is a story of a boy who was sent by his sick father to a physician's, to get some medicine for him. The boy went to the office, but not finding the doctor there, concluded that he would not take the trouble to go to his house—about a quarter of a mile farther.

He returned home, found his father much worse, and when asked for the medicine, said, "The doctor has none."

The father suspected an untruth, but merely said, "My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for want of that medicine."

The boy instantly seized his hat, ran all the way, procured the medicine,

and returned just in time to see his father die.

Then follows a description of his death, and of the boy's remorse and anguish.

A few days ago one of the classes in my school was reading this piece. It was read so feelingly that it brought tears to my eyes.

I heard a sobbing, and on looking around to discover the cause, found a little girl, about nine years of age, crying. I called her to me, put my arm around her, and asked if she were ill? She said "No."

Then the thought struck me that perhaps she, *too*, had lost her father, and I asked her if that was the case.

Her answer was sad, sorrowful, and beautiful. "No, ma'am, but my mother and my two little brothers have all gone away and left me"—and her crying, *then*, was more like the sad wail of a woman, than the grief of a child.

I tried to comfort her; but "her grief lay too deep for words."

I seemed, however, to have gained her confidence, for she presently told me, with tears and sobs, that "We've got a piece of mother's hair, and, last

Sunday, father took it out of his 'big drawer,' and we both looked at it and cried." It seemed as if her little heart would break as she said it.

I wanted her to go out, and try to divert her thoughts, but she said so pitifully, "Please let me stay; I *don't* want to go away alone."

This little child is no older than some of you, yet she is without a mother, a sister, or a brother; and that is not all. I have since learned that she has not kind words and kind treatment at home.

Not only that, she is *poor*, and is obliged to work hard all the time she is not in school.

Her face is so sad and sorrowful that strangers sometimes say, "How unhappy that child looks;" and I have seen more than one to whom I have told her touching story, turn away, and wipe the tears they could not restrain.

We *do* try to treat her kindly, and I sometimes have seen a smile steal across her sad little face.

And now let me ask you the question which I meant to ask from the beginning. Have not *you*, in your school, some poor, pale-faced, neglected child, who looks as though the music of kind words was utterly unknown?

If you have, try to lighten her burden of sorrow by a kind word or a smile; offer a part of your apple or nuts; even if they are not accepted, the *kindness* will be appreciated, and you will be loved for it.

Once in a while go a little out of your way in walking home, so that you may leave a pleasant, warm feeling at such a one's heart, and I know you will go home to your mother with such a warm

glow at your own heart, that you will be more than repaid.

There is a power in a smile which you, as a child, can appreciate; so bestow it freely, and the light and joy which you shed within the heart of any of your unloved companions, will be reflected with ten-fold strength upon your own.

As to the effect of *kind words*, I have somewhere seen this sentence, and it expresses just my feelings on that subject—"It is a pity the medicine of kind words is so little used, it has so much power."

THE SOUL LIVES AFTER DEATH.

AN ILLUSTRATION FOR CHILDREN.

ONCE I saw a person trying to teach some children that their souls would live after they were dead. They listened, but did not understand it: he was too abstract. Snatching his watch from his pocket he said:

"James, what is this I hold in my hand?"

"A watch, sir."

"A little clock," said another.

"Do you see it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"It ticks, sir."

"Very well, can any of you hear it tick?" All listened. After a pause—

"Yes, sir, we hear it."

He then took off the case, and held it in one hand, and the watch in the other.

"Now, children, which is the watch?"

"The little one in your right hand."

"Very well, again. Now I will lay the case aside—put it away down there in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the ticking?"

"Yes, sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick and go, and keep time, you see, when the case is taken off, and put in my hat. So it is with you, children. Your body is nothing but the case, the soul is inside. The case—the body may be taken off and buried in the ground, and the soul will live and think, just as well as this will go, as you see, when the case is off."—*Selected.*

THE TWO ADVISERS.

THERE was once a little girl whose name was Kitty, and she had two advisers, who were always telling what she had better do. One generally spoke the quickest, and that I shall call the first adviser; the other, who was modest, though very faithful, shall be called the second.

Sometimes she minded one, and sometimes the other, and according as she heeded the one or the other, so she behaved.

Kitty slept in a little room near her mother's, and her mother usually waked her in the morning with, "Jump up, Kitty."

Early one winter's morning, "Jump up, Kitty," waked the child, and she lifted her head, and it looked early, and felt quite wintry.

"I would not get up," said the first adviser, who was always sure to be at hand; "be quiet in your snug little bed;

it is very cold and early; stay where you are warm."

"Kitty, it is time to be stirring," whispered the other; for they were always cross-counseling each other. "It is time to be stirring, Kitty; your morning duties are waiting for you; up, up!" Kitty thought a moment, and then jumped up, and carefully dressed herself.

Then she skipped out, crying joyfully, "Mamma, can I help you? can I help you, dear mamma?" but her mamma had gone down stairs; so she sat down by the fire in her mother's chamber, and began to study her spelling-lesson; and study Kitty did with all her might.

After breakfast, she dusted the parlor, and fetched papa's boots, and hushed the baby, and did all she had to do with a sweet and willing spirit; and her mother thought, as her little one went to school, "What a comfort Kitty is to me." All the morning Kitty was hearkening to the second adviser.

I do not know how it was during the forenoon at school, but as Kitty was walking down the sunny side of the street, on her way to school in the afternoon, "It is too pleasant to be cooped up in a school-room," whispered the first adviser; "it is nice to walk, it is nice to play, to slide, or do something else."

Kitty listened, and as she listened, she lagged more and more, until, in quite a discontented mood, she reached the school-room.

School had begun, and she was tardy; this was quite provoking. Kitty went to her seat, and sat down in rather a pettish manner. "Pleasanter to be

walking than to be here," whispered the same adviser.

Then she opened her desk, and, screened by the cover from the teacher's eye, she began to whisper to one of the girls to go to walk after school; but the teacher saw it, and it grieved her. Then Kitty nibbled a cake.

Then, when her class was called up, her lesson was not learned, and she missed, and she pouted, and the first adviser kept saying, "It is too long a lesson by half;" and Kitty cried, and said she could not learn it.

Alas! Kitty had not tried, and the teacher was sorely grieved, and she said, "Kitty can be studious and good, but sometimes she is *very* troublesome."

Now, which adviser was the safest and best; the first or the second? The first was called Feeling, and the second Principle. Feeling seeks only to gratify for the moment; Principle endeavors to do what is right.

Feeling looks only at self; Principle has an eye on the comfort and interests of others as well as self. Feeling is uncertain, unsteady, and not to be relied upon; Principle is true, straightforward, and trusty.

Which adviser is safest and best; and which do the little girls follow who read this?—*Child's Paper.*

ONE.—One hour lost in the morning, by lying too long in bed, will put back all the business of the day. One hour gained by rising early, would make one month in a year.

One kind word will gain more friends than ten angry ones.

HONESTY.

A QUAKER passing through a market, stopped at a stall, and inquired the price of citrons.

"I have none," said the honest countryman, "that will suit you; they are decayed, and their flavor is gone."

"Thank thee, friend; I will go to the next stand. Hast thou good fruit to-day?" said he to the dealer.

"Yes, sir; here are some of the finest nutmegs of my garden. They are small, but rich of their kind."

"Then thou canst recommend them?"

"Oh, certainly, sir."

"Very well, I will take two."

He carried them home, and they proved not only unsound but miserably tasteless. The next morning he again repaired to the same place. The man who sold him the fruit the preceding day asked him if he would like some more.

"Nay, friend, thou hast deceived me once, and now although thou mayest speak the truth, still I can not trust thee; but thy neighbor chose to deal uprightly with me, and from henceforth I shall be his patron. Thou wouldst do well to remember this, and learn by experience that a lie is a base thing in the beginning, and a very unprofitable one in the end!"—*Selected.*

"MOTHER, I *thank* you for reminding me of it," said a little girl to her mother, on being put in mind of something which she had almost forgotten to do. Do all little girls possess this sweet and obliging spirit?

EVIL COMPANY.

THE following beautiful story, illustrating the pernicious influences of evil company on the minds and characters of those who associate with such, was translated from the German :

Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

“ Dear father,” said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, “ dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it.”

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. “ It will not burn you, my child ; take it.”

Eulalia took it, and behold her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and her white dress also.

“ We can not be too careful in handling coals,” said Eulalia, in vexation.

“ Yes, truly,” said the father ; “ you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken ; so it is with the company of the vicious.”

HONOR TO PARENTS

How sad my mother seems to-day !

I've caused her pain, I fear,
Or else she would not turn away
With such a look severe.

Perhaps at play I made a noise,
When bidden to refrain ;
Or quarreled o'er my childish toys
With little sister Jane.

‘Tis very wrong indeed, I know,
So troublesome to be ;
The more, to one who loves me so,
And is so kind to me.

When I was sick, how close she kept
Beside my little bed,
And smoothed the pillow while I slept,
To ease my aching head.

Her constant kindness and her care
I never can repay ;
How can I grieve her, then, or dare
Her word to disobey ?

I'll go at once, my fault confess,
And pardon, too, implore ;
I'll mind, in future, what she says,
And never vex her more.

A GOOD RULE.

A MAN who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied : “ My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend money until I had earned it.

“ If I had but half an hour's work in a day, I must do that the first thing. And after this I was allowed to play ; and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing every thing in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity.”

GRATITUDE.—There is a certain warmth of gratitude, which not only acquits us of favors received, but even while we are repaying what we owe, converts our creditors into debtors.

O U R M U S E U M .

HOW DO YOU DO?—In the forms of salutation used by different nations may be found indices of national character, geographical position, and external circumstances. The wandering Bedouin of the desert, who has learned to value *peace*, as the sick man learns to value health, by being deprived of it, salutes the traveler with the blessing, *shulam*—“peace be with you.” “I make prayers for thy greatness.” “May thy shadow never be less,” says the polite and facile Persian.

The ancient Greeks, a joyful people, full of life, action, and success, offered their salutation in the single word *kaire*—“rejoice.” The commercial and enterprising Genoese of the middle ages, used to say, *Sancta e guedagno*—“health and gain.” The Frenchman, who busies himself mainly with the shapes and shows of things, lets us into the very soul of his character by his *Comme vous portez-vous?*—“how do you carry yourself?” *Leben sic wohl*—“live thou well,” is the kind wish expressed in the parting salutation of the easy, phlegmatic German.

The voyaging, trading character of the Hollander is typified in the *Ho vaarfs-ge*—“how fare ye?” with which he salutes you. The Swede says *Hur ma nif*—“how can you.” John Bull and Brother Jonathan, in a cordial and business-like tone, greet you with *How do you do?* What could be more characteristic of the great and potential Anglo-Saxon race? “How do you do?” “I am well.” Reader, how do you do?

CURIOS ETYMOLOGIES.—*Boudoir* is from *bu-der*—“to pout,” so a boudoir is, in plain English, “a pouting-room.” *Parlor* is from *parler*—“to speak,” and is therefore the “talking room.” *Solicism* is derived from *Soli*, a town in Cilicia, said to have been founded by Solon, and peopled by Athenians, who were afterward charged with corrupting the language.

A QUESTION.—What word of four syllables can be spelled with three figures and two letters?

Ans.—Extenuate—X 10 U 8!

OLD ENGLISH.—The earliest ballad now remaining in the English language is believed to

be a “Cuckoo Song,” written during the reign of Henry III. We give it as a specimen of the English language, as it was then written, and as a very pretty literary curiosity :

Summer is cumin in,
Shude sing cuccu;
Groweth sed and bloweth med
And springth the wde nu,
Sing Cuccu.
Awe beteth after lamb,
Shouth after calve cu,
Bulluc sterteth,
Bucke resteth,
Murie sing Cuccu,
Cuccu, Cuccu;
Wel singes thee Cuccu
Ne swik thee never nu.

WOMAN'S GOODNESS.—A correspondent to the *Nashville Gazette*, who signs herself “Sophia,” says that woman is twice as good as man, and proves it by the very orthography—W-O-M-A-N—double *you*, O, man!

ORIGIN OF EPAULETS.—There is nothing like digging into the past, if you would dissipate romance. Who would have supposed that epaulets were originally a padded protection against scaber cuts, as the following account asserts:

It has often been asked, “What is the use of epaulets,” and also asserted that “they are intended to recognize rank.” Epaulets originated with the English knights and their retainers, during the crusades to the Holy Land.

At that period the French and Italian knights wore costly armor, and the Eastern chiefs were arrayed in a style of magnificence not then known to the English; most of the latter, dressed in uncouth woolen or cotton armor, made a very sorry appearance among their more gaudy and light-hearted neighbors. In a short time the English knights, in order to protect their shoulders from the keen edge of the Saracen's cimeter, placed thereon pads, stuffed with hair or wool.

Afterward, their taste having been improved by association, these pads were ornamented with fringes, taken from their Eastern enemies; and

finally, when the unwielded armor was totally dispensed with in consequence of the general use of gunpowder, the pads with fringes became the modern epaulets.

QUESTION.—A man has a stone weighing 40 pounds. By accident it is broken into 4 parts; and he finds that by using these parts, he can weigh any number of pounds from 1 to 40. How much did each part weigh?

ANSWERS to the "Antiquarian Relic" have been received from several. They all agree that "Beneath this stone reposeth Claud Coster, tripe-seller, of Impington, as doth his consort Jane."

Several questions have been sent us for the Museum, which we are compelled to omit in this number. We hope our young friends, and indeed all the readers of "The Student" will send us curiosities and questions for this repository, and then give us answers to the questions published here.

Record of Events.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—This magnificent structure is progressing rapidly. The framework of the second story is now being elevated to its proper place. Letters from agents in Europe and Asia communicate daily the fact that contributions of the most interesting character are being got in readiness, by various nations. The Sultan of Turkey has, it is said, expressed his intention of devoting a war-steamer to the purpose of conveying contributions to this country. Baron Marachetti's colossal statue of Washington, just completed, is to be exhibited.

THE FRENCH EMPIRE.—The new Constitution, in the name of the Empire, has been promulgated. The emperor is invested with power to pardon and grant amnesties, and he may preside, at choice, over the Senate and Council of State. Public works are to be ordered by imperial decree. The successors to the throne are to be French princes. The emperor's eldest son is to be styled *Prince Imperial*. The members of the Senate are to be nominated by the emperor. Nine articles of the Constitution of January 4th, 1852, are abrogated. The emperor has been formally recognized by the principal powers of the earth.

THE FLORIDA INDIANS.—The remnant of the Seminoles, of whom Billy Bowlegs is chief, have again refused to leave Florida, according to agreement. It is rumored that they have formally declared war against the United States, and that General Hopkins, and the small force under him, have been massacred. The State Government of Florida has taken measures to raise troops for the defense of the frontier, and the President of the United States has addressed a message to Congress on the subject.

GOLD IN VERMONT.—Specimens of gold have been discovered on Quechee River, near Bridgewater, Vt., corroborating previous reports of the existence of the precious metal in that State.

THOMAS F. MEAGHER, the Irish patriot and exile, has been lecturing in the West during the winter, and recently in New York and Boston, and has everywhere spoken to crowded and delighted audiences. In Boston his reception was most enthusiastic, and he addressed an audience of nearly 3,000 people in the new Music Hall.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT ELECT, William R. King, has gone to Cuba, on account of his health.

DISTRESS IN MADEIRA.—A fearful state of destitution is said to prevail in the island of Madeira, in consequence of the failure, or, rather, the destruction of the vine and the potato crops. A meeting of the benevolent has been held in this city, to take measures for the relief of the suffering people.

TELEGRAPH TO THE PACIFIC.—A memorial has been presented to Congress, asking for a grant of 1,500,000 acres of land, to be located along the line of telegraph to be constructed between St. Louis and San Francisco, by way of Salt Lake City. The projectors contemplate the construction of a subterranean line, with testing tubes every five miles, and working stations every hundred miles.

MORTALITY OF NEW YORK.—The number of deaths in this city during the year 1852, was 21,558. The deaths of children is a remarkable item of this account, and particularly the number of still-born infants. The infant mortality stands thus: infants still-born, 1,398; children one year old and under, 5,296; children two years old and under, 2,895; children five years old and under, 2,488.

A CALORIC ENGINE ON THE OHIO.—The *Cincinnati Gazette* is informed that a responsible business house in that city has contracted for the building of a first-class packet boat, to run thence to St. Louis or New Orleans, which is to be propelled by a caloric engine. All honor to the men who first introduce Ericsson's engines on the Ohio. .

REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.—A formidable revolutionary movement has been going on for several months in the unhappy republic of Mexico, and at our latest dates President Arista had resigned, and the revolutionists were almost everywhere successful. A regular battle had been fought between the revolutionists and the government troops, in which the latter were defeated. It is expected that Santa Anna will return, and will be proclaimed dictator.

Great excitement prevailed at Tampico, in consequence of the alleged march of two thousand Texans upon Tamaulipas. A Mexican war steamer was reported off the mouth of the Rio Grande on the 19th ult.

THE ERICSSON.—The successful trial-trip of the caloric ship Ericsson has attracted great attention throughout the country. The principle involved is thought to be fully established, and a complete revolution in the traveling and industrial world is confidently anticipated. The performance of the vessel exceeded the most ardent expectations of those most interested. The Ericsson is still incomplete, and will undergo sundry alterations before she will make a long sea-voyage.

RECENT DEATHS.

HON. WILLIAM UPHAM, United States Senator from Vermont, died at Washington on the 14th ult. He had been a senator nearly ten years, and was a man of generous impulses and sterling integrity.

THE MOTHER OF LOUIS Kossuth died in Belgium on the 28th of December, and the Government of that country refused her illustrious son the small consolation of permission to visit her in her last moments, or to attend her funeral, except under the escort of the police! The funeral took place in the night, by order of the Government, to prevent a popular demonstration!

For Children.

EXACTNESS IN TEACHING.

BY J. S. R.

TEACHER.—What does the denominator of a fraction show?

1st Scholar.—The denominator shows the size of the parts expressed by the fraction.

Teacher.—Very well. But how does the denominator show the size of the parts?

2d Scholar.—The denominator shows the size of the parts by showing how many such parts the unit is divided into.

Teacher.—Very well. Now what other answer can you give?

3d Scholar.—The denominator shows the size of the parts by showing how many such parts make a unit.

Teacher.—Very well indeed. I prefer this answer to the other, though many good teachers prefer the first, or, at least, they teach it. But I think if they should investigate the matter more carefully, they would see sufficient reasons for preferring the view given in the second answer. Sometimes it may be well to adopt the view given in the first answer; but ordinarily the other view will be found much more natural and direct, especially when a fraction is considered an expression of division, and in all operations upon the denominator of a fraction. I would not except even the formation of fractions. Thus, we will describe a circle, call it a unit, and express it by the figure 1. Now bisect the circle, and express one of the parts by the same figure 1, but to distinguish this from the expression of a unit, we will write the figure 2 under it, thus, $\frac{1}{2}$, to show either how many such parts the unit is divided into, or how many such parts make the unit. So far either view is natural. But now let us bisect the other part by a radius, and express one of the quadrants by the same figure 1, and to distinguish it, write under it the figure 4, thus, $\frac{1}{4}$, not to show how many parts the unit is divided into, for it is yet divided into only three parts; but obviously to show how many such parts would make the unit. Similar remarks might be made upon further sub-divisions.

Teacher.—Now reduce $\frac{1}{4}$ to units.

4th Scholar.—Since the unit is divided into thirteen equal parts—

Teacher.—No. The next.

5th Scholar.—Since the unit is divided into four equal parts, there will be as many units as 4 is contained times in 18, which is 8 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Teacher.—Pretty well. Will the next explain the same?

6th Scholar.—Since there are thirteen such parts that every four of them would make a unit, there will be as many units as 4 is contained times in 18, which is 8 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Teacher.—Very well indeed. Do you not see how much more direct the reasoning is when we consider the denominator as showing how many parts make a unit?

This brief sketch of a recitation is given to direct the attention of teachers to their modes of expression. It is thought if teachers would carefully observe, they would detect themselves in using and teaching expressions that are not well adapted to convey the true meaning. In cases where ratio is involved, there is great looseness of expression. Thus, "ten times larger," instead of ten times as large, is very common. Larger is entirely indefinite, and when multiplied by 10 can not give a definite product. Much less can "ten times smaller" be a definite quantity. It may truly be said there is good authority for these expressions. But would it not be better to use expressions that do not require the learner to overcome some absurdity before they can be understood? Is it well to multiply difficulties unnecessarily?

Do not teachers often put their questions in such vague and indefinite terms as to confuse

the minds of the scholars? As a sample of such questions witness the following, which are selected from questions used by the School Committee of a neighboring city in the examination of their High School:

1. At the North Pole what is the length of the longest day and night? At what time does the sun rise and set?
2. Answer, the same at the Equator.
3. What is the size of a regular hexagon that may be inscribed in a circle?
4. How many regular polyhedrons can there be?
5. Suppose a wheel turns twice in tracking 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft., and that it turns 200 times in going round a bowling green, what is the area in acres, rods, and rods?
6. Into how many triangles may every polygon be divided?
7. How many figures are there which will exactly fill the angular space about a point?
8. How is an angle at the circumference of a circle measured?

This list might be enlarged, but it is unnecessary, and equally so for me to point out the faults. They are sufficiently obvious, but the more the questions are examined, the more absurd and ridiculous they will appear. Teachers may justly feel aggrieved at having their schools examined by such questions, and their own professional character deduced from the tabular arrangement of the answers. Then would not they do well to scrutinize their own habits, that they may not be chargeable with like injustice to their pupils?—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

Editor's Table.

CHAT WITH OUR READERS.

We regret that in consequence of the illness of Dr. Newman, we are unable to continue, in the present number, the lessons on Physiology, but hope he may be able to resume them again for the next number.

Our contributors have sent us, already, several interesting articles for the March Student. This is what we like, to receive communications at

least one month in advance of publication; then we are able to arrange them so as to present a better variety. We shall be happy to receive articles for the April Student during the present month.

BUSINESS LETTERS.—One word on this subject. Very few people know how to write a good business letter. Most people say too much that is foreign to the subject, and do not specify dis-

tinctly and concisely what they should. This is a subject upon which teachers may and should give instruction to their pupils, teaching them the importance of distinctness, brevity, and plainness in writing letters. We have not time, and do not intend here, to tell how this may or should be accomplished, but we will give a few suggestions which, if practiced, will go far to improve business letters.

First. Give the post-office and *state* from which you write. It is astonishing how many letters are written, in which no state is mentioned. We receive such every day, and often are unable to answer them from the fact, that we can not tell in what state the writer lives. This omission is probably owing to carelessness, or the presumption that every body knows where he, the writer, lives.

Second. State, at once, and first of all, after the date and address, what you want. If you have any compliments, explanations, comments, or other matters to communicate, do it afterward, and separate from the business by a space of one blank line, at least.

PRINCE'S SPRING-FOUNTAIN PEN.—We have been writing with one of these pens all day, without using an ink-stand, or so much as once dipping the point into any fluid. Prince's Patent Pen is a new invention, and one which promises to succeed admirably. It is so arranged, that the barrel of the pen-holder may be filled with ink, and by means of a spring under where the thumb rests upon it in writing, the ink is pressed down into the pen, and thus flows from morning till night, or while the pen is used. From once filling, it will last to write some six or eight sheets of paper.

It may be laid down the same as any other pen, or carried in the pocket like a pencil-case; and without an ink-stand can be made ready for use at any time, nearly as quickly as the pencil-case. It seems to us that it will prove a valuable invention for reporters, of all kinds; and especially for those who write in phonography. It will save the time lost in dipping for ink at every three or four words; besides, the ink flows uniformly and constantly.

Literary Notices.

THE SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT; Sketches of the Life of Mr. Samuel Budgett. By William Arthur. 12mo. 335 pp. Published by D. Appleton & Co., No. 200 Broadway, New York.

This is not a story of some ideal merchant, or a book

for the passing hour; but an actual biography of a man who was justly distinguished in the commercial world. It occupies a new field in biography, yet it deals with something besides dollars and cents, and making money; it describes a *Man*—a *man* in his business and social relations. The subject of the biography resided at Bristol, England, and from small means, in the space of thirty years became the proprietor and director of one of the largest and most thoroughly-organized and best-managed establishments in his city. It is full of useful suggestions to the business man, and written in an interesting style. In a future number we propose to give some extracts from its pages.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY. is a new magazine, which commenced with January. It is an octavo of 120 pages, and consists entirely of original articles by eminent American writers. It aims to combine the best characteristics of a popular magazine, with the higher qualities of a Quarterly Review. From the two numbers before us, it gives promise of success, and may be not unappropriately styled the "Blackwood of America." Terms, \$3 00 a year. Published by George P. Putnam & Co., No. 10 Park Place, New York.

AMERICAN POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL, devoted to Science, Mechanic Arts, and Agriculture, is another new monthly candidate for public patronage. It is conducted by Prof. Charles G. Page, J. J. Greenough, and Charles L. Fleischmann. Washington, D. C., and No. 6 Wall Street, New York. Terms, \$3 00 a year; 80 pages. The number before us contains several able articles on scientific subjects.

EDUCATIONAL JOURNALS.

"*The New York Teacher.*"—Octavo, 32 pages, monthly; \$1 00 a year; address T. W. Valentine, Albany, N. Y.

"*The Massachusetts Teacher.*"—Octavo, 32 pages, monthly; \$1 00 a year; address Samuel Coolidge, Boston, Mass.

"*The Ohio Journal of Education.*"—Octavo, 32 pages, monthly; \$1 00 a year; address Lorin Andrews, Columbus, Ohio.

These are the best three monthly journals, devoted exclusively to education, and especially designed for teachers, that are published in the Union. The following are other educational journals on our table: "Journal of Education," quarto, 8 pages, semi-monthly, \$1 00 a year; Bath, Maine.—"Rhode Island Educational Magazine," octavo, 16 pages, monthly, 50 cents a year; address E. R. Potter, Providence, R. I.—"The Pennsylvania School Journal," octavo, 32 pages, monthly, \$1 00 a year; address T. H. Burrows, Lancaster, Pa.—"The Journal of Education for Upper Canada," quarto, 16 pages, monthly, \$1 00 a year; address, J. Geo. Hodgins, Toronto, C. W.—"District School Journal of Education, of the State of Iowa," octavo, 16 pages, \$1 00 a year; address, R. E. Gilbert, Dubuque, Iowa; and "The Southern School Journal," octavo, 16 pages, monthly, \$1 00 a year; address Thomas F. Scott, Columbus, Ga. These last two are new journals; both commenced with January, 1853. We wish them all abundant success. The one published at Columbus, Ga., we believe, is the only educational journal in the Southern states.

THE STUDENT.

COMMERCE AND ITS MISSION.*

BY WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M.

COMMERCE is not one of the Muses. A bargain is not so beautiful a thing as a poem, an oratorio, a picture, or a flight of eloquence. Yet the bargain holds no mean place in the frame-work of this present world. It is the first *material* bond of human society. By it the individual acquires what he could not produce, and is relieved of what he could not employ. By it the best fruits of a skill possessed by one alone are distributed throughout the community; and the one, in serving the community, is advancing himself.

By it, nation is linked with nation, in a thousand beneficial connections. By it, the dissimilar produce of climates lying wide apart, meet in a single home; the temperate zone gathering winter comfort from the pole, and summer luxury from the equator. Much as we should regret the departure from our world of the poem, the picture, or the oration, that would not leave mankind so utterly at a loss as the departure of the less beautiful bargain. Without it, we could never behold a shop, a public conveyance, a factory, a ship, a railway, or an extensive town.

Commerce, on the grand scale, is connected with the chief events of history, with all the noted terrestrial discoveries, all the scenes of nature, all the spheres of enterprise, all the triumphs of invention, all the manners of the nations. It is by the light of commerce that, far away on the misty frontier of history, we first catch sight of Phœnicia, careering on the ancient seas; of Greece, receiving her colonies and her lights; of Carthage, spreading enterprise around the west; of ancient Britain, emerging out of the unknown, and holding in her hand, as her modest contribution to the common store of mankind, a goodly supply of tin.

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It is commerce that first tells us of bright rich lands in the distant east, beyond the range of western politics and wars; that brings thence gems, and spice, and silky robe, which, to northern eyes, look as if they came from some strange realm of light; that, displaying these, stirs up her first-born offspring, enterprise, to stretch her flight for their native lands; that, at length, placing enterprise on her own wings, bears her across the wide Atlantic, and lets her gaze on a new continent; then, carrying her round the African cape, unfolds the real scene whence the great excitement came—the Taprobane, the Golden Chersonesus, the lands of cinnamon and peacocks; of pearl, ivory, and diamond; of muslin, sandal-wood, and silk.

It is commerce which presides at the inauguration of the new age, when Europe founds empires beyond the sea, and east and west meet together in new rivalries and friendships, till the devotees of trade cover every eminence of Columbia with foreign standards, and transfer the gorgeous realm of the Great Mogul to masters who confess the creed of the Nazarene.

Her course amid the paths of nature is not less wonderful than among those of history. Now she is overwhelmed in the simoom, now refreshed on the oasis; now hemmed in by the icebergs, now drenched by the water-spout; now lashed by the monsoon, now enchain'd by the calm; now steadily wafted by the trade-wind, now broken upon the rock; now joyfully riding in the haven, now away on the open main, where sky and sea alone can meet her eye; now hastening through the hollow tunnel, where cloud, and tree, and wave

* From the "Successful Merchant," a commercial biography, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

are alike unseen ; now chasing an invisible land by the mysterious track of the magnet ; now reading in the conjunction, the transit, the eclipse, or the culminating sun, her instructions how to travel upon earth.

And all the feats whereof poetic rapture ever sang, are surely to be matched by those which are daily displayed in the service of commerce. The huntsman chasing tiger, elephant, lion, bear, ostrich, and kangaroo ; the diver seeking pearl ; the fisherman vanquishing the whale ; the miner undoing the bolts and bars of nature's treasure-vaults ; the mariner wrestling with both wind and sea ; the engineer scooping the hill or spanning the strait ; the caravan daring the sands ; the fleet braving the waters ; the bullock-train encountering the kloof ; and all that ancient poets could find to originate ideas of Cyclops and supernatural powers, was little to the flaming wonders of one night's survey from Dudley Castle, or one day's study of the magic hives of Manchester.

Then, commerce mounts upon every steed ; now on the camel, patient as a thing inanimate ; now on the ship, active as a thing of life, with canvas wing and magnet scent ; now on the fleet horse, now on the drowsy buffalo ; now on the toiling wain, now on the flying engine ; now on the steadfast mule, now on the quivering steamboat ; now she follows the fleet foot of the reindeer, now loiters on the dank canal, now skims in the slight canoe, now rolls in the thundering train, now whirrs on the wing of the carrier-pigeon, now clings to the writhing catamaran.

Commerce, too, has done much toward fulfilling its mission. It was ordained to bind man to man, province to province, and nation to nation, by the solid tie of common interests. "Had all nations found at home every thing necessary and agreeable, it is impossible to conceive to what extent their mutual alienations might have proceeded. China and Japan help us to an idea of that which, in such a case, would have constituted nationality."

But God gave each individual a relish for all that is charming in creation, yet distributed the productions which all enjoy over the various zones of the earth. Consequently, if the people of one land would

partake of all they coveted, it was necessary to know and to deal with the people of other lands. Thence came that interchange of services by which we now see the beverage of Englishmen depending on the rains in China, the wealth of many a Chinese on the markets of England, the bread of many a family in Manchester on the weather of Carolina, the comfort of many a home in Leeds on the sheep of the Cape and Australia, the welfare of many a Spanish vine-grower on the rents of the English squire, the value of Norwegian pine on a vote at St. Stephen's, the prosperity of a Russian hemp-grower on the prosperity of England, and the robes of the Swedish ladies on the silk-worms of the south.

Commerce is the appointed medium for making that universal in benefit which is local in production ; for preserving in men a sense of dependence upon other men ; and thus, for giving the most favored nations a knowledge of the conditions of others, an interest in their welfare, and a facility for that intercourse by which they may teach and elevate. It is not a spiritual or sentimental tie, but a material bond—a chain of gold—by which the hand of Providence has linked the interests of all men in a connection which the most carnal eye may see ; but which, when recognized, tends to facilitate all the errands of Christianity among the nations.

"Commerce is a dirty thing," we have heard literary lips say. Yes, in dirty hands it is a dirty thing ; and in rude hands a rude thing ; and in covetous hands, a paltry, pelfry thing. Nevertheless, it is a thing on which those who despise it are largely dependent. Without it, the author would have no market for his work ; the intellectual gentleman no book-store ; the lady no sumptuous furniture ; the fop no finery ; the idler no dainties. And, what is far more important, it is the thing in which the bulk of our countrymen are spending their lives, and in which the majority of future generations will spend their lives, too—the thing on which their earthly hopes will depend, in which their souls will be tempted, exercised chained down to the dust, or prepared for immortal joy.

"MARY HATH CHOSEN THE GOOD PART."

BY MRS. E. M. GUTHRIE.

THE warm breath of spring had emancipated the ice-bound streams, and made the air vocal with the melody of her myriad songsters. Her sunlight had roused the flowers from their long winter slumber, and arrayed the trees with delicate buds and pendant bloom. It was during this season that a young girl, with a happy face, said to one who sat engaged with her needle—

"Come, my sister, lay your work aside, and we will walk awhile ere the sun goes down; you have been sitting much of the time to-day, and you require exercise."

"You will please excuse me this evening, Mary, for my dress is yet to finish, or it will not be in readiness to wear at Mrs. Barton's. Is it not very beautiful, sister? I think I never saw a more lovely thing in my life," said the one addressed, arranging tastefully the folds of rich texture that lay upon her lap.

"It is very pretty for a dress, Martha; but go forth with me, and you shall behold tints that will shame the richest of Parisian fabrics. But I can see no great necessity for completing the dress, while you have plenty of others to wear," urged the sister.

"Nonsense, Mary; I prefer a change occasionally. Variety and freshness add wonderfully to one's appearance, and I am bent upon finishing the dress, if I do not retire before midnight," returned Martha, plying her needle industriously.

"Then I must go without you; but, believe me, Martha, the pure air would add a variety and freshness that would rival your new apparel, beautiful though it may be. As for me, I will go abroad and treasure the healthful offerings of nature in my 'heart of hearts,' and it will prove to me in after years a source of true pleasure," said Mary, as she passed on with a buoyant step, while Martha remained sewing, with an aching head.

The morrow came, both started for school, the one refreshed and cheerful, the other weary and unhappy; the former found study a delightful employment,

while the latter approached it as an irk some task.

As these young ladies were returning homeward at the close of day, Martha remarked, that Mrs. Barton would have a pleasant evening for her social gathering.

"But, Martha," added Mary, "I shall excuse myself from the party, to attend Professor Sutton's lecture."

"Why, I have heard of no lecture. What is the subject?" inquired the sister.

"It is to be the first of a course upon Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene. Did you not hear the appointment, after our recitation in Physiology?" asked Mary.

"I really did not, it must have been given while I was asleep; I felt so much fatigued that I rested my head upon my books, and could keep my eyes open no longer."

"Indeed, Martha, you lost much, for our class was more than usually interesting, besides, the study is of the *deepest* importance to young persons like us, who so often violate the simplest laws of health, from *ignorance* of their penalty," said Mary, gravely.

"Really, now," answered Martha, "the study appears to me very uninteresting; just about as dry as the bones of Professor Sutton's old skeleton, and I see no particular need of persons of our sex parleying with the sciences. If a lady is accomplished in the fine arts, can converse and read fluently, write a legible hand, cook a good dinner, and dress well, she may pride herself upon a *finished* education. At all events, I shall not forsake the party for any prosy lecture."

"Very well, do as you like," said Mary; and while Martha was preparing for the gayeties of the evening, she was abroad gathering the sweets exhaled from unnumbered sources under the genial reign of spring. The piping of frogs in the pond, the undertone of the unresting stream, the ethereal voice of the wind, were all laden with instruction. As she interpreted them, they spoke of cheerful content and quiet advancement, and a prayer of deep gratitude arose from her heart for so blessed an existence.

When the hour arrived, she turned her steps to the lecture-room, and was well

compensated for her attendance, for she imbibed new and practical ideas, listened to many important facts, returned at an early hour, and passed a night of refreshing slumber, while Martha, remaining at Mrs. Barton's until late, came home feverish, nervous, and well-nigh sick, so that she was unable to attend school upon the day following.

"My daughters," said Mr. Ellis, the father of our young friends, "while in the city, I purchased a gift for each of you. Martha, you, as the eldest, may take your choice." Here he displayed an elegantly bound volume and a casket of exquisite workmanship. Mary's eyes brightened as she discovered the book to be the compiled works of her favorite author. Martha opened the casket, examining it attentively for a moment, then she turned to the book, searching its pages for sentimental scraps that she hoped it might contain. "This book will be a splendid ornament for the table, but the contents look rather dry to me. Upon the whole, father, I think I prefer the casket," said she, thanking him gracefully as she took it again from the table.

Mary seemed far from dissatisfied as she eagerly clasped the volume. "It will be a fine ornament for the table, but within I shall find the *head* ornaments; for these I value it; for *these* I thank you, father."

As the parent returned the affectionate caress of his child, a joyful tear stood in his eye, for he thought, "Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away." Thus it ever proved; Mary sought for wealth of mind, the riches of ever-increasing value, while Martha was pleased with the superficialities of life, that "perish with the using."

We will no longer follow Mary along the pleasant paths of rectitude, or Martha upon her devious way, but will peruse portions of two very characteristic letters, written years after the first date of our history. The following was read by the father, with a sorrowful expression of countenance:

"DEAR PARENTS—I am so tortured with *ennui*, that I write for the sake of something to do. This evening, for the first time during the 'gay season,' I am at

home alone. We have nothing in the house just now worth one's time to read, and Arthur is gone, so I am '*miserably lonely*.' By-the-way, we had a very brilliant party last evening; it passed off with great *eclat*. Many distinguished individuals were present, but people do become so insipid after one has seen them awhile, that it is enough to make any sensitive person misanthropic. * * *

"Father, I believe we shall send Harry to stay awhile with you; he is so noisy of late that he almost distracts me. I have no faculty to get along with children, and I believe that you can manage him better than we can here. My constitution is so extremely delicate that I can bear very little nervous excitement." * * *

As Mr. Ellis read this, with much more of the same nature, he sighed deeply, for Martha, who penned the letter, in spite of wealth, and every *seeming* advantage, was miserable. But a change came over the play of his features as he read over and over again the following from Mary, in her distant home:

"You inquire, 'Are you happy now as you were wont to be?' I answer, yes, dear parents, for in my youth I garnered up much of the sunshine that danced upon our door-stone, and round our cottage hearth. This would last me a long lifetime, even of adversity; but I have the good fortune to be able to transmit of my cheerfulness hourly to those around me. This I find is putting happiness out at interest, and so my heart is continually overflowing with its wealth of love. I am content to perform my mission quietly, just as the sunlight and the flowers do, and though words can not express my gratitude to you for the highly practical education you have bestowed upon me, I know you are well compensated by the consciousness of the benefit which I shall always derive from it.

"I find the application of science to every-day life most invaluable, not only in my household duties, but in the training of my little one. How gratifying to see him healthful and happy from the due observance of physical law, and sweeter still, to be enabled wisely to answer his varied questionings without giving false

impressions, or discouraging with evasive replies. And when he shall go forth to study the mysteries of the universe for himself, how happy the feeling that science and knowledge will not sever his mind from the attractions of his childhood, nor alienate his sympathies from the sphere of his mother's thoughts, that, however elevated his aspirations or achievements, he need have no cause to say with a distinguished man of other days, 'I may *love* my mother, but can cherish for her no *respect*.' And though he may outstrip me in intellectual attainments, may he never feel that the employments of his mind transcend my power of appreciation, or that his *mother* can not be an *intelligent* sharer of his mental pleasures."

The old gentleman folded the letter. "Alas!" said he, "Martha is troubled with much serving, a servitude to unfortunate *habits of mind*, but our dear Mary has truly 'chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away.'"

SPRING-TIME THOUGHTS.

BY ANNE F. ADAMS.

THE winter months are over. The icy reign of the stern old frost-king is past. At the head of his retinue of piercing winds, and blinding snow, and hail-storms, he is himself already out of sight. But he has a long train of attendants, and they have not yet all withdrawn to their summer quarters around the North Pole.

Winter is of too hard and stern a nature to have many friends. His manners are cold and repulsive. Very few rejoice at his coming. We submit to his first rude salute as to an inevitable necessity. The poor, as they watch him mustering his forces, cry out piteously, "God help us!" They shiver at the thought of wide cracks in miserable cabin-walls, and insufficient rags, which flutter gayly, as in sport, in the first keen breath from his nostrils.

Ah! the poor can not welcome the icy tyrant, who drives the young and innocent into the haunts of pollution. At the first signal of his coming we echo the cry of

the destitute, and pray "God help them." For their sakes, we rejoice that

"The stormy March has come at last."

Rude, blustering, noisy fellow though he be, we are so glad to have him unlock the springs, and set the brooks running, that we readily excuse his making so great a commotion. Though he has the bad taste often exhibited by other imitators, to copy some of the *faults* of his predecessor, we know he has secret influences at work, by which even now the buds are swelling, and

"Flowers are peeping from their sleeping.

In the train of spring follow the "pomp and garniture" of summer. It is the season of hope, the birth-time of expectation. From the heights of this bright land of promise, let us look back upon the winter just past. To many, it has afforded a rare opportunity for improvement. The rest from labor which the farmer enjoys, the long evenings so favorable to study, make this barren season the harvest-time of the country scholar. In towns and cities, opportunities of acquiring knowledge have multiplied, and, through lectures, the best thoughts of the best minds are made the property of the million.

Again, a season has been afforded us for the exercise of those gentle charities which bind man to his fellow. The poor, whom we have always with us, have appealed to us anew for clothes, and food, and fire, to keep them from perishing. And, inasmuch as we have listened to their plea, and ministered to their necessities, we have linked ourselves in sympathy with the bounteous All-Father.

But the winter has gone, with its golden opportunities for improvement and usefulness. Have its numbered hours carried up a good report to the recording angel? If they have not, let us remember that the present season, too, is fleeting, and with the fresh vigor of the spring-time let us take up the broken links in the chain of our good actions, and see to it that they are never sundered more.

THE head can not long act the part of the heart.



JOHN ERICSSON.

THE "Breathing Ship," *Ericsson*, is now attracting universal attention, and it is proclaimed far and wide that "the age of steam is closed, and the age of caloric opened." A great triumph in science and mechanics has undoubtedly been achieved. Any facts in regard to the man who has so nobly earned the success which has at last crowned his persevering efforts, must be of general interest, and the readers of *THE STUDENT* will, doubtless, be pleased to find on its pages a brief sketch of his life.

Captain Ericsson is a knight of the Order of Vasa, a member of many scientific societies, and, better than all the rest, a citizen of the United States.

The portrait which we give at the head of this article will give the reader a better idea of the personal appearance of the subject of our sketch than any written description could possibly convey.

John Ericsson was born on the 31st of July, 1808, in the province of Västergötland, Sweden. His mechanical genius was developed at a very early age, and attracted the attention of scientific and distinguished men; and among others of Count Platen, Viceroy of Norway, who procured his appointment as a cadet in a corps of engineers. He was for a time in the Swedish army, in which he attained the rank of captain, but he never lost sight of his favorite pursuits.

In 1829 he visited England, and competed for the prize offered by the Liverpool and Manchester Railway for the best locomotive, and he produced an engine which attained the astonishing speed of fifty miles an hour. He is the first man who ever built a tubular boiler with an artificial draft. The steam fire-engine also owes its origin to his inventive genius.

Mr. Ericsson's name has long been fa-

miliar to the public in this country, in connection with several important inventions. The screw propeller was introduced into practical use by him. He planned and superintended the construction of the machinery of the United States' steam-frigate, Princeton, acknowledged to be the most complete vessel-of-war in the world. All her machinery is below the water line. Another of his inventions, is an instrument for measuring distances at sea, exhibited in the American Department of the World's Fair.

But Mr. Ericsson's greatest and most important invention is the caloric engine. This was first brought before the scientific world in London, in 1833, when he constructed an engine of five horse power, and exhibited it to a number of scientific gentlemen. It met, even in its imperfect state, with the approbation of the celebrated Farraday, Dr. Andrew Ure, Dr. Lardner, and others. From that time to the present, Mr. Ericsson has been employed in perfecting his invention. He has progressed step by step, and one by one, the practical difficulties which stood in the way of his success have been overcome, and now—a proud day it must be for him—the "Breathing Ship"

"Walks the waters like a thing of life."

"The chief agent involved in the operation of this engine, is that of using heated air in place of steam, and in using the same heat over and over again. This is effected in a very simple way, through the intervention of what is called a 'regenerator' between the valves and cylinder, which is nothing more or less than a mass of 1-16th inch wire, compactly interwoven, the whole containing 24 square feet.

"Upon the heated air passing through this, the caloric is absorbed, and the cold air, in returning, is again heated nearly enough to continue the motion of the engine. Seventy-five tons of air are drawn through the 100,000,000 meshes of the wire each hour. The resistance to its passage is almost imperceptible. In its passage through the meshes, the air is instantaneously heated to 400 degrees as rapid as the electric flash. The wires are not oxidized by the process.

"There is a pair of cylinders on either side of the shaft—each composed of two sections—the upper, called the supply cylinder, which is 137 inches in diameter, and the lower, or working cylinder, having a diameter of 168 inches, or 14 feet. The atmospheric air is admitted from above in what is termed the receiver, and circulates between the two sections through the side pipes, in which is the 'regenerator.' Consequently, the pressure above and below, leaving out of view the increased area of the working cylinder, is the same.

"A pair of these cylinders is placed each side of the shaft. The power can be increased by enlarging the diameter of the cylinder. It was originally intended to have the cylinder of the Ericsson 16 feet in diameter, instead of 14, as at present. But it was thought to be impossible to make them. The increased size would nearly double the power, and give a speed equal to that of any ocean steamer.

"Twelve pounds pressure is used to the square inch, and this can not be exceeded without increasing the temperature, which is objectionable. The furnace fires are five feet from the bottom of the cylinder. One of these furnace bottoms will last five years. Anthracite is the best fuel, as it makes no flame. The cylinder above the fires is 1½ inch in thickness, but so arched as to have great strength. Even were it to break, the contents of the cylinder would pass off harmlessly. There is consequently no expensive steam boiler to be frequently renewed, and no liability to explosion. If the engineer got asleep, the engine would only stop.

"The engine in the *Ericsson* is of 600 horse power, and not more than 7 tons of coal per day can possibly be consumed. In a steamship of the same power, 60 tons per day would be a low calculation. Mr. Ericsson stated further that this ship was started before she was finished, because it was said to be a dead failure, and the effect was prejudicial to the interests of those concerned with him in the enterprise. But the results had far exceeded his anticipations. But half a pound to the square inch was necessary to start the engines. The weight of the crank alone was sufficient to do this.

"Its simplicity is one of its most valuable qualities, the number of parts being not more than 1 to 20 compared with those of the steam-engine. The wheels are 32 feet in diameter, the buckets 10^t long, and 20 inches wide. They are much narrower than usual, but placed closer together. They leave the water very easily. The stock of the piston is six feet.

"The engine occupies less space than the ordinary one, and is regarded as well adapted to naval vessels, as a clear space is left on either side of it, which would allow room for the management of guns. In the Ericsson the state-rooms are continued throughout the entire length of the vessel, and number 64. There are, besides, ample decks for freight, as but little room is required for coal.

"To meet the objection that the new motor would smother and burn every thing on board, it is only necessary to say that, much to the chagrin of Captain Ericsson, it has been found necessary to heat the ship by steam—this being the only steam used. The ventilation is as free and pure as under the open sky.

"Captain Ericsson is now making a condensing apparatus for the conversion of salt water to fresh, during long voyages, for washing, drinking, etc., capable of producing from 300 to 400 gallons of pure water per day. He will thus do away, not only with large coal bunkers, but water tanks; and a voyage may be prolonged to almost any desired extent."

Some wise, conservative engineers shake their heads in doubt and derision relative to the caloric engine, but our hopes and expectations respecting the "Breathing Ship" lean toward its triumphant success.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

BY ANN E. PORTER.

AND thou wouldst go to school, my boy? Wouldst leave,
For the first time, thy mother's side? go forth
Alone, like birdling from its downy nest,
To try the new-fledged wings? Well, then, I'll
wash

That chubby face, and smooth the soft, brown hair
That always, 'neath the moistened brush, in
curls
Of sunny brightness twines. The little coat
Is here with pockets, and with buttons bright—
And, "just as white and shiny as papa's."
The tiny collar, with its ribbon tie.
The satchel, too, with spelling-book and slate,
And ruddy apple for the recess treat.
Last eve I made it, as beside the crib
I sat and watched thy quiet sleep. One kiss,
My boy, and then we'll say "Good-by" till
noon.
But I must stop the wheel of household care,
And from the window watch the tiny feet
That, all unguided by a mother's hand,
Begin life's pilgrimage alone.
But see! he trudges on with firm, quick step—
His head erect, and o'er his shoulders flung
The little satchel, with its burden light.
And hark! methinks I hear a gentle sound—
He hums a tune, or whistles, on his way!
And I would have it thus, my boy,
Nor see thee backward shrink from the thronged
path
Of this world's highway. But yet my timid
Heart fears for thee: yes, and I fain would
watch
Thy passage up the rugged steep of life,
E'en as I watch thee from the window here.
Ah! now I see thee not. In after days
It must be thus. Ere long, this feeble frame
That gave thee life will live no more; these eyes
That gaze so fondly on thee now, in death
Be dim; this heart, whose every pulse beats love
To thee, be silent in the grave; these ears,
That wait thy coming, or list the echo
Of thy parting step, will hear no more.
O God! if e'er immortal life be mine—
If e'er a mother from the spirit-world
Can stoop to bless her child, be such my boon!
Thy hand did kindle first this burning love
Within my soul. It can not be a flame
That fails and flickers when the oil of life
Is spent, but, by the *Spirit* fed, burns bright
And changeless in the world above. Then grant
O God of love! that I may guard this child
E'en when "life's fitful fever shall be o'er!"
Or rather, would I pray, Give me but faith
To trust him in Thy hands, who, as a father,
Loveth all his own.

A WINTER EVENING.

BY DR. J. H. MARSHALL.

To those somewhat advanced in life how many pleasing associations crowd around a winter's evening! Its scenes carry them back in imagination, to the happy days of childhood, when they were blithe and joyous, when cares and anxieties were not oppressing heavily upon them.

The rustic farm-house or humble dwelling, perchance the favorite resort, where the round of innocent enjoyments occupied a leisure hour, a remembrance of the joy-lit countenances of friends and associates, all awaken cherished recollections, almost inducing one to sigh for the past.

But to secure pleasant recollections, when those who are now young shall become old, those precious hours must be spent in such a manner, that as we close our eyes in sleep, we may be able to say, "I have learned something this evening," or, "I have done some good."

To pass the hours of an evening agreeably, it is not absolutely necessary that the "sled should be in running order," or the skates ready for use, or that some playmate should visit you; far from it. A little recreation, however, at a proper time, and under proper circumstances, may be very well, and even necessary, but the lad who *can not* enjoy himself without such amusements, when circumstances may seem to demand it, will not be very likely to enjoy after-life.

Under ordinary circumstances, during most of the time, *home* is decidedly the best place for children. It may, and ought to be, a cherished spot, where the members of the household may really enjoy each other's society, and promote each other's welfare. This is by no means a difficult matter, if the family relation becomes what it was designed to be by our benevolent Creator. It may become a "little world of itself," where every member may do something to promote the general welfare.

It is here that friend may hold sweet intercourse with friend, weep with those over whom the dark pall of adversity has

fallen, and cheer and encourage those in prosperity, divulging the little matters of private interest, from which a cold world might turn away in scorn or indifference, and in this "cosy community" hope to find a sympathizer and counselor.

One can scarcely imagine a scene on earth more interesting than that in which the members of the family are thus dwelling together in harmony, and engaged in such exercises as are promotive of the welfare of all—employments calculated to develop the social, intellectual, and moral powers of each.

To those who may be engaged in busy life, whose other duties demand their undivided attention during the day, these long evenings may be of incalculable advantage, affording an opportunity of acquiring an amount of useful knowledge rarely obtained even by those who devote their lives to intellectual pursuits. Yes, three or four hours each evening, during the years in which it is possible to acquire knowledge with comparative ease, are sufficient to store the mind with a fund of information, of which some of our men and women in high positions might well be proud, if we may be proud of our attainments.

The newspaper, the magazine, the book of travels, the biography, works on science and art, all may well engage the attention during these precious hours. From these sources the young may not only store the mind, but find sources of gratification never enjoyed in the halls of mirth, and receive a "feast" worthy of the immortal mind. Or, if one chooses to go beyond the family circle for entertainment, an evening may be profitably spent in listening to popular lectures, so abundantly afforded at the present day, and so admirably calculated to interest and profit. Indeed, those who may wish to spend their leisure time in enriching the mind, need not become disheartened. The facilities for intellectual culture are already abundant, and every year becoming more and more so.

It has been by patient industry and perseverance that those whose position we may sometimes envy have become what they now are. Their "spare moments," whether in the evening of winter or sum-

mer, or, indeed, whenever obtained, have been employed in acquiring the only *earthly* treasure that may not "take to itself wings," and become dissipated.

Let those, therefore, who are now in the "spring-time of life," be content, nay, anxious, to spend those long evenings where they may receive a fair compensation for the time devoted among those who are, indeed, their friends, and who will aid them in the acquisition of knowledge, instead of resorting to scenes of dissipation, or, indeed, to places of mere amusements.



THE FOUR PHILOSOPHERS.

Four great philosophers

Come every year;
Teach in the open air,
Then disappear!

Winter's the *Stoic*,
So chill and heroic;

He sits in the mountain-breeze biting and pure:
And when, to bring fear and doubt,
Damp nightly winds are out,
Wraps an old cloak about—he can endure.

Spring, at dull hearts to mock,
Comes in a farming-frock,

With garlands and plow-share a lesson doth give;
He sings through the field awhile,
Turns up the soaking soil,
All haste and laughing toil—briskly can live.

Summer, with mantle free,
Epicurean he,

Lolls in the cooling shade, like a tired boy;
While blazing suns, unkind,
Leave the stout mower blind,
Where faints the mountain wind—he can enjoy.

Autumn, when all are done,
He's the good *Christian* one;

Fills well thy granaries, where seeds may lie
New, coming years to bless;
Then, in his russet dress,

All hope and quietness—sweetly can die.

Selected.



THE defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.

Prosperity is a stronger trial of virtue than adversity.

A PURPOSE IN LIFE.

THERE is in every man's bosom a deep-seated purpose, which shapes his action, and in proportion as he realizes it or fails of it, he is happy or miserable. There are a class of persons, more or less human, whose only prayer is, "Give me day by day my daily bread," and having obtained it, they are content. Others ask for wealth, a tantalizing good, which, like the horizon, recedes as the pursuer advances, and being determined not to stop short of their ultimate end, they never rest from their pursuit.

Others are bent on honor and preferment. Their happiness consists in rank and position; their enjoyment, in the triumph over less successful individuals, and their daily thanksgiving is "God be praised I am not as other men." Still another class are ambitious of intellectual distinction and fame, which, unless joined with the desire to use the ability thus acquired for wise and good purposes, is a purely selfish aim.

There are persons who cherish purposes of a higher order, who live for nobler aims, and, for the praise of human nature be it said, who desire nothing so much as the well-being and happiness of all mankind. As an illustration of the truth of this, we quote an anecdote of Mr. DOWNING, which was communicated by an intimate friend, to *The Horticulturist*.

The occasion was an evening visit, where each, in an unrestrained manner, gave vent to his thoughts, and kindly feeling set all hearts a-glow. The writer says: "We were talking of fame, and how far it is desirable, and I do not know through what paths of episode we came to speak of legends and fairy stories, but we found ourselves on that enchanted ground, and each of us in turn saying which of these stories had been his favorite in childhood.

"One of us preferred, before all others, the story in which a fairy gives to some mortal the choice of three wishes, and after due discussion we began to indulge our fancy, with supposing that if each of us had the gift of such a choice, what would he choose? One of us chose unbounded wealth; another troops of friends; another to be perfectly good.

"I remember Mr. Downing's choice: it was for a character of magnetic influence, that should draw all men to him as a benefactor and a friend, that should open paths to him wherever he might walk, and render him capable of infinite service to his fellow men. Without this, he said, wealth would be nothing and fame cold—the shadow and not the substance of a happy life. After this there followed a long discussion. I remember nothing of it; the voice falls round and clear, the sincere look and earnest conviction of the man, abide with me to this hour."

This simple anecdote speaks volumes in praise of Mr. Downing—it is an epitome of his history, the key-note of his life, the spring of his actions, the secret of the power to charm which his writings possess; with such a purpose inspiring his thoughts and his pen, and urging on his ardent and impulsive nature, while his heart was overflowing with benevolence and love to all, how could he be otherwise than eloquent and impressive? How could his thoughts take any other than a chaste and beautiful form? How could he prevent the deep, impassioned feelings of his heart from upwelling and going forth, in kindness and good-will?

It is said of great dramatists, that they seize upon a character in the bloom of its existence, and thus having possessed themselves of its true secret, they go on to detail the history with perfect fidelity and correctness. So is it with this anecdote. It lets us into the privacy of his soul; presents the motives which guided him, and furnishes the crowning stone to the proud monument of his virtues.

If there be a purpose on earth worth living for, laboring for, and dying for, it is this—a character of magnetic influence to draw others toward it, and thus extend one's power of doing good. It is idle to sit listlessly, and wish such a gift. No fairy has the boon in her keeping, nor does it come by special dispensation to a favored few. It comes, if at all, by the efforts of a will that can suffer all things, endure all things, and sacrifice all things, to acquire it.

In such characters we admire the clearness of conception, the beauty of expression, and the sparkle of humor, and we say that

such a man is a spontaneous writer; but his thought and his diction have come by their brilliance by slow degrees, as the waters of the crystal spring become fresh and pure, by distilling little by little in the depths of the earth, again to well up clear and bright.

It is not given to every one alike, to exercise this influence, but when the purpose is entertained, it will give a coloring to life, and shine out in the simplest deeds of kindness and charity. The truth-loving mind and the benevolent heart, in a greater or less degree, are powerful of good, and though their words may seem to fall like seed on stony places, they will spring up and bear fruit where we least expect it.

It is pleasant to look on this bright side of human nature—to think that in every walk in life there are those who live for a similar purpose to that which the lamented Downing so fully realized. Let us not say in our haste that "all men are liars," for every morning's sun smiles upon hearts that are alive to others' interests, and its setting throws the mantle of content over thousands who have worked while the day lasted, for the happiness and prosperity, not of themselves alone, nor of the immediate circle of which they may be the joy and pride, but of world-wide humanity.

The Country Gentleman.

SYMPATHY.

Oh, to see one's own emotion
 Make another's cheek burn bright!

Oh, to mark one's own devotion
 Fill another's eyes with light!

Tears are types of wo and parting,
 But o'er wo a charm is thrown,
When from other eyes are starting
 Tears that mingle with our own.

Never sweeter, never dearer,
 Seems the world and all it holds,
Than when loving hearts see clearer.

 All that "Sympathy" unfolds!
Every thought, and look, and feeling,
 Every passion we can name,
Still a second self revealing!
 Still another, yet the same!

Selected.

WASHINGTON'S PUNCTUALITY.

WASHINGTON was a *minute* man. An accurate clock in the entry at Mount Vernon controlled the movements of the family. At his dinner-parties he allowed five minutes for difference of watches, and then waited for no one. If members of Congress came at a late hour, his simple apology was, "Gentlemen, we are too punctual for you;" or, "Gentlemen, I have a cook who never asks whether the company has come, but whether the hour has come."

Nobody ever waited for General Washington. He was always five minutes before the time; and if parties he had engaged to meet were not present at the season appointed, he considered the engagement canceled, and would leave the place and refuse to return.

Noble trait! May it become a national one.—*Selected.*

VULGAR LANGUAGE.

THERE is as much connection between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and the words. The latter are not only the expressions of the former, but they have a power to react upon the soul, and leave the stain of their corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use one profane or vulgar word, has not only shown that there is a foul spot on his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that spot, and inflames it, till, by indulgence, it will soon pollute and ruin the whole soul.

Be careful of your words, as well as your thoughts. If you can control the tongue, that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind, and save that from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering it, or by preventing bad thoughts from bursting out in language.

Never utter a word anywhere, which you would be ashamed to speak in the presence of the most refined female, or the most religious man. Try this practice a little, and you will soon have command of yourself.—*Selected.*

I LOVE A KIND, AN OPEN HEART.

BY L. R. PEET.

I LOVE a kind—an open heart.

Patient in sorrow, swift to heal,
Rather itself receive the dart.

Than others the keen thrust should feel
Its deepest joy a balm t'impart,
Where poisons wither, frosts congeal.

I love it, such a heart as this;

I love its impulses, that shine
Through eyes which tell of inward bliss,
Calm as its source—almost divine,
And lips that seem but formed to kiss
From weeping eyes the scalding brine.

O! such a heart where shall we find?

Go search 'mid snows for blooming flowers—
Yet doth it live, ay, live to wind
Its tendrils most where darkness lowers;
Itself sustained by ties that bind
It to a world more blessed than ours.

Yes, angels woo it lovingly,

E'er shedding from their pinions light
Love's soothing balm brought from on high,
Gathered from flowers ever bright,
That grow beneath a kindlier sky
Where shines no sun, where looms no night.

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT is but a little word,

Yet beautiful, though brief,
And falls upon the gentle heart
Like dew upon the leaf—

A verdant olive-branch of peace

Upon our pillows prest,
Shedding its graceful fragrance round
Before we sink to rest—

A kindly wish that each may dwell

In undisturbed repose,
Until the morn her robe of light
Round every sleeper throws.

Then scorn not thou this little word

Of peace and amity;
It is a link in Love's bright chain,
How small soe'er it be.

Selected.

Youth's Department.

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, to fix
The generous purpose, and the noble thought.

TWO WAYS OF STUDYING A LESSON.

BY MISS C. M. TROWBRIDGE.

SARAH and Jane were two girls nearly of an age, who attended the same school, and pursued the same studies. One day the history class, of which they were both members, was called out to recitation. They had just commenced the History of the United States. Sarah was perfect in her lesson, but Jane made sad blunders.

When asked what year the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, she replied, "In 1720;" and when asked how many of the colony died the first winter, she answered 106, which was (as I hope all my young readers know) five more than the whole number that sailed in the Mayflower. Neither could she tell who was banished from the Plymouth colony in 1635.

Now, Sarah and Jane were both bright-looking girls, and any one who saw them would suppose that Jane could get a lesson quite as soon and as well as Sarah; and so she could. What, then, made the difference between them?

To answer this question, we will go back from the recitation-hour to the time when the lesson was studied, and see how each of these girls managed with their lesson.

We will first look at Sarah. We shall not disturb her if we do, for she is so busy with her lesson that she will not know whether any one is watching her or not. She is learning the lesson something in this way.

She reads—"After a tedious and

stormy voyage, the Plymouth colony reached the coast of Massachusetts, and entered the harbor of Plymouth; and, finding the shore pleasant and agreeable, they landed there, December 21st, 1620." She then thinks—"They landed in 1620. This was 128 years after America was discovered by Columbus, in 1492, and 156 years before the Declaration of Independence, in 1776."

Sarah, having fixed these landmarks in her mind, was in no danger of forgetting the year in which the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. She understood the relative place and position of this fact in American history as clearly as she understood that Mr. Barton's house stood just half way between her father's house and the school-house.

Next she read—"The winter had now set in, and exposure, sickness, and famine made sad havoc with the infant colony. Before spring, forty-six of their number died." Again she thought—"Forty-six of their number died! almost half the colony! How sad it must have been!" And her eye was moistened with a tear of sympathy for these pilgrim settlers. There was no danger of her forgetting a fact that had reached not only her intellect but also her heart.

She could not forget that it was Roger Williams who was banished from the Plymouth colony in 1635; for as soon as she read the fact, she thought of all she had heard of Roger Williams as the founder of Rhode Island.

We have seen how Sarah learned her lessons; we will now see how Jane attempted to learn hers. She, too, read the paragraph stating the year and day on which the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and after she had read it, she, too, thought; for she could think as fast as Sarah. But what did she think?

"Hark! I hear bells. I declare, there is Mr. Barton and his wife, and there is Lucy Barton with them. *She* is going to have a sleigh-ride. I think it is too bad *I* can't have one, instead of being shut up here with these dull books."

After envying Lucy Barton, and bemoaning her own hard fortune for a few minutes, she again turned to her book, to read the next paragraph. Is it any wonder that she could not recollect whether the Plymouth colony landed in 1620 or 1720?

When her eyes, after their various wanderings, once more returned to her book, she read of the mortal sickness which proved fatal to forty-six of that suffering colony. What her reflection might have been upon this paragraph we can not say, if just as she had finished reading she had not raised her eyes, and glanced over to the opposite bench, where Frederick Barton and Charles Smith were holding their heads together.

"I wonder," thought she, "what Frederick and Charles are talking about."

She watched first, to find out, if she could, what Frederick and Charles were saying to each other, and secondly, to see if the teacher would observe and reprove them, until the last paragraph she had read was quite displaced from her memory.

No wonder she had no tear to shed over the *unheard-of* mortality which, according to her statement, had proved fatal to the whole colony, and five more.

But Jane had been as busy thinking all that morning as Sarah herself, and she also could tell the results of her

thoughts. Had any one asked her, she could have told how many sleighs had passed the school-house that morning, and how many persons were in each sleigh; how long Frederick and Charles whispered together, and what *she thought* they were whispering about; and how Mary Green slipped down on the ice just before she reached the school-house.

She could give a very correct account of the things she had been thinking about, and if she had thought about her lesson, she could have told correctly about that. The difficulty was not that she could not, and did not think, but her thoughts were in the wrong place.

EXERCISE FOR BOYS.

We love to see boys happy. We well remember our school-days; how the joyful scenes of those golden hours rise before us as we write. After a long and labored session of school, what is finer for boys than a good frolic on the green grass or in the snow? See them! They hop and run, and toss their hats and balls; every bone, and cord, and muscle of their young and active frames is brought into full and vigorous play. Their minds are unbent as well as their bodies.

Let boys have exercise. They must have it, and a good deal, too; and they must have the right kind, or they will become sickly and dwarfish, their minds feeble, and their feelings peevish and fretful. The open air, and the more free and pure the better, is important to good exercise to any one, but especially to boys. Otherwise they will be pale and weak, as a plant doomed to the shade.

They must have exercise which makes them forget themselves, and all their troubles and tasks, and throws the mind and heart into a glow of life and joy. It does them good to be excited. Our natures were made to be excited. This

excitement, however, must be innocent, and kept in proper bounds.

The notion which some parents and teachers have, that boys must be kept as prim as soldiers, and that every motion and step must describe certain angles, is as false to nature as it is destructive to their health and happiness.

Let your boys, mothers and teachers, have enough of well-cooked, nutritious (not rich) food at regular and suitable intervals, good clear water in abundance, well applied to all parts of their bodies ; air, free and pure as nature makes it ; studies, to the full extent of their capacities, judiciously distributed ; exercise that will stir the whole being, and keep in full play every life current ; and then let them have sleep, early, and enough of it, in well-ventilated rooms, and they can hardly fail to be happy, and grow up well-proportioned and strong “to the full stature of MEN.”—*Mother’s Journal and Family Visitant.*

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VISIT TO THE ISLAND OF
ASCENSION.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

“GRANDFATHER, please tell us a story!” exclaimed Sarah and Emma, almost in a breath. “We want to hear something about your ocean-life when you were young.”

“That was many years ago, my children, for I am an old man now ; but I remember those scenes of my early days better than I do the things I read last week in the newspaper. Run and get your atlas, and I will tell you a story.”

Away went the little girls with alacrity to the place where they were taught to keep their school-books when not using them, and soon returned with the required book.

“Now turn to the map of Africa,” said the grandfather. The little girls

obeyed him, with curiosity in their countenances.

“Now let me see whose sharp eyes will first find the island of Ascension, which is about one thousand miles from the coast of Africa.”

Sarah soon found it, and then grandfather proceeded. He usually wished them to find on the map the places about which he told them, as he supposed they might thus become familiar with their maps.

“In the year 1797,” said grandfather, “I was on board the good ship Lion, of Nantucket, when she touched at the island of Ascension. We had been looking for whales near the western coast of Africa, and caught several while the ship was at anchor in Walwich Bay, which you may show me on the map, Emma.”

This was soon done, and the story continued : “By-and-by we steered for our home in America. We passed St. Helena,” pointing to it on the map, “the lonely rock where Napoleon spent years of exile, and finally died ; but we did not stop there.

“Soon, some of our men became ill with a terrible disease called ‘scurvy,’ which frequently attacks seamen who have been a long time without fresh provisions. Some of our men died, and were entombed in the fathomless deep.

“At last, one midnight, the happy sound was heard of ‘Land! land!’ We stood in joyfully, and when the morning dawned, there lay the green island of Ascension. There were at that time no inhabitants to greet us, as we hastened to place our sick men on the shore, with the faint hope that such a change might cause their recovery.

“Imagine the scene which followed on landing. The sun was just rising in splendor as we carried one of our afflicted comrades a short distance up the beach to the fresh, green earth, and there we hollowed a place sufficiently large in the moist earth for him to stand

in, his arms being just outside on the top.

"He had no clothing, but a little around the upper portion of his body. His legs were particularly affected with his disease, and it was with the hope that such a mode of procedure might cure him, that we threw the fresh earth lightly around him, piling it even up to his neck.

"Thus we left him, to run ourselves after the wild goats which were only to be obtained by tiring them out, and catching them, as we had no guns.

"I ran down three myself, and we carried all we caught on board for food, glad enough to change our salt junk for fresh meat.

"It was my first voyage. I was twenty-one years old, and could run faster than I can now. We found sea-fowl there, so fearless that we could approach them near enough to knock down all we wished with long sticks.

"Turtle are sometimes obtained there, but we saw none.

"At night, we left for the ship, taking our sick man, who had been in the sand all day. I know not what advantages he gained from this mode of treatment, but he did not recover, and died twelve days before we reached home.

"Now, you have heard of my visit to the island of Ascension."

"Thank you, grandfather, for this true story."

EVIL THOUGHTS.—Have a care of evil thoughts. Oh, the mischief they have done in the world! Bad thoughts come first, bad words follow, and bad deeds bring up the close. Strive against them! Watch against them! Pray against them! They prepare the way for the enemy:

Bad thought's a thief! He acts his part;
Creeps through the window of the heart;
And if he once his way can win,
He lets a hundred robbers in.

THE MARCH WIND.

BY ANNE P. ADAMS.

Over the earth,
In frolicsome mirth,
The March wind goes careering;
Through pine-boughs he sighs,
O'er mountains he hies,
By a compass invisible steering.

List to his song,
You'll hear it ere long,
Down through the chimney he'll whistle
Now it is shrill,
Anon, he is still,
As if stealing down from a thistle.

"From caves of the north
Whence the storm-king comes forth,
I come in search of new pleasures;
Frolic and play,
I ask for to-day,
To-morrow I'll open my treasures.

Ha! see the curls
Of those merry girls;
What fun it will be to untwist them!
That gentleman's cloak,
He'll think it no joke—
But in taking it off I'll assist him!

I've found out a crack
In this cabin, good luck!
I'll use it, nor ask for permission,
Fellows like me,
I plainly can see,
Never need knock for admission.

How cold they must be,
Those poor women, three,
When I play hide and seek thro' their dwelling,
Their fire burns low,
They are hungry, I know,
What a tale their pale faces are telling!

To that mansion so gay
I will hurry away,
And ask the good folks for assistance;"
Quick as thought, rushing by,
With a wail and a sigh,
The wind died away in the distance.

"If we would get wisdom, we must do as the chickens do when they feed—pick up a little at a time."



ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

BY UNCLE DANIEL.

MY little friend Edward Warren has one of the prettiest and most docile dogs I have ever seen. He is a water-spaniel, and is called *Brownie*, on account of his color.

Brownie is very good-natured, and very sagacious, and never seems so well pleased as when he is near his young master, lying at his feet in the house, or playing with him in the yard. And Edward loves Brownie very dearly, and thinks that there is no other dog in the world so handsome, so good, and so knowing as his favorite pet.

“Uncle Daniel,” said Edward to me

one day, as I was sitting in the garden, where he had been amusing himself with his dog, running up and down the gravel-walk; “Uncle Daniel, do you think there was ever another dog so knowing as Brownie? He understands all I say to him. He lies down when I bid him. If I tell him to sit up straight and look at me, he does it. He holds out his paw to shake hands, looking all the time so very cunning. Besides, he carries my basket, brings my little sail-boat to the shore from the middle of the pond, and does many other things. See how he wags his tail now; he knows I am

praising him. Yes, so you do, Brownie, good Brownie."

"Brownie is a very sagacious dog," said I, "and performs some very clever feats; but my little friend Edward must remember that there are a great many dogs in the world, and that there may be some that can do more wonderful things than his playfellow here. I have read a great many anecdotes in books and newspapers showing the docility and sagacity of these animals. When you are older you shall read them."

"Pray tell me now some of these anecdotes of dogs," said Edward.

I said that I could tell him but one or two at that time, but would relate others, perhaps, on some future occasion.

"First," said I, "I will tell you about 'The dog who went to church.'"

"A clergyman in England had a little dog, named Toby. He was of the kind of dog called the Turnspit, and had rare little legs, with which he waddled after his master everywhere. By-and-by Toby took a notion to go to church, and follow his master into the pulpit. This made some of the people smile, and so the minister ordered the servant to lock Toby up in a room on Sunday. But he broke through the glass window, and went to church as usual, and trotted up the aisle close behind his master. The next Sunday he was locked up in the wood-hole. Toby yelled with all his might, and tried every way to get out, but in vain. After the minister had returned from church he was permitted to come out. But Toby was too cunning to be caught in that way again.

"On the next Saturday afternoon the Turnspit was missing. A great search was made for Toby, but he could not be found. On Sunday morning they looked and inquired again for the dog, but nobody had seen him. When the minister walked up the aisle, he looked over his shoulder, as if he

would be glad to see Toby. As he entered the pulpit, he caught the eye of the cunning little dog twinkling at him from the darkest corner. He had slipped into the church on Saturday, when the sexton opened it to prepare it for the Sabbath services, and had remained hidden there all that time! After that, Toby was permitted to go to church as much as he pleased."

"A large Newfoundland dog," I continued, "was often assailed by a number of little, noisy dogs in the street. He usually paid no attention to them, and seemed to think them beneath his notice. But one little cur was particularly troublesome, and at length went so far as to bite the Newfoundland dog on the leg. He seized the impudent little fellow by the skin of his back, carried him to the wharf, and, holding him a little over the water, at length dropped him in. He waited a short time, till the poor animal, who could not swim very well, was ready to sink, and then plunged in and brought him safe to land."

"He was a brave, good dog," said Edward. "Go on, Uncle Daniel."

"One little anecdote more is all I can tell you now," said I.

"Mr. Hogg, 'The Ettric Shepherd,' as he was called, had a dog named Hector, and one day he said to his mother, 'I shall go to Bowerhope tomorrow, but Hector must not go with me, for he is always quarreling with other dogs.' The dog was present, and heard what was said. Mr. Hogg thought no more about the matter till he reached Bowerhope the next morning, when, behold, there was Hector waiting for him!"

Edward acknowledged that Brownie had never done any thing so wonderful as the dogs of which I had been telling him, but said he guessed he *could* do such things *if he wanted to*, and that, at any rate, he would not exchange Brownie for Hector, or the minister's dog, or even the big Newfoundland.



THE SHETLAND ISLANDS are situated north of Scotland. They are generally rugged, barren, and dreary wastes.

The climate is very moist, and the seasons are divided into summer and winter. In the extreme north of these islands the sun is constantly above the horizon for several days in summer, and in winter it remains below the horizon for as great a length of time.

The above picture represents a view of the Shetland Islands, with their high, rocky cliffs, against which the sea dashes with great fury. But our principal object in this article is to describe that for which these islands are chiefly noted,

THE SHETLAND PONY.

One of these diminutive horses may be seen in the foreground of the above engraving. These little animals attract much attention wherever they appear, especially among children. No wonder that they are great favorites with the girls and boys, for their small size, beautiful shape, and gentle, playful disposition, seems to fit them exactly to be playmates for young people, and the little horse are always ready to join in their pleasure excursions and frolics.

“ Egypt was the original country of horses ; but as they are now found in all parts of the world, they differ greatly, each kind of horse being adapted to the climate and productions of the country

through the long winters, and survive to a great age, even fifty or sixty years.

“ In Scotland they are called Shelties ; and as they have to take care of themselves, they run almost wild upon the mountains, and will climb up steep places, standing with ease on the very edge of the most frightful precipices. On the Sabbath they are always wanted to carry the families to church, and they must be caught on Saturday. The rogues know how to make this a difficult task.

“ It is a pleasing sight, on Sunday morning, to see one or two women mounted upon one of these ponies, covering him so completely with their large dresses that nothing can be seen of the pony but its droll little head. A middle sized man must ride with his knees raised to the animal’s shoulders, to prevent his toes from touching the ground. It is surprising to see with what speed they will carry a heavy man over broken and zigzag roads in their native mountains.”

Many anecdotes are told of these interesting little animals ; and we will relate a few for our young readers :

“ A gentleman, some time ago, was presented with one of these handsome

he inhabits. The Shetland pony is just the animal required in Scotland, the Shetland Islands (from which its name is derived), and Canada, in North America. Its diminutive size suits the scanty vegetation of these countries, which would not support large animals ; but if they were as feeble as they are small, they would be of little service. They, however, possess immense strength in proportion to their size, and are so tough and healthy that they can live among the mountains

little animals, which was no less docile than elegant, and measured only seven hands, or twenty-eight inches in height. He was anxious to convey his present home as speedily as possible, but being at a considerable distance, was at a loss how to do so most easily.

"The friend said, 'Can you not carry him in your chaise?' He made the experiment, and the Sheltie was lifted into it, covered up with the apron, and some bits of bread given him to keep him quiet. He lay peaceably till he reached his destination, thus exhibiting the novel spectacle of a horse riding in a gig.

"A gentleman had a white pony which became exceedingly attached to a little white dog that lived with him in the stable; and whenever the horse was taken out, the dog always run by his side. One day, when the groom took out the pony for exercise, accompanied, as usual, by his canine friend, they met a large dog, which attacked the diminutive cur, upon which the horse reared, and, to the astonishment of the bystanders, so effectually fought his friend's battle with his fore-feet, that the aggressor found it for his interest to scamper off at full speed, and never again ventured to assail the small dog.

"A little girl, the daughter of a gentleman in Warwickshire, England, playing on the banks of a canal which runs through his grounds, had the misfortune to fall in, and would in all probability have been drowned, had not a little pony, which had long been kept in the family, plunged into the stream and brought the child safely ashore, without the slightest injury.

"A farmer in Canada had a large number of ponies, and among them a very handsome and playful one, which was a great favorite with a little boy about ten years of age, the only child of the farmer. One day the boy was sent several miles on an errand for some money, with a warning to return before night, as the country was infested with robbers. His visit was so delightful

that he forgot the command of his parents, and did not mount his pony to return till it was quite dark. His road lay through a thick forest, and it was not long before a highwayman attacked and dragged him from his horse, which ran swiftly homeward. Meantime his terrified parents sat trembling by their fireside, awaiting their boy's return.

"They were just preparing to go in search of him when they heard the clattering of hoofs, and soon after a loud kicking and pawing at the door. On opening it, there was the pony in a state of excitement, with his saddle and bridle dangling about him. He ran from them a short distance, then frisked about, and seizing the father's coat in his teeth, pulled him along. The agonized parents followed the animal, who ran ahead, constantly turning back and neighing to urge them onward.

"After traveling many miles through the woods, they came to the place where the boy had been robbed, and found him tied to a tree, stripped of his money and clothes, and half dead with fear and cold. He was placed on the pony's back, who proudly bore him home, and was ever treated as a true friend by the boy whose life he had saved.

"We have somewhere read a curious story of a farmer who was in the habit of riding a little 'Sheltie' to an ale-house some miles distant, where he squandered his hard earnings in drinking, and generally became so intoxicated that he could hardly mount his horse. But the animal knew his master's failing, and usually succeeded in bringing him safe to his house.

"One night the man was so drunk that he rolled off into the mud, when about half way home. The fall cut his head severely, and he lay with his foot in the stirrup, so that the poor horse could not move without treading on him. After standing patiently for some time, he became vexed with his beastly master, and turning his head, gave him a hearty shaking. This roused the man from his

stupor ; but his hurt was so severe that he could not rise, though he tried to do so, till the horse took hold of his collar, and raised his head nearly to the saddle, when he contrived to crawl upon his back, and was carried carefully home."

THE BROTHERS.

BY MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

Two little boys were once at play,
When each the other cheated ;
And angry words they both did say,
Which all their plans defeated.

But angry words could not suffice,
For both their fists were framing ;
And soon to hit each other's eyes,
Their heavy blows were aiming.

And this was not enough ; they cried
And stamped, until each token,
Their mother's gentle hand supplied,
Lay scattered round and broken.

I, too, was young, and watched those boys,
With eyes brimful of sorrow ;
I knew that they would want those toys,
Should they behold the morrow.

And then their mother, easy soul,
I pitied her, poor creature ;
For she no power had to control,
Or smooth one pouting feature.

Thus unrestrained, with passions vile,
These boys to men were growing ;
And oft their mother's tears, the while,
In bitter streams were flowing.

Too kind to chide, that widowed heart,
The twig unbent did cherish ;
And manhood's prime no hopes impart,
That sin's deep root will perish.

HOPE FOR THE DESPONDING.

There is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and stormy night !
And grief may hide an evening guest,
But joy shall come at morning light !

BASIL LEE; OR, THE GLORIOUS REVENGE.

"I WILL never forgive him, that I wont!" exclaimed Basil Lee, bursting into the room where his eldest sister was seated quietly at her work. "I will never forgive him."

"Never forgive whom, Basil? My dear boy, how excited and angry you look! Who has offended you?"

"Why, Charles West, Alice," replied Basil, as he put his school books away in their place.

"And what has Charles done to offend you? Come and sit by me; there, now tell me all about it."

"Well," said Basil, "Mr. Raymond, who is a friend of Mr. Matthews, and is staying with him, came into the school-room to-day; he is a very nice, kind gentleman, and so he offered half a dollar to the boy who first did a sum he should set us. Five boys besides me took up their slates; he set us all the same sum, and then we all set to work.

Charles West came and sat next to me, and I saw him copy down every figure as fast as I did it. When I had only one figure to do, Mr. Matthews left the room; I looked to see who went out, and when I turned to my slate again, every figure was rubbed out. I know Charles did it, because he colored so.

In a minute he had finished his sum and carried it up; it was first done, and correct, so he had the half dollar. I was so angry! the bell rang to go home, and I ran off directly. But I am determined to have a glorious revenge on him. Was it not provoking, Alice?"

"Yes, dear, very; and what is your revenge to be?"

"Oh, I know, I will tell you; he just deserves it. Mr. Matthews has said he will turn away any boy out of the school who uses the Key to the Grammar Exercises. Well, I saw Charles using one yesterday; and I will tell of him, I am determined."

"Listen to me a moment, Basil. Charles is only at school for one more

year; at the end of that time, a gentleman has promised, if he behaves well, to place him in a situation, where in a few years he will be able to support his widowed mother.

"Do you think the gentleman will give him the situation if he is turned in disgrace from the school? And what would be the disappointment of his aged mother, to think that her son, whom she hoped would support and comfort her latter days, had disgraced himself! Surely he would bring down her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"Oh, Alice!" exclaimed Basil, with tears in his eyes, "I never thought of all that; no, I would not ruin poor Charley for the world."

"That would be your glorious revenge, my dear boy," said Alice, quietly.

"Oh, no, no! dear Alice; I never, never could be so wicked as that, though Charles did make me very angry at the time; but you know I should like to punish him a little for it."

"Well, Basil, I know a way to punish him, and to have a really glorious revenge."

"Alice, dear, pray tell me," said Basil.

"Well, do you remember that text, 'Be not overcome of evil.' What comes next?"

"Why, 'But overcome evil with good,' to be sure, Alice. I know what you mean now."

"Well, then, think over what a glorious revenge you can have by obeying the command in that text, my dear," and Alice left the room.

Basil did not sit thinking long before he decided on what he would do. With Alice's permission, on the following day he invited Charles West to tea; he was much surprised on receiving the invitation, but accepted it.

They had a very pleasant evening together. Their principal amusement consisted in sailing Basil's ships on a pond in the garden. For the finest Charles expressed great admiration.

But the time for Charles's return home came. Basil took him up to his play-room. "Charley," said he, "you admired the 'Hero' most of all my vessels; so I will make you a present of it."

"Oh, no," cried Charles, stepping back, "I could not think of such a thing."

"Oh, but Charley, you must have it. Alice lets me do what I like with my ships. I can make myself another just like it; and papa says, if Mr. Matthews will allow you, you can come up on Saturday and sail it with mine, and I will teach you how to make ships, too."

Charles turned his head away to hide his tears.

"Basil," he exclaimed, as they bid each other good-by, "I will never try to injure you again, as I did yesterday; no, I never will. Good night, dear Basil."

From that day Charles and Basil were firm friends. Charles was easily persuaded never to use the Key to the Exercises again. He always after tried to imitate his friend's example, and he gained the esteem of his master, and the love of his school-fellows. My young readers, was not Basil Lee's a glorious revenge?—*Band of Hope Review.*

THE POOR BOY.—Don't be ashamed, my boy, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part, we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word escape your lips.

No good boy will shun you because you can not dress as well as your companions; and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man who was once as poor as you. Be good, my boy, and if you are poor, you will be respected a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man, and were addicted to bad habits.—*Selected.*

For Children.

"To aid the mind's development, and watch
The dawn of little thoughts."

THE RED APPLE; OR, HOW LITTLE GOOD ACTS MAKE HAPPINESS.

LITTLE DELIA was one day sent by her mother to do some errand in the yard. A wood-sawyer was at work there, and a pile of wood was thrown up directly before the door. Little Delia climbed carefully over the wood, and did her errand.

When she was on her way back, the wood-sawyer took her up in his strong arms and set her down safely in the doorway, smiling as he did so, and saying to her, in a soft tone, "There, my little girl; I was afraid you might fall, and I didn't want you to."

Delia thanked him very pleasantly, and went up stairs to tell her mother. "Now, mother, I like the woodman very much, for he was so good to me," she said, "may I not give him something?"

"What would you like to give him?"

"That large red apple that you gave me this morning. Wouldn't that be nice?" said Delia.

"Yes, that would do very well," her mother answered.

Delia ran down and gave the apple, quite delighted. "Thank you; you're a good dear," said the wood-sawyer, as he received it; "and what shall I do with it? Wouldn't you like to have me give it to my poor little Johnny?"

"Johnny! and who is Johnny?"

"My poor little boy, that is burned

and crippled by the fire. When he was a baby he was tied into a chair, and tipped himself over against the hot stove, and his clothes took fire, and he was sadly burned, indeed. But he's a good little thing, and so loving; shall I give him the apple?"

"Yes, indeed," said Delia; and she ran quickly back into the house, and with her mother's permission, brought out a little brown wooden-horse with a red soldier on his back. "There, give that to Johnny, too," said she; "for I'm sorry that he's so burned."

When the wood-sawyer returned home at night, little Johnny sat watching for him at the window; and when he gave him the horse and apple, Johnny thought he had never seen so fine a plaything as the horse, nor so large and red an apple before.

He kissed his father, and thanked him heartily; and then he kissed the horse and the soldier, and the apple too. When he learned who sent them to him, he said, "How good she is to me; how I should like to see her."

"What are you going to do with your presents?" said his father.

Johnny thought a moment: "I know what I shall do with the apple," he said. "Don't you know that big boy that looks in here and makes me cry some-

times, looking so bad, shriveling up one side of his face, and drawing his head down to his shoulder, as if trying to make fun of me because I am so burned, and my head is all drawn to one side by the fire—don't you know that boy?"

"Jim Norton, do you mean?" asked the father; "that bad fellow that I drove away from the window last week? You don't like him so much, do you?"

"Not so much, but I want him to like me. I want to show him that I don't hate him because he tries to make me feel bad, and makes fun of what I can't help, and what I am sometimes so sorry for, though I know I ought not to complain."

The next day little Johnny watched at the window, and when he saw the bad boy that tried to make fun of his misfortune, he beckoned to him to come nearer. "Here, Jim," said Johnny, "here's a nice apple. I don't hate you. Won't you love me now, Jim?"

The bad boy reddened with shame and guilt. To use Bible words, Johnny had "heaped coals of fire upon his head." He could not take the apple.

"No, little boy," he said, "I don't want your apple, I can get apples."

"Yes, I want you to take it," said Johnny; "then you won't hate me, perhaps."

The apple was tempting, and Jim took it; but as he went away, he thought, "What a good boy that Johnny is, when I've acted so to him. I'm sorry I took his apple, for I don't suppose he gets half as many as I do. I wish he had it back again."

He could not eat the apple, so he took it home and divided it among his broth-

ers and sisters, which was a new thing for him to do.

He made no more bad faces at Johnny, and soon began to smile as he passed his window; and Johnny, as you might know, was very glad to see the change in him, and always smiled pleasantly in return.

Jim Norton sometimes thought, "I wish I had something to give Johnny. I ought to give to him, rather than he to me." Then he thought, "I have sometimes earned a few cents for myself by selling shavings; why can't I earn som for Johnny?"

He set about it, and sold two basket of shavings. With the cents so gained, he bought a few hickory nuts and some sugar-plums. He gave them to Johnny, and was never so happy in his life before.

He was now by degrees growing generous and kind to every body, but particularly to Johnny, for he felt something like gratitude toward him, and he was learning to pity him and love him.

When the spring came he brought him green boughs and flowers, which he gathered for him whenever he went into the fields beyond the city.

One day he told Johnny of a plan he had to snare a little bird and bring it to him, so that he might hear its fine song in his own room, since he was lame and could not go out into the fields and woods, and was so often alone; but Johnny said, "No, Jim; it is hard enough for me to be so shut up here, and I'm used to it since I was a baby. The bird isn't used to it, and it would be very dreadful for it; I don't want any thing to be miserable for me; I shouldn't be happy; I'd rather not,

Jim. The flowers you bring me are enough."

So Jim left the birds to sing in freedom in the pleasant woods, but he took up a root of pretty sweet-brier and planted it in a little pot, and set it in Johnny's window; and though it does not bloom very often, it is always fresh and sweet, like the odor of good deeds.

Have not you noticed, little reader, how, in this story, one little good act brought along another and another, till there was quite a chain of kind deeds? There are little good acts for you to do all the time. Be sure you do them; and who knows what may come of them? A little seed makes a great tree when God smiles on it.—*Child's Paper.*

◆◆◆
PLAYTIME.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.*

THROW aside your books!

Lay them nicely by, I mean;

Let us have a run

On the flowery, sloping green.

Trundle, trundle goes the hoop—

Up and down the springing ball—

Bright and merry pass the time,

One and all!

Do not run too hard!

Have a care where'er you go!

Gayly pass the time,

For it flies away, you know?

Snapping, snapping goes the whip

Round and round a merry ring—

Full of glee and frolic now,

Lightly sing!

Playing tag, be sure!

It's a game I used to play;

And I loved it well

In my boyhood's romping day!

"One inch more, I'd had you then!"

"But you didn't have it, James!"

See a world of little men

At their games!

Hop, and skip, and jump!

"Only see how far I went!"

"You are very smart—

"Now make way for Harry Bent!"

Hopping on one little foot—

Skipping light as they can skip—

Jumping to the farthest inch—

Do not slip!

There the girls I see,

Skipping with their whirling rope!

Ann and Lucy Lee

Love their playmates well, I hope.

Skipping, tripping, go the feet—

Loudly rings the merry laugh—

Let the others have their fun—

Just one half!

So with boys and girls,

Old folks had their younger days!

And they sometimes sigh

At the thought of childhood's plays!

Gently, gently, share your sport,

When your lessons all are learned—

Finished tasks make healthful play,

Nobly earned.

◆◆◆
A LONDON BOY.

YOUNG people in our favored land have very little idea of the sufferings of the poor in England and elsewhere. The following little sketch will give them some idea of the truth:

Upon one of my visits to the various ragged schools of the metropolis, I became interested in a lad of ten or twelve years of age, with a frank, open countenance, though somewhat dirty, and dressed in a suit of rags. He was reading busily in his Testament, and would stop occasionally and ask such curious questions of his teacher, that I could but smile.

His "practical observations" on certain portions of the Scripture, if clothed in eloquent language, would have done

* From "Little Silverstring," published by Charles Scribner, New York.

honor to men of education. There was a free-heartedness in him that gleamed out through all his rags and dirt, and I sat down beside him, to ask him some questions.

"Where do you live?" I asked, "and how?"

"I live anywhere I can," he replied, "and almost how I can."

"But," said I, "what is your trade or business? What do you generally do for a living?"

"I am a water-cress boy," he replied, "and get up every morning at two o'clock and go on foot three or four miles, and sometimes six or eight, into the edge of the city, to buy the water-cresses. I get a basket for a shilling, and by crying them a whole day generally clear another, which pays my board and lodging."

"But can you live upon a shilling a day?" I asked.

"Yes, pretty well, but many times I don't make a shilling, and then buy a crust of bread, and go and sleep under one of the arches of the London Bridge, or in some crate or box down on the wharves."

Just then the superintendent came along, and as I took his arm, he said:

"The lad you have been talking with comes here every night to learn to read, and although he can not get to sleep before ten o'clock, and is obliged to be up at two, yet he is always punctual."

Lately his mother was imprisoned for back rent—ten shillings. The brave boy almost starved himself, and slept out of doors, to save the money to release her.—*Selected.*

WHAT IS AN ANGEL, MOTHER?

WHAT is an angel, mother, say,

Is it a little flower

Of slender stem and drooping head,
Which lives but one short hour?

Is it a little silv'ry star,

All radiant with light,

Which brightly shines when we're asleep,
Then vanishes from sight?

Or, is it then the little bird

Which came the other day,

And gently lit and sweetly sung
Where I was wont to play?

I know 'tis something pure, mamma,

And something fair and bright;

But whether bird, or star, or flower,
You know 'twould please me quite.

'Tis none of these, my gentle one,
Yet these bright gifts were given
To point our wandering spirits there,
Up to the courts of heaven?

'Tis there, my child, the angels are,
In those bright realms of light;
Beings all pure, from guile all free,
And robed in spotless white.

Oh! what a place must heaven be,
Where such bright angels dwell;
But can we never go and see?
Dear mother, canst thou tell?

Never, my child, till death shall come
And set these spirits free;
If then found pure, we then may go,
We then may angels be.

Selected.

SING TO ME.

O SING to me one tender song,

Of scenes our early friendship knew,

And let the strain be sweet and long,
To every youthful feeling true.

Sing till my heart shall half forget

The sorrows that within it rise;

And linger, with a fond regret,

Beneath fair youth's bright sunny skies.

Selected.

Our Museum.

WINDFALL.—The origin of this word is said to be the following:

“Some of the nobility of England, by the tenure of their estates, were forbidden felling any of the trees in the forests upon them, the timber being reserved for the use of the royal navy. Such trees as fell without cutting were the property of the occupant. A tornado, therefore, was a great advantage to those who had occupancy of extensive forests; and the *windfall* was sometimes of very great value.”

AN AUTOGRAPH.—The following is Mr. Mann’s contribution to a volume recently published, entitled “Autographs for Freedom,” which contains articles from various authors, with the fac-similes of their autographs:

A NAME.

ON BEING ASKED FOR HIS AUTOGRAPH.

Why ask a name? Small is the good it brings;
Names are but breaths; *deeds, deeds* alone are
things!

HORACE MANN.

WEST NEWTON, Oct. 23, 1852.

DOBBS says that a man behind time should feed on *Catch-up*.

THE best way to chew tobacco is to *es-chew* it.

WILL-o'-THE-WISP.—AN EXPERIMENT.—Into a tumbler three parts filled with water, drop two or three small lumps of *phosphuret of lime*; a decomposition will take place, and *phosphuretted hydrogen gas* be produced, bubbles of which will rise to the surface, when they immediately take fire and explode, terminating in beautiful ringlets of smoke. This is the same kind of gas which is generated at the bottom of shallow pools of stagnant water, in boggy and marshy places, and in grave-yards. It becomes ignited by contact with the air, and is called *ignis fatuus*, or Will-o'-the-Wisp.

A PUZZLE.

The sum of *nine* figures a number will make,
From which if just *fifty* you will please to take,
One third of that number remains still behind,
The solution of this—you’re requested to find.

D. H. J.

VEGETABLE SERPENTS.—According to some of the European Scientific Journals, a new organized being has been discovered in the interior of Africa, which seems to form an intermediate link between the vegetable and the animal kingdoms. It is thus described:

This singular production of nature has the shape of a spotted serpent. It drags itself along the ground, and, instead of a head, has a flower, shaped like a bell, which contains a viscous liquor. Flies and other insects, attracted by the smell of this juice, enter into the flower, where they are caught by the adhesive matter. The flower then closes, and remains shut until the prisoners are bruised and transformed into chyle. The indigestible portions, such as the head and wings, are thrown out by two lower spiral openings. The vegetable serpent has a skin resembling leaves, a white and soft flesh, and, instead of a bony skeleton, a cartilaginous frame, filled with yellow marrow. The natives consider it delicious food.

ENIGMAS.

From Mary and Sarah.

I am composed of twenty-five letters.
My 1, 21, 14, 8, 3, 25, was one of seven wise men of Greece.
My 6, 13, 8, 22, 18, 24, 25, was the native place of
My 1, 21, 14, 8, 3, 25—
My 16, 24, 4, 24, 6, 15, is one of the seasons.
My 7, 2, 13, 8, 14, 12, 5, 8, 20, 21, 13, 17, is a city in the U. S.
My 12, 14, 18, 9, is a fruit.
My 17, 15, 3, 6, 10, 15, 19, is a flower whose language is frailty.
My 15, 13, 8, 22, is a river in Africa.
My 16, 18, 21, 9, 15, 23, is a celebrated city.
My 4, 17, 23, 25, 10, was one of the Italian Poets.
My 11, 14, 6, 3, is what most persons wish to possess.
My whole was one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

My *first* is precious, but it quickly goes,
My *second* is prized but full of woes,
My *whole* contains my *first*—ah, well!
If I much more explain I all shall tell.

D. H. J.

A FRENCHMAN translating Milton’s Paradise Lost, on coming to the word’s “Hail, horrors, hail!” rendered them, *Comment vous portez-vous, horreurs; comment vous portez-vous?* How do you do, horrors; how do you do?

A CREED.—Judging from the life of indolent

uselessness some people lead, it might well be inferred that the following was their creed:

"Beauty was made to feast the I I,
And industry for B B;
Give bookish wisdom to the Y Y, .
The turtle from the C C!
All learning I resign to J J—
It ne'er my mind shall T T;
To toil I give my noes; my A A
Shall vote a life of E E."

THE PUZZLE which follows is said to have been written by Lord Byron.

'Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in Hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell,
In the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confess.
'Twas seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder,
'Twill be found in the spheres when riven asunder,
It was given to man with his earliest breath;
It assists at his birth, and attends him in death;
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,
Is the prop of his home, and the end of his wealth.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
And though unassuming, with monarchs is crowned.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in the prodigal heir;
Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passions be drowned,
It softens the heart, and though deaf to the ear,
'Twill make it acutely and instantly hear.
But in shades let it rest, like an elegant flower,
Oh! breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

Record of Events.

FRANCE.—MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR.—The only event of importance which has occurred in Europe since our last, was the marriage of Napoleon III., which took place on the 29th of January, in the palace of the Tuilleries. The new empress is a Spaniard by birth, and is described as beautiful, talented, and very eccentric. Her mother was an Irish woman and her father a Spaniard of an old and honorable family. He was a younger son, but by the death of his elder brother succeeded to the titles of Count of Montijo, Duke of Teba and Pennamando. The name of the empress is Eugenia, and she is Countess of Teba in her own right.

The marriage ceremony which took place on the 29th of January, is called the "civil mar-

riage." The ecclesiastical ceremony is yet to be performed, and the Pope has been invited to Paris to officiate on the occasion. If he refuses to do so, it is said that the emperor and empress will proceed to Rome, following the wise example of Mahomet, who, when the mountain would not come to him, went, like a sensible man, as he was, to the mountain.

NAPOLEON III. AND ENGLAND.—There are indications that some apprehensions are felt of a *coup de main* against England. A correspondent of one of our daily papers, says that the English Government is making inquiries of the various railroad companies how many men and horses, with munitions of war, they could carry to any specified point, in case of emergency. Arrangements are also making to have the regular troops and militia available at a moment's notice. A large military station is to be founded at or near Birmingham, and no more of the regulars are to be sent from home at present. In the navy yards the greatest activity prevails.

THE REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.—The Mexican Congress has been dispersed at the point of the bayonet by Cavallos, and a decree issued, calling a convention. In the mean time the revolutionists are generally successful in all parts of that unfortunate country. A most deplorable state of things continued to exist up to the latest dates. Gen. Santa Anna was daily expected at Vera Cruz.

FIRE AT CARDENAS.—An awful conflagration occurred at Cardenas, Cuba, on the 28th of January, by which property to the value of at least \$1,000,000 was consumed. It is added that the worst calamity was the sacking of the houses by the troops, while the fire was burning—not only those on fire but those adjoining. It is believed by many that the fires were kindled by these troops themselves, for the sake of plunder.

REV. ELEAZER WILLIAMS, the reputed son of Louis XVI. of France, has been staying in New York for some time past. He is soliciting means to publish "The Book of Common Prayer" in the Mohawk language, into which he has translated it.

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK, the young American pianist of whom so much has been said in the papers, met with the most enthusiastic reception, in his recent *debut* in this city. The musical critics are unanimous in their praises.

Mr. Gottschalk is very young, and is destined to take high rank in the musical world.

THE CALORIC SHIP ERICSSON is at Washington—or rather at Alexandria, near Washington. Her voyage was altogether satisfactory. Captain Sands, of the United States Navy, who was on board, is represented as being delighted with the result.

EX-PRESIDENT VAN BUREN, it is said, will start for Europe next month. He will accompany his son, Martin Van Buren, Jr., whose impaired health, it is thought, will be benefited by the European tour. Mr. Van Buren, himself, retains all his vigor of mind and body, and his constitutional cheerfulness.

RECENT DEATHS.

CHARLES WILEY, supposed to be the oldest inhabitant of New England, died in Nottingham, N. H., January 22, at the age of *one hundred and seven years!* He has left a son now between seventy and eighty years of age!

DR. PEREIRA.—Scientific men have lost an excellent co-laborer, in the death of Dr. Pereira, which announcement was brought us by the arrival of the *Atlantic*. His works on dietetics and general medicine were among the most valuable of modern monographs.

GEN. ANASTASIS BUSTAMENTO, three times President of the Republic of Mexico, died recently at his residence near Queretaro.

Fair Classes.

GENERAL EXERCISES.

TEACHERS who are not in the habit of introducing general exercises into their schools, know but little of their value as a means of developing thought and arousing the mind to an active attention upon general subjects, and of forming habits of close and discriminating investigation of whatever comes under their observation. The following suggestions on this subject we copy from the *Massachusetts Teacher*. We hope that "Fair Correspondent"—Y—may furnish many more practical suggestions.

Ed. Student.

These are invaluable aids to a teacher, not only as the means of conveying instruction that would

not be acquired in the regular routine of study and recitation, but in occupying odd moments; and, more than all, in making the school-room pleasant and attractive to pupils. Some say they have sufficient labor to perform in attending to the recitations immediately connected with school duties, and that their pupils are so deplorably deficient in knowledge of the branches they are *obliged* to teach, that they can not in conscience devote time to any thing aside from these; but experience has taught those who have thus spent a few moments each day or each half day, as the case may be, that the time is more than redeemed by the increased industry and interest of their pupils.

The following are some of the ways in which a few moments may be profitably employed. If it is desirable to awaken an interest in mental arithmetic, let the teacher pass to the board and write a list of figures, for instance—4, 6, 7, 2, 4, 9, 8, etc., and ask the pupils to add them, and signify when they have obtained the result. It is probable that they will give different answers. The teacher, without speaking, may write the answers thus given, and then allow the pupils to add simultaneously aloud, and when they have obtained the sum by commencing to add at the left, they may, without being informed as to the correctness of the result, add in the opposite direction, and, if it be desirable to make the exercise still longer, combine the numbers as shall be indicated by pointing.

It will be necessary to conduct this exercise quite slowly at first, but a little practice will enable pupils to combine numbers with great rapidity. To insure success in this, as in all general exercises, every pupil who is capable, should be required to give undivided attention, and not only required, but *obliged*, if necessary.

If something of a different character is desirable, the teacher may draw a line of any length he chooses, and ask the pupils how long they should judge it to be. After having noted the different opinions, allow one of the pupils to ascertain the exact length with a measuring-tape, and then call on the pupil whose answer was correct, or more nearly so than the others, to draw another line, the rest of the class judging the *second* time. After a little practice two lines may be drawn and the *difference* judged and measured. Allow them to state what they suppose to be the length and width of the yard, or of the school-room, and they will be so much in-

terested, that for the sake of readily measuring they will take pains to learn to pace distances, and in this way they may be taught to find the distance from their respective homes to the school-room.

In connection with this, they may be taught the figures, which, with some modifications, meet their eyes at every glance—the square, the cube, the pyramid, the circle, etc. Teach them the different parts of these figures, as, of the latter, the circumference, the diameter, an arc, etc. Take some interesting work of Natural History, and read to them without comment for five or ten minutes, and the next day question your pupils on what they heard, and enter into conversation with them. Suppose the Swallow to be the particular subject of the reading, encourage them to tell you what they know of the bird from observation, or what they have heard or read about it. Pupils will soon become much interested in the subject, and will often communicate many interesting facts. Such an exercise not only makes the pupil attentive, and observant of what goes on around him, but teaches him to express his thoughts in such a manner that he can be readily understood.

If the children are quite small, say to them,

“Now, children, we call the parts of which any thing is composed, or made up, the *elements* of that thing; for instance, the elements of this bell which stands on my table, are the handle, the tongue, etc. This *book* (holding it before the children), has elements; can you tell me what they are?” It is probable that, without much delay, they will mention the cover, the leaves, and the binding. “Well, as the binding is that part of the book which holds all the other parts together, we will talk about that first. Can you tell me what this binding is made of?” “Leather.” “Yes, and the *kind* of leather is called sheep-skin.” And then inform them that once this piece of leather had wool growing on it, and that wool is used for various purposes, such as making yarn for stockings and mittens, and ask them to think of all the things they possibly can, that are made of wool, and to see which one will be able to tell you the greatest number the next day.

In short, the exercise of a little ingenuity on the part of the teacher, will produce from any object in the room instructive matter, sufficient for as many lessons as will interest the pupil without wearying him of the subject. Y.

Editor's Cable.

WHAT WE SEEK

“We seek to educate the people. We seek to improve men's moral and religious condition. In short, we seek to work upon mind as well as on matter. And, in working on mind, it enlarges the human intellect and the human heart. We know when we work upon materials immortal and imperishable, that they will bear the impress which we place upon them through endless ages to come.

“If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it. If we rear temples, they will crumble to the dust. But if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with high principles, with the just fear of God, and of their fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which no time can efface, but which will brighten and brighten to all eternity.”

Such were the sentiments uttered by Daniel

Webster, in Faneuil Hall, as he stood in that familiar spot for the last time. Such thoughts may well be regarded as a precious legacy to teachers, and worthy of being engraven in letters of gold. Such, too, should be the aim of every lover of man, and friend of his country.

It is to such principles, and to the labors of those who spend their lives in efforts to diffuse and inculcate them, that our country must look for her future security, happiness, and glory. Happy will be that time, when not only teachers, but parents, and every citizen of our great republic, rich as well as poor, can say earnestly and truly, “We seek to educate the people.”

WHEN READING IS MOST BENEFICIAL.—Pye-croft says, “The time at which reading is most improving, is when, as you read the table of contents, you feel impatient to begin the chapter, as containing exactly the facts you want to know

—the very observations you wish to compare with your own. And this eager curiosity and zest for reading with a proper method, will have a continually wider field for its exertion, till at last every book will have its interest. Did you never hear a man fond of literature say, 'Give me a book: I do not mind what it is.'

"While asking this question, there rises before me a vision of one, an accomplished scholar, and hard-worked man of active life, standing amid a nursery of children, so riveted at one of their story books, picked off the floor, that the young fry, spite of all their pulling at his skirts, and clinging to his knees, despaired in their impatience at moving him, till one cried, 'Ah! I knew if we did not keep our picture books away from him, he would not let us ride on his foot till he had read them all through.'"

Parents should remember this important fact, and supply their children with useful and attractive reading while young, and be equally careful to exclude every thing that can have a pernicious tendency, for these first and earliest reading lessons become intimately inwoven into the mind, giving coloring to the thoughts and principles which will actuate them in all future years.

N. Y. STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.—The semi-annual exhibition of this institution took place during the second week of February, at which time there were thirty-nine graduates. We are happy to learn that this excellent institution continues to sustain its high reputation for the successful training of teachers. Mr. Woolworth, its present able principal, is capable of making it all that its most sanguine friends have hoped for it.

We regret to learn that this institution and our State, has parted with another of her noblest teachers—Mr. Silas T. Bowen. But he is not lost to the good cause in which he has so long and so faithfully labored—he has taken charge of a large public school in New Brunswick, N. J.

EDUCATION IN INDIANA.—We have before us the First Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Indiana. Hon. W. C. Larrabee, the efficient superintendent has, in this document, presented the whole subject of education, and its condition in that State, in an able manner before the people, and we have reason to expect that under his practical direction Indiana will soon occupy no ordinary position in the cause of education.

Literary Notes.

A FIRST HISTORY OF GREECE. By E. M. Sewell. 12mo. 358 pages. Published by D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway, New York.

Those who have read Miss Sewell's "Child's History of Rome," need no other commendation of the work now before us, than that it is written in the same pleasing, attractive style. Few writers possess so happy a faculty of communicating history to the young as Miss Sewell; for while her style is simple and interesting, it is all history, and in a comprehensive form.

LITTLE SILVER STRINGS, or Tales and Poems for the Young. By William Oland Bourne. 12mo, 256 pages. Published by Charles Scribner, New York.

This is a pleasing and interesting volume for children, comprising a variety of incidents, stories, etc., in prose and poetry; and, what is not least of all, it teaches good lessons.

HOME SCENES AND HEARTY STUDIES. By Grace Aguilar. 12mo, 399 pages. Published by D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway, New York.

The lamented Grace Aguilar was one of those popular writers whose works live after them; and in her case it is true in a double sense, for the work now before us has been published by her mother since the author's death. It is the last of a series in which the delineation of the character of woman has been the chief design. She is a pleasing and instructive writer, and aims to inculcate the best moral sentiments. Home Scenes consists of several sketches, each independent of the other, illustrating the pure delights of home.

FOX AND HOYT'S QUADRENNIAL REGISTER of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Universal Gazetteer. Published by Case, Tiffany & Co., Hartford, Conn., and for sale at Methodist Book Concerns.

This work is a complete compendium of the present condition of the Methodist Churches in the United States, giving names and locations of all the conferences, elders, preachers, etc., etc., together with a vast amount of other statistical information, including churches of various denominations.

REFLECTIONS ON FLOWERS. By Rev. James Hervey. 16mo, 140 pages. Published by John S. Taylor, 143 Nassau Street, New York.

This is a new and beautiful edition of the above work, and is amply illustrated by colored plates of flowers.

JONES' SYSTEM OF BOOK-KEEPING FOR SCHOOLS. Published by J. S. Redfield, Nos. 110 and 112 Nassau Street, New York.

This constitutes a complete set of books by Double Entry, to be kept by every pupil; exhibiting in money, the debits and credits awarded for recitations and deportment, in separate accounts, with the resulting profits and losses on each study, thus combining an effective system of school rewards and punishments, with practical instruction in the principles of Book-Keeping; to which is added a comprehensive course of exercises in mercantile accounts. The whole is comprised in three quarto books, of the size of common writing-books, one being the Text-book, the other two Blanks for practice, as Day-book, Ledger, etc. The three are inclosed in a pasteboard case, and sold at 50 cents for the set.

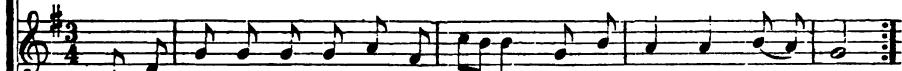
CAN YOU TELL?*

By W. B. Bradbury.



1. Can you tell how ma - ny stars are glowing, Where the blue sky is un - furled ? }
 Can you tell how ma - ny clouds are go - ing, Fly - ing o - ver all the world ? }

2. Can you tell how ma - ny motes are play-ing In the bright, warm sun - 'beam ? }
 Can you tell how ma - ny fish are straying In the o - cean and stream ? }



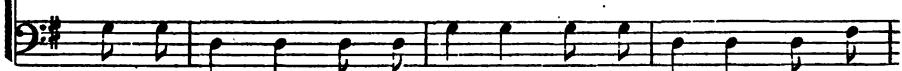
3. Can you tell how ma - ny, ma - ny child-ren Dai - ly from their bed a - rise ? }
 Can you tell whose great and generous boun-ty Ev - ery dai - ly want sup - plies ? }



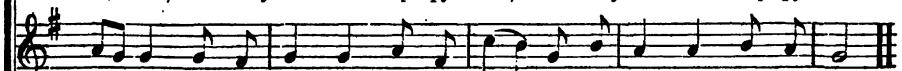
God the Lord, their great Cre - a - tor, Were their num - bers mil - lions
 In the air and in the o - cean, God has given them all their



God has made them, and he sees them, And his kind - ness new - er



great - er, He could all their num - bers tell, He could all their num - bers tell.
 mo - tion, That they now so hap - py are, That they now so hap - py are.



leaves them, Yes, He knows and loves them all, Yes, He knows and loves them all.



THE STUDENT.

GIFTS OF MEMORY.

NOTHING in man's wonderful nature can be more wonderful or mysterious than his gift of memory. Cicero, after long thinking about it, was driven to the conclusion that it was one of the most striking proofs of the immateriality of the soul, and of the existence of a God.

By means of this wonderful gift, the impressions of the moment are continued throughout the entire after-life of a man. Take the child, for example, and you find that the principles, maxims, and motives to conduct, which are implanted in him in his earlier years, are precisely those which are the most dominant in his manhood and old age. Impressions made in childhood are never forgotten; and those which are made when the frame is in its tenderest state, and the mind as yet altogether unformed, are invariably those which last the longest and are rooted the deepest.

Physiologists tell us that the body is undergoing a constant process of renovation of its particles—that in the course of even seven or ten years the whole substance of the human frame has been removed, to give place to altogether new material; and thus the man of to-day is an entirely different person—so far as his bones, muscles, nerves, brain, and blood-vessels are concerned—from what he was seven or ten years ago. Yet the man is the same! Why? Because of his power of memory, which enables him to retain a record of all past impressions, sensations, ideas, feelings, thoughts, and experiences. The material of the body has changed, but the memory is the same. Does not this circumstance warrant the conclusion of Cicero?

But we are not disposed to argue about this matter at present. We would only cite a few of the more noteworthy instances of the powers of memory of distin-

guished individuals, well known to fame. We must remark, however, at the outset, that memory is of various kinds. There is a speciality in the things remembered by peculiar minds which is very remarkable, and strongly tends to bear out the views of the Phrenologists as to the special faculties of the mind.

One man will recollect vividly forms and colors, but have no memory for words. Another remembers words but not ideas and is altogether oblivious of forms, of scenery, or persons. A third remembers ideas, but not the words in which they are clothed. A fourth has a strong memory for combinations of sounds, but not of words, ideas, or colors. A fifth remembers places—and so on.

Michael Angelo had an extraordinary memory of the forms of objects, so much so, that when he had once seen a thing he could at any time recall it to memory so as to draw it correctly. In the multitude of figures which you find produced in his works, no two are alike. When a youth, he was already distinguished for this extraordinary memory of forms and figures; and, on one occasion, when some artists at a friendly supper had laid a wager as to which of them could produce most faithfully from memory a copy of some grotesque caricature which they had seen upon the walls, Michael Angelo at once reproduced it as accurately as if it had been placed before his eyes; a feat of all the greater difficulty to him, as he was accustomed only to draw figures of perfect form and grandeur.

The late Mr. Turner, the great painter, had an equally remarkable memory for the details of places. In sketching, he would only take a rough outline on the spot, and months after, paint a picture from the sketch, filling up the miniature of details

with the most marvelous fidelity. Cyrus Redding says of him, that "his observation of nature was so accurate, and he was so capable of reading its details and bearing them in memory, that it seemed a mental gift belonging to himself alone."

Mozart had an equally prodigious memory of musical sounds. At the early age of fourteen he went to Rome to assist at the solemnities of the Holy Week. Scarcely had he arrived there ere he ran to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous *Miserere* of Alegri. It had been forbidden to take or to give a copy of this famous piece of music. Aware of this prohibition, the young German placed himself in a corner, and gave the most scrupulous attention to the music. On leaving the church he noted down the entire piece.

The Friday after, he heard it a second time, and followed the music with his copy in hand, assuring himself of the fidelity of his memory. Next day he sang the *Miserere* at a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord—a performance which caused so great a sensation at Rome, that Pope Clement XIV. immediately requested that the musical prodigy should be presented to him.

But the most extraordinary instances of memory are found in the history of learned men and authors. Bacon held memory to be the grand source of meditation and thought. Buffon was of opinion that the human mind could create nothing, but merely reproduce from experience and reflection; that knowledge only which the memory retained, was the germ of all mental products.

Chateaubriand averred that the great writers have only put their own history in their works—that the greatest productions of genius are composed but of memories. And Lamartine, in one of his beautiful verses, has said that "Man is a fallen God, who carries about with him memories of heaven." Rousseau, although altogether without memory of words—so void of it that he would forget the terms of a sentence which he had elaborated in his mind, while committing it to paper—Rousseau has said, "My mind exists only in my recollections."

The most extraordinary instances of

memory are those furnished by the ages which preceded the art of printing. Memory was then cultivated much more than it is now; for we moderns can treasure up thoughts in books, and recur to them in the printed form, without the necessity of carrying them about with us in our memory. *A book is an artificial memory.* It is a store-house of treasured experiences and memories. But it was not so formerly. Learned men then carried about with them, in their heads, whole treatises, cyclopedias, and dictionaries.

Themistocles had a memory so extraordinary, that he never forgot what he had once seen or heard. Seneca could repeat two thousand proper names in the order in which they had been told him, without a mistake; and not only so, but he could recite two hundred verses read to him for the first time by as many different persons. Bottigalla knew by heart whole books, verbatim. Mirandola used to commit the contents of a book to memory after reading it thrice; and could then not only repeat the words forward but backward.

Thomas Cranwell, in three months, committed to memory, when in Italy, an entire translation of the Bible, as made by Erasmus. Leibnitz knew all the old Greek and Latin poets by heart, and could recite the whole of Virgil, word for word, when an old man. The King of England called him a walking dictionary. Paschal knew the whole Bible by heart, and could at any moment cite chapter and verse of any part of it. His memory was so sure, that he often said that he had never forgotten any thing he wished to remember.

Besides knowing the Bible by heart, Bossuet knew, verbatim, all Homer, Virgil, and Horace, besides many other works. Buffon knew all his own works by heart. Samuel Johnson had an extraordinary memory, and retained with astonishing accuracy any thing that he had once read, no matter with what rapidity. The Abbé Poule carried all his sermons—the compositions of forty years—in his head. The Chancellor D'Aquesseau could repeat correctly what he had only once read.

Byron knew by heart nearly all the verses he ever read, together with the criticisms upon them. A little before his

death he feared that his memory was going; and, by way of proof, he proceeded to repeat a number of Latin verses, with the English translations of them, which he had not once called to memory since leaving college; and he succeeded in repeating the whole, with the exception of one word, the last of the hexameters.

Cuvier's memory was very extraordinary. He retained the names of all plants, animals, fishes, birds, and reptiles; classified under all the systems of natural science of all ages; but he also remembered in all their details, the things that had been written about them in books, in all times. His memory was a vast mirror of human knowledge, embracing at once the grandest and minutest, the sublimest and pettiest facts connected with all subjects in natural science. These he could recall at any time, without any effort; and however cursorily he had perused any book on the subject, he at once carried away all that had been said, in his memory.

His minute knowledge on all other subjects was immense. For instance: once in the course of a conversation, he gave a long genealogy of the minute branches of one of the most obscure princes of Germany, whose name had been mentioned and given rise to some controversy; and he went on to mention all the arrondissements, cantons, towns, and villages, in France, which bore the same name. In his diary he wrote, when dying: "Three important works to publish; the materials already prepared in my head; it only remains to write them down." Cuvier's was perhaps the most wonderful memory of his age.

As we have before said, the *kinds* of memory are various in different persons. One has a memory for dates, figures, and times; another of proper names; another of words, independent of ideas; while another remembers the ideas, but not the words, in which they are clothed. There is also a memory for anecdotes, puns, and *bon mots*; and a memory of conversations, maxims, opinions, and lectures. Very different from these is the special memory for sounds in music; for colors in nature and in art; for forms of sculpture or landscape.

There is a memory of the heart, of the soul, of the reason, of the sense. Some remember systems; others, voyages and travels; others, calculations and problems; in short, the kinds of memory are almost innumerable, and what is curious, is, that excellence in more than one of them is rarely found in the same person. All men, however, have a store of memories of some kind; and it is worthy of remark, that their memories are always in harmony with the feelings and sentiments of the person. Thus, when we speak of the memory of a man, we say, "He knows it by *heart*." Montaigne has even said, "knowledge is nothing but sentiment."

Honor, then, this powerful gift of memory, which, if not the greatest of the human faculties, is at least the nurse of all of them. It is given, like other gifts, as a field for man to cultivate and store up with useful ideas, facts, and sentiments, for future uses. For the human mind can create nothing, it only reproduces what experience and meditation have brought to light.

Memory is the prime source of thinking. A man writes a book. What does it consist of but his recollections and experiences? If he writes what is called an "original book," you will find that he has drawn it from the store-house of his own experiences. The writer has but painted his own heart in it. In fact, the best part of genius is constituted of recollections. The ancients called memory the mother of the Nine Muses; and, perhaps, this is the finest eulogium that could be pronounced upon the astonishing gift.—*Harper's Magazine.*

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K N O W L E D G E.—Young man, improve your idle moments! Don't sit doing nothing, and wishing you had something to do. Take a book and read that your mind may be improved. You do society a great wrong to grow up in ignorance, a reproach to yourself, and a discredit to your country. Come, take a book this instant, the effort may be irksome at first, but you will find pleasure, and profit, and honor in it, in the long run. Then begin like a man, now, now, now.—*Selected.*



SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THE life of this great philosopher does not abound in events of dramatic interest, and is mostly embraced in the history of those great discoveries in science which have made his name immortal, and which are so worthily recorded in his own invaluable works. It is not our purpose here to give an account of Newton's gigantic scientific labors, and their results, but to record, for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, some of the most remarkable incidents of the philosopher's youthful career—to point out some of the steps by which he mounted to his lofty preëminence.

Sir Isaac Newton was born at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, England, on the 25th of December, 1642. He was the only son of Mr. Isaac Newton, and was born after the death of his father. The child was very small, and of such a delicate frame that his life was at first despaired of, and nothing but the tenderest and most watchful care of a mother could have preserved him. For several years he gave little promise of the vigorous manhood which he afterward attained.

At school, Isaac seems to have been, at first, very inattentive to his studies and very low in his class. A little incident

now led to the awakening and development of his dormant powers. The boy next above him, having one day given him a severe kick in the stomach, from which he suffered much pain, Isaac labored incessantly till he got above him in the school. From that time he continued to rise till he was the head boy; the peculiar character of his mind becoming day by day more and more manifest.

He provided himself with saws and hatchets, which he soon learned to use with great dexterity and skill; and while the other boys of the school were engaged in their games and other amusements, his thoughts were engrossed with various mechanical and philosophical contrivances, either in imitation of something which he had seen, or in the execution of some conception of his own.

Among the pieces of mechanism which he thus constructed were a wind-mill, a water-clock, and a carriage put in motion by the person who sat in it. A wind-mill, it seems, was at that time being erected in the vicinity, and our young philosopher frequently attended the operations of the workmen, acquiring thereby a thorough knowledge of the machinery. Nothing more was necessary, to enable him to con-

struct a working model of it, which excited the astonishment and admiration of the whole neighborhood.

His water-clock was constructed out of a box about four feet high and of proportionate breadth, in shape something like a common house-clock. The index of the dial plate was moved by a piece of wood, which either rose or fell by the action of dropping water. He placed it in his own bed-room and supplied it every morning with the necessary quantity of water. Very correct time can be kept by an instrument of this kind, but the hole through which the water is transmitted, being necessarily very small, soon becomes furred up by the impurities of the water, causing inequality of time. In the hour-glass, the opposite effect takes place, the hole growing constantly larger.

Newton introduced into the school various scientific amusements, took great pains to determine the best forms for kites, and the position and number of the points by which the string should be attached. He made paper lanterns, which he attached to the tails of his kites in dark nights, to inspire the country people with the belief that they were comets. He is described, at this time, as "a sober, silent, thinking boy, who scarcely ever joined in the ordinary games of his school-fellows." The movements of the heavenly bodies had already attracted his attention, and he had constructed several ingenious dials upon the roofs and walls of the buildings.

At the age of fifteen his mother took Isaac from school, thinking that he might now be useful in the management of the farm. But he constantly deserted his agricultural duties for his favorite studies. The cattle devoured the corn, and the sheep went astray, while he, wholly thoughtless of them, was absorbed in the construction of a model or in the perusal of a book. His mother was soon convinced that he was not destined to cultivate the soil, and wisely resolved to allow him to follow the lead of his attractions, and to give him all the advantages of education and a full development of his powers. So he was sent back to school.

In June, 1660, Newton entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he applied him-

self to his studies with extraordinary ardor. He graduated in 1668, and the same year obtained a senior Fellowship. In 1669 he was appointed Lucasian Professor of Mathematics. In 1672 he became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and soon began to contribute to its transactions accounts of his great discoveries in optics.

It was in 1666, while sitting in his mother's garden, that his first idea of the great law of universal gravitation was suggested by the falling of an apple from the tree. A hypothesis was at once formed, and he entered into the calculations necessary to verify it, but not having, at that time, correct measurements and other accurate data, he failed to obtain the demonstration he expected. It was not till sixteen or seventeen years later, that, with rectified data, he resumed these calculations and brought them to a triumphant conclusion.

Newton's *Principia*, one of the greatest philosophical works that the world has ever seen, was published in 1687. It was with the greatest reluctance that he consented to its appearance. His communications to the Royal Society had already involved him in many vexatious controversies, and his sensitive nature shrank from further exposure to the rude and malicious attacks of his foes. The *Principia* was at length given to the world, and the philosophy of the universe therein disclosed most triumphantly vindicated itself, and was universally received. His work on Optics appeared in 1704.

Newton was for many years a member of Parliament for the University. In 1703 he was elected president of the Royal Society, which office he continued to hold till the day of his death. In 1705 he received the honor of knighthood.

Newton's life was singularly pure and blameless, and was devoted throughout to studies and labors tending to enlarge the sphere of human knowledge and human happiness. Almost every department of science received new light from his researches. Possessing the rarest gifts of intellect, he was modest and unassuming in his deportment, and has left the world, in addition to his invaluable discoveries in science, the legacy of a truly sublime

moral example, to which the youth of all future time may be pointed, and which we may all safely strive to imitate.

He died at his home in Kensington, March 20th, 1727, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

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GRAVE OF BEN BOLT.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

By the side of sweet Alice they have laid Ben Bolt

Where often he longed to repose,
For there he would kneel with the early spring
flowers,
And plant o'er his darling the rose.
His heart was as true as the star to his gaze,
When tossed on the billows alone,
But now it is cold and forever at rest,
For he calmly lies under the stone.

How often his eyes were seen brimming with
tears
To mingle with others in grief;
But joy would rekindle the light of his smile,
When pouring the balm of relief;
At last he has gone to the bright spirit-land,
And, free from all sorrow and pain,
He tastes the full raptures of angels above,
For he meets with sweet Alice again!

We'll gather the flowers from the green shady
nook,
And moss from the silent old mill,
To strew o'er the graves where obscurely repose
The hearts that death only could chill;
And oft when the soul has grown weary and sad,
We'll come by the twilight alone,
To muse o'er the spot where together Ben Bolt
And sweet Alice lie under the stone.

Selected.

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SELF-EXAMINATION.

At evening to myself I say,
"My soul, what hast thou gleaned to-day;
Thy labors, how bestowed?
What hast thou rightly said or done?
What grace attained, or knowledge won,
In following after God?"

Selected.

B R A Z I L.

BY LIEUT. M. F. MAURY, U. S. N.

THE traveler ascending the Paraguay to the celebrated gold and diamond region of Matto Grosso, finds on either hand as he goes up a charming country, diversified with pampas and groves of great beauty and extent.

Turning up the Mendingo, which comes in from the east, and ascending the same for seventy or eighty miles, he comes to the village of Miranda.

The people in the neighborhood are industrious. They raise large herds of cattle and great numbers of horses. They cultivate in great abundance the sugar-cane, Indian corn, pulse, manioc, and cotton. The climate is salubrious and delightful—many of the inhabitants reaching the age of 100 years.

It was here that Dr. Waddell, the botanist, saw the "nicaya," with its elegant foliage, the fruit of which was described by the Indians to be of an oblong form, and to contain a natural confection of which they are very fond.

Throughout this region they have immense quantities of the beautiful violet and other ornamental woods, which are used for firewood; for though of great value in the cabinet-shops, the people here have no other way, notwithstanding their fine navigable streams, of getting these woods to the sea-board, except on the backs of mules.

Returning to the Paraguay, the scene is enlivened by the immense herds that are feeding upon the now evergreen pastures of the plains. The value of these herds consists chiefly in their horns and hides.

The village of Pocone, at the mouth of the Cuyaba, is one of the most flourishing places in the interior of Brazil. Castelnau says (and until otherwise stated, he is my chief authority for what follows), that as many as 8,000 or 10,000 head of cattle are owned by single individuals in that village.

Passing Pocone on the right, and taking the left fork of the river, which retains the name of Paraguay, we reach, at the distance of about one hundred and fifty miles

above it, the frontier Brazilian fort of Villa Maria.

The guns that are mounted in this fort were brought up the Amazon to the Tapajos, thence by that river up Arinas, thence by portage across the diamond regions to the head waters of the Cuyaba into the Paraguay, and so up stream to Villa Maria.

On the west there are several fine rivers, which, rising in Bolivia and Brazil, fall into the Paraguay above the mouth of the Cuyaba. Several of these streams interlock with the head waters of the Madiera, which is to the Amazon what the Missouri is to the Mississippi. I shall have occasion again to speak of these tributaries, of the splendid country watered by them, and of the portage between them.

Villa Maria is in the midst of the great ipecacuanha region of Matto Grosso. In 1814, Francisco Real was sent to explore the diamond region of this province. But it turned out with him as I apprehend it would turn out with the pioneers of commerce now; as rich in diamonds as are the streams and gravel beds of this province the riches of the vegetable were found greatly to exceed those of the mineral kingdom.

This immense natural plantation includes within one field an area of 3,000 square miles. The crop is perennial, and may be gathered the year round. One expert hand may collect fifteen pounds of this root in a day, which brought in Rio one dollar per pound. The work of an ordinary hand is five pounds the day, and the cost of laborers from three dollars and forty cents to four dollars per month.

Castelnau estimates that from 1830 to 1837 not less than 800,000 pounds of this drug were exported from this province to Rio. This abundant supply brought down its price. But here is the singular feature of this trade; this produce is taken from the very banks of one of the noblest rivers in the world, and transported by mules for the distance of 1200 miles to the sea-coast, in spite of nature's great highway.

Vanilla is also abundant. Its price, when Castelnau was at Villa Maria, was sixty cents per pound.

But I intended to follow this intelligent

traveler up into the diamond country, and with him to visit the "divide" between the waters of the Paraguay and Tapajos.

Ascending the Cuyaba, which is the principal Brazilian tributary of the Paraguay, about 150 miles from its mouth, you come to the flourishing city of Cuyaba, the capital of the province of Matto Grosso. It has a population of about 7,000. It carries on a brisk commerce with Rio, by caravans numbering from 200 to 300 mules each. This commerce consists of hides, jaguar and deer skins, gold dust, diamonds, ipecacuanha, and the like. The freight to Rio is almost fifteen dollars per hundred pounds.

Here, perhaps, among all the wonderful things that are found in these great river basins of South America, is the most wonderful of them all—a city, the capital of a province larger than all of the "Old Thirteen States" of this confederacy put together, and occupying on the banks of the La Plata very nearly the relative position which St. Louis occupies on the banks of the Mississippi, carrying on its commerce not by steam and water, but by the mule load, and over such a distance from the sea-coast, that the time occupied by each caravan in going and returning is from ten to twelve months.

That this state of things should in the middle of the 19th century be found to exist in the middle of South America, upon one of the finest steamboat water-courses in the world, whose navigable tributaries are owned by no less than five separate and independent nations, and which the "policy of commerce" has not yet demanded to be thrown wide open to navigation and commerce, will in after times be regarded as more wonderful than any other reality of the wonderful region.

Nay, Brazil has within a stone's throw of this very capital, and by easy portage, the navigable waters of her own Amazon; and yet so fearful has she been that the steamboat on those waters would reveal to the world the exceeding great riches of this province, that we have re-enacted under our own eyes a worse than Japanese policy; for it excludes from settlement and cultivation, from commerce and civilization, the finest country in the world—a country

which is larger than the continent of Europe, and in which there is an everlasting harvest of the choicest fruits of the earth.

Cuyaba is in the midst of the gold region. The metal is found in veins, among the pebbles at the bottom of the brooks, and in fine grains in the soil. After every rain the servants and children may be seen gathering it from the washings of the streets in Cuyaba.

They get in this city a drug from the Amazon called *guarana*, of which the consumption is enormous, and to which medicinal virtues the most astonishing are ascribed.

On the head waters of the Cuyaba is the celebrated diamond district of Brazil; and though in this day of sober realities it can not be said that the city of Diamantino, the principal village of the district, has its streets paved with diamonds, yet these jewels are found there mixed with the earth, like gold in the "diggings" of California.

Just before Castelnau was there a man planting a post to which to tie a mule, found a diamond of nine carats. The children here wash the earth in the street for gold, and diamonds are sometimes found in the crops of the fowls.

This stone is found in the bottom of the streams; and the most celebrated for it are the Ouro, the Diamantino, and the Santa Anna, in their whole length; the Areias, the San Franciscos—of which there are three—and on the Paraguay itself for a considerable distance down the main stream.

The Samidouro, which is on the Amazonian side of this ridge, is said also to be exceedingly rich in diamonds.

A Spaniard, one Don Simon, with his slaves, washing on the Santa Anna during the dry season *only*, got in four years 7,000 carats of diamonds.

Castelnau estimates the whole yield of diamonds from Brazil to the end of 1849, at near \$80,000,000.

It is the mineral wealth of this watershed between La Plata and the Amazon, operating with its gold and its diamonds upon the cupidity of her counselors, that has been the curse of Brazil.

At first the diamonds belonged to the crown, and no person was allowed to visit the diamond district unless under the strictest surveillance. Military posts were established throughout the whole region to prevent people from gathering its mineral wealth.

Suppose the United States had established military posts in California, to prevent the people from going there and digging for gold, what would have been the condition of the State now, in comparison to what it is? It would have been such as the interior of Brazil now is.

The policy of Brazil has been, not only to shut out commerce, but to shut up from observation the wonderful resources, capabilities, and capacities of the finest country in the world; and among the immense treasures which lie dormant and undeveloped there, I class the precious stones and metals as among the least of the truly valuable.

There is now in Rio the original of an order issued when Humboldt was traveling in South America, ordering that great man to be made prisoner should he once set foot on Brazilian territory.

And it has been but two or three years ago that application was made by this government to that of Brazil for permission to send a steamer up the Amazon to explore it, not for the benefit of the United States alone, but for the good of commerce, science, and the world. Permission was refused. The consequence was, two officers of the navy were ordered to cross over the Andes from Lima, and descend the Amazon as they might. One of these officers (Lieut. Herndon, U. S. N.) has just returned, and is now engaged with his report; the other, (Lieut. Gibbon) is still on his way down.

Thus, in consequence of this Japanese spirit that still lingers in Brazil, our officers, in the pursuit of science and of knowledge for the benefit of the human family, were, by this dog-in-the-manger policy, compelled to undergo all sorts of exposure, and living on monkeys and sea-cows; to descend that mighty river from its sources to its mouth on rafts, in dug-outs, and upon such floating things as they could find.—*Washington Union.*



EGYPTIAN SPHINX.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

THERE are sixty-nine of the Egyptian Pyramids altogether—now ascertained beyond all doubt to be royal tombs—thus forming the most magnificent Necropolis in the world. The largest and finest are those of Gizeh, Sakkara, and Dashour, in the neighborhood of Cairo. I can not describe them all; nor is it necessary. Those of Gizeh are the most conspicuous, standing upon a bed of rock 150 feet above the descent, and 150 feet above the river. Of this group the great Pyramid will chiefly occupy our attention. Let us pay it an imaginary visit.

It is singular to notice the deception created by their great size on the one hand, and the clearness of the atmosphere on the other. At first they appear neither very high, nor very distant; so that we expect to reach them soon after they appear in sight. But we travel on, and they appear no larger or nearer. All large objects are deceptive in this way. Large hills, large buildings, famous waterfalls—even the Himalayas, St. Peter's, and Niagara—at first sight disappoint the traveler, especially when the atmosphere is clear, and there are no intervening objects to act as a set-off to the largest.

But this primary disappointment invariably gives place to the full measure of wonder naturally inspired by the scene. It is so with the pyramids. "They certainly," says one traveler, "have an awful

look—everlasting, as it were, compared to any other structure which you have either seen or can imagine."

Dr. Clarke thus describes his first view of them at sunrise, from the Nile boat: "We hastened from the cabin; and never will the impression made by their appearance be obliterated. By reflecting the sun's rays, they appeared as white as snow, and of such surprising magnitude, that nothing we had previously conceived in our imagination had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld. The sight instantly convinced us, that no power of description, no delineation, can convey ideas adequate to the effect produced in viewing these stupendous monuments. The formality of their structure is lost in their prodigious magnitude: the mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms, that in vastness, whatsoever be its nature, there dwells sublimity."

Arrived at the confines of the great sand-heap which surrounds the rock upon which the pyramids are built, we began to ascend, our donkeys sinking in the sand at every step. At no great distance from the first pyramid, in a deep, sandy hollow, stands the world-famed Sphinx, which, however, we pass, as we are in a hurry to get to the pyramid itself.

Now we are at the foot of the stone-mountain. The first step is before us, but

to step on to it, or rather to step up, or climb up, *that* is the difficulty, for it is nearly as high as ourselves! There we stand, gazing upward, the eye glancing along from step to step, and almost wearied with reaching the summit, until we seem as mere insects in the presence of such a stupendous mass of solid masonry.

The perpendicular height of the great pyramid is 461 feet, being 24 feet higher than St. Peter's, and 117 feet higher than St. Paul's. The quantity of stone used in this pyramid is estimated at six millions of tons. However, we must now try to get to the top; and here are some Arabs ready to help us.

In ascending, we have to pursue a zig-zag course, looking toward the face of the pyramid, seldom looking down the deep distance below, though tempted now and then to gaze upward at the towering steps which seem to mount to the very clouds. It seems as if we had been a life-time on the journey, and as if it would never come to an end. But we toil on, and as we reached the bottom, so, in due time, we reach the top.

We now are at the pinnacle of the pyramid. There is room for standing; that is one comfort, and there is accommodation for sitting; that is a greater comfort; for by this time we are pretty well tired. The surface of the pinnacle is 30 feet square, with a layer of stone blocks, somewhat raised in the center, upon which we take our seats, while surveying the wide and wonderful prospect around and below us.

Stretching away to the north and east, the eye rests upon one of the most fertile spots in the world—the valley of the Nile—teeming with fruitfulness, while the wonderful river, the source of all this wealth, is winding away to the sea, leaving behind it innumerable shining lakes or canals, glistening in the sunshine. On the opposite side of the river gleam the white houses, and the towers and minarets of Cairo, with the island of Rhoda; while nearer still, between us and the city, are countless villages, embosomed amid the palm-trees. At our feet lie the irregular hillocks of yellow sand, and the mysterious monument of the Sphinx.

The contrast on the west is wonderful enough; for there the yellow sand-hills of the Lybian desert, without one particle of vegetation, present the aspect of eternal nakedness. There is something awfully sublime, and almost fearful, in this intense desolation.

Upon the south, the pyramids of Sak-kara, Abousier, and Dashour, seem spread out like so many tents, or like some great encampment upon the edge of the desert. As we stand upon this hoary summit, we seem, also, to look back into the night of immeasurable antiquity. On the plain below was slowly developed that civilization, that "wisdom of the Egyptians," which descended as a heritage to other nations.

There is no spot on earth so venerable as the plains of Memphis, as there are no monuments like the pyramids. Could we have stood on the same spot 3000 or 4000 years ago, what a scene would have spread out before us! And now, when we make arrangements for descending, we look for the steps, but from the top down to the very bottom, it seems like a smooth surface of an immense inclined plane, threatening to make our descent more precipitate than would be comfortable. By the way we got up, however, we get down without damage.—*Youth's Cabinet.*

THE REWARD IS SURE.—Idleness is the hot-bed of temptation, the cradle of disease, and the canker-worm of felicity. Soon the idle man finds no novelty; and when novelty is laid in the grave, the funeral of comfort enters the heart.

What solid satisfaction does the man of industry enjoy! His limbs are strong; his understanding vigorous. With zest he relishes the refreshment of the day; with pleasure he seeks the bed of repose at night.

To the industrious man, every day is a little life, and every night a little heaven.

SWARING.—Profit or pleasure there is none in swearing, nor any thing in men's natural tempers to incite them to it. Though some men pour out oaths so freely as if they came naturally from them, yet surely no man was born of a swearing constitution.

TO LITTLE MARY.

BY MRS. E. M. GUTHRIE.

THINE infant form, now cold and dead,
Hath lain upon my breast,
And sweetly hath thy lovely head
My weary bosom pressed.

Those little arms, so chill, so white,
With life once soft and warm,
Hath gently through the dreary night
Entwined thy mother's form.

Thy baby voice is hushed and still,
Its cherub music flown,
But memory, with magic skill,
Repeats each loving tone.

Oft have I gazed within thine eyes
Of pure and holy blue,
And prized, as mothers only prize,
The rich soul glancing through.

Then I would pray that thou shouldst be
Pure as the angels are;
Ever from guilt and sorrow free,
Brilliant as yonder star.

And when I prayed so fervent there,
Above thy cradle rest,
I should have known mine answered prayer
Would snatch thee from my breast.

For earth is still so sad and dark,
It were no home for thee,
So angels launched thy fragile bark
Upon a blander sea.

And yet 'tis hard, my cherished one,
To yield thee, smiling, so,
Unto the grave, so cold, so lone—
How can I let thee go?

I could not, love, but for the thought
That thou hast wiser care,
Where truth and virtue falter not;
Go, for my heart is there.

Yes, there with thee, my spirit child,
There, where bright seraphs dwell,
Where all is "pure and undefiled,"
Where love's sweet waters well—

Thou art another beacon ray
To guide my thoughts above.
Recall thee, little Mary? Nay;
Soar upward, chainless dove.

THE SCIENCE OF CANDLE BURNING.

BEFORE you put your candle out look at it. It has been burning some time unsnuffed, and gives little or no light; the wick is long, and is topped by a heavy black clot—a lump of unconsumed carbon. Take the candlestick in your hand, and move gently from side to side; the superfluous wick burns away, and the candle is again bright.

When you ask yourself why this is, you learn that flame is hollow, and as it admits no oxygen, which is necessary for combustion, the wick which it surrounds remains unconsumed and diminishes the light. When the flame, by motion, leaves the wick exposed at intervals to the oxygen of the atmosphere, it speedily burns away.

Note this valuable deduction from this fact—the formation of a wick which constantly turns outward, and reaches the exterior air, and so gives us a candle requiring no snuffing.

There is much philosophy in the burning of a candle. The wick, you may think, is intended to burn and give light; but this is not exactly the fact. The wick is simply to bring the melted tallow, or oil, if in a lamp, into that finely divided state in which it is best fitted for combustion. The heat applied to "light" the candle decomposes into its constituents the small quantity of tallow next the wick, heat and light are produced in the operation, and the heat so produced carries on the decomposition.—

The Builder.

WAR.—A philosopher thus expresses himself in regard to war: "A hundred thousand mad animals whose heads are covered with hats, advance to kill or be killed by the like number of their fellow-mortals covered with turbans. By this strange procedure they want to decide whether a tract of land, to which none of them have any claim, shall belong to a certain man they call Sultan, or to another they call King, neither of whom ever saw or will see the spot so furiously contended for. From time immemorial this has been the way of mankind all over the earth. What an excess of madness!"—*Selected.*

Youth's Department.

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, to fix
The generous purpose, and the noble thought.

THE DEFORMED BOY.

BY ELIZA A. CHASE.

"I say, Mr. Fiddlesticks, can't you give us a tune? No! surly fellow! Look, James Lyon, only look at that graceless fellow. A living, walking fiddle, and yet won't play us a tune. Isn't he too bad?"

"Yes, Edward, he is. But see, he is going to hang his harp on the willows and sit down by the waves of the blue Ontario, to weep. Good-by, Fiddle, let us hear from you soon."

"I declare, James, it is almost too bad to tease the poor fellow so; but he is the funniest-looking thing, and I can't help it."

"Well, I don't care, Edward, for he is so cross. He never speaks to common folks now, because he happens to be the best scholar in the school. I hate conceit, any way."

James Lyon and Edward Clark were thoughtless boys in general, but in this conversation they had proved themselves unfeeling.

Allan Dale was a deformed boy. When but four years old he had a terrible fall from the window of a house, causing an injury of the spine, which was succeeded by months of suffering, and resulted in deformity for life.

The once beautiful, bright-eyed boy arose from his bed of pain a cripple; his limbs were dwarfed and crooked; there was a serious curvature of the spine, causing his shoulders to rise very high; his arms projected from his side, and his face wore a pinched and painful

expression, as if intense suffering had left its indelible impress on his features.

But the years of sickness had not been unprofitably spent. His widowed mother, though she wept in secret over the wreck of her only and once beautiful child, knew that the immortal mind was unharmed by the blow that had shattered the casket, and while she carefully cultivated his mental powers, she taught him to look to a Higher Power for strength to sustain him in his many trials.

He was very sensitive in regard to his personal appearance, and though he scarcely ever alluded to any observation of his misfortune, his mother read too plainly the struggle of his young mind.

When about fourteen he commenced attending school for the first time, for his kind parent had exhausted her stock of knowledge, and found herself unable to render him further assistance in his studies. It was with fear and trembling that Allan first entered the school-room, for though acquainted with most of the scholars, he shrank from the observations and notice which children unthinkingly bestow upon the unfortunate.

With the greatest physical weakness, he had an intense desire for knowledge, and though laboring under so many disadvantages, he was in advance of all the other scholars. His misfortunes, his sweet and patient disposition, made him a favorite with Miss Easton, the teacher, and he returned her esteem with the

warmest regard. He rarely mingled with the other boys, for he could not participate in their sports, and he dreaded their ridicule.

James Lyon had often annoyed him by jeering observations of his deformity, and on this particular occasion, a little vexed that Allan had readily solved a problem which had baffled all the rest, indulged more freely in his insults, till poor Allan, quite overcome, and not wishing that his mother should know of his grief, stole away to the maple grove and wept.

The next morning he was not present when school commenced, and the two boys, James and Edward, fancied there was something peculiar in the tones of the teacher as she read, "By the ruins of Babylon there we sat down ; yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We strung our harp upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song, and they that wasted us required of us mirth." And when she repeated with emphasis, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," they hung their heads.

When the devotional exercises were concluded, Miss Easton commenced, in a serious manner, to speak of injuring the feelings of others ; the baseness of ridiculing the personal appearance of any person, and then, without mentioning names, related the circumstances of the preceding night, of which she had been an unobserved witness.

Very feelingly she spoke of the absent boy, and touchingly alluded to his noble and generous nature, the patience with which he bore his affliction, and added, that it was a disrespect to the Creator to despise the work of His hand ; that the deformed boy was as near and dear to his God as those whose forms had been unmarred by misfortune.

A short, quick sob reached her ear, and much to her surprise she saw Allan standing partly concealed by the open door, he having stolen in unperceived

while she was engaged in prayer. Still more closely did he cling to the kind teacher after this, and less did he seem to feel the occasional observations of the thoughtless boys.

Some ten years subsequent to this event Miss Easton was visiting a friend in Indiana, who was eloquent in the praises of their minister, a man of great piety and talent. She was desirous of hearing him, and on the following Sabbath accompanied her friend to church.

"Mr. Hill is absent after all, and this is a stranger," whispered Mrs. Willard as they entered the door.

"Who is this preacher?" asked Miss Easton.

"I do not know his name," returned the other.

The preacher arose to read the hymn, and to her utter astonishment Miss Easton recognized her former pupil, Allan Dale.

His sermon was fervent, truthful, and eloquent, and the hearers were delighted. The earnestness and piety which characterized his discourse, the meekness and humility of his manner, marked him as a true laborer in the sacred field which he had chosen.

After the service was ended, Miss Easton addressed him, and he recognized her with the greatest pleasure. The next day he called upon her, and in the course of the conversation observed, "To you, my kind friend and teacher, I am indebted for much pleasure, and in a great degree for my profession as a minister of the gospel. Do you not remember once when you talked to some unthinking boys because they had said something about my deformity, at which I was foolishly grieved ?

"From that day the idea of the ministry entered my mind, for I well remember thinking if I could talk as sweetly and kindly as you I could persuade every one to forsake his evil courses, so powerful was your soothing eloquence to my mind."

Allan Dale is the honored pastor of a flourishing church in the West, among

the members of which is Edward Clark, who in the beloved minister has not forgotten the deformed schoolmate of his earlier days.

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A HOME PICTURE.

One autumn night when the wind was high,
And the rain fell in heavy plashes,
A little boy sat by the kitchen fire,
A popping corn in the ashes;
And his sister, a curly-haired child of three,
Sat looking on just close to his knee.

The blast went howling round the house,
As if to get in 'twas trying;
It rattled the latch on the outer door,
Then seemed it a baby crying!
Now and then a drop down the chimney came,
And spattered and hissed in the bright-red flame.

Pop, pop, and the kernels, one by one,
Came out of the embers flying;
The boy held a long pine stick in his hand,
And kept it busily plying;
He stirred the corn and it snapped the more,
And faster jumped on the clean-swept floor,

A part of the kernels hopped out one way,
And a part hopped out the other;
Some flew plump into the sister's lap,
Some under the stool of the brother;
The little girl gathered them into a heap,
And called them a flock of milk-white sheep.

All at once the boy sat still as a mouse,
And into the fire kept gazing;
He quite forgot he was popping corn,
For he looked where the wood was blazing;
He looked, and he fancied that he could see
A house and a barn, a bird and a tree.

Still steadily gazed the boy at these,
And pussy's gray back kept stroking,
Till his little sister cried out, "Why, bub,
Only see how the corn is smoking!"
And, sure enough, when the boy looked back,
The corn in the ashes was burnt quite black.

"Never mind," said he, "we shall have enough,
So now, let's sit back and eat it;
I'll carry the stools and you the corn;
'Tis nice—nobody can beat it."
She took up the corn in her pinafore,
And they ate it all nor wished for more.

Selected.

WHIPPING TOPS.

You may guess the character of a boy from the way he whips his top. The lad who lays on the lashes furiously and blindly, and sends his top every now and then into the middle of the street, and then gets into a passion at the result of his own impetuosity, is likely enough to make mischief for himself and others in after life, unless curbed by proper discipline.

But the urchin who strikes the revolving cone with a steady swing, adapting the weight of the blow to the velocity of the object, and carefully tacking his top hither and thither, to avoid the cracks in the pavement, is just as sure to go through the world steadily, and work his way to a good position in society. The regular business of life is but whipping tops after all; while speculation may be likened to a game at "peg in the ring."—*Selected.*

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ANECDOCE OF PITT.

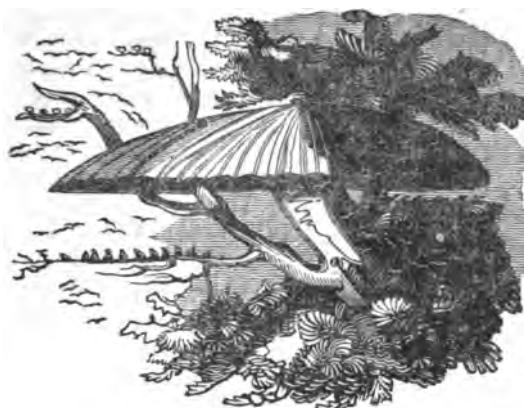
MR. PITT was a remarkable shy man. He was on terms of the greatest intimacy with Lord Camden, and being at his house on a morning visit, "Pitt," said his lordship, "my children have heard so much about you that they are extremely anxious to have a glimpse at the great man. They are just now at dinner in the next room; you will oblige me by going in with me for a moment."

"Oh, pray don't ask me; what would I say to them?"

"Give them, at least, the pleasure of seeing you."

And half led, half pushed into the room, he approached the little group, looking from their father to them, from them to their father, twirling his hat, without finding a single sentence at his disposal. So much for the domestic eloquence of an orator.

Selected.



THE SOCIALE GROSBEAK.

BY UNCLE DANIEL

THIS remarkable bird receives its name from its social habits. A traveler by the name of Paterson seems to have been the first to publish an account of its singular architectural achievements, and its no less singular modes of life.

His description, which was really somewhat embellished by fancy, appeared so extraordinary, that it was set down by many as wholly fabulous. The account, as afterward corrected by Vail-lant, the celebrated naturalist, is sufficiently marvelous, but is entirely trustworthy.

A large number of these birds unite in an association or community, for the purpose of building and occupying a village or town, or, as a socialist would say, a *phalanstery*. A general idea of this structure, which forms a home for from three to six hundred of these feathered communists, may be gained from our engraving, though that is not as well executed as we could have wished.

The huge canopy which forms the common roof of several hundred individual nests, cells, or rooms, uniting and sustaining them all, and sheltering them from sun and rain, is constructed of a

kind of grass, called the Boshman's grass, by the united labor of the whole society, and is so firmly and skillfully basketted together as to be impervious to rain.

The industry of these birds, while engaged in this work, is almost equal to that of a swarm of honey bees. All day they may be seen carrying the grass and weaving it into its proper place. When this grand canopy or roof is finished, each bird proceeds to construct its own individual nest beneath the eaves.

“Figure to yourself,” says Vail-lant, “a huge, irregular, sloping roof, all the eaves of which are completely covered with nests, crowded together, one against another, and you will have a tolerably accurate idea of these singular edifices.”

Each individual nest is three or four inches in diameter, which is sufficient for the bird, but as they are all in contact with each other, around the eaves, they appear to the eye to form but one building, and are distinguished from each other only by the little hole which forms the entrance to the nest; and this entrance is sometimes common to three nests, one at the bottom and one on each side.

According to Paterson, the number of cells increasing in proportion to the increase of the inhabitants, the old ones become "streets of communication, formed by line and level," but this is not confirmed by Vaillant, who thinks that as the new buildings will necessarily cover the old ones, the latter must therefore be abandoned.

Trees are sometimes borne down by the weight of these structures, when the birds are obliged to abandon them and build others.

THE STUBBORN BOY.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

A FEW years ago, there was a small boy in one of the New England village schools, who was particularly fond of "having his own way." He was very far from being a studious scholar, though he would generally manage in some way to recite his lessons tolerably well, even if he was "prompted" by a school-mate, or his book open in some sly place.

Of course he did not love to attend school, because he was often obliged to do many things contrary to his own wishes. Whenever he could easily "play the truant" without being detected he did so, especially when he knew that his sister was to be absent from school.

As he grew older and was subject to less restraint at home, he became, of course, more and more unmanageable in the school-room. Though he had a kind and affectionate teacher, he often involved himself in difficulty, and of course caused his teacher great trouble and anxiety, and did much to destroy the peace and good order of the school.

At the age of fourteen—an age when some other boys regard themselves as too near manhood to be subject to correct discipline—he was a perfect tyrant among those younger than himself. One

day, at the recess, he was guilty of a violent attack on one of his school-mates, whom he very seriously injured.

The teacher required of him to ask forgiveness of the injured boy, but Master Stubborn positively refused to do it, preferring to "have his own way." His parents and friends attempted to persuade him to do so, but it was all in vain. He had been too long suffered to do whatever he pleased, now to yield even to the reasonable demand of his teacher. He preferred rather to leave the school and all its pleasant associations.

His *will* was far stronger than his love for study, or his attachment to his teacher or school-fellows. He did leave the school, and was permitted to pursue his own evil inclinations, simply because his parents could not, or rather did not, control him. They had neglected necessary restraint at a time when he might have been subdued, and now it was still more difficult to restrain him.

His story is soon told. He roamed the fields and forests in idleness, refusing to engage in any steady employment, sought the companionship of those still viler than himself, and continued to do as his evil inclinations prompted.

His strong will became stronger and stronger. He was generally known, even among his chosen associates, as "Stubborn Thompson." He at first took an occasional glass of intoxicating liquor. Some of his friends remonstrated, but his "will" must be gratified, whatever consequences might follow. He became a drunkard ere he reached the age of manhood, was still idle, turbulent, and stubborn, and soon found himself an inmate of the *almshouse*—a nuisance in society—an *outcast*.

My young readers, if you would avoid the fearful fate of Stephen Thompson, be obedient to those in whose charge you are placed, whether in school or out of it. Above all, "obey your parents."

I CAN.

Of course you can. You show it in your looks, in your motion, in your speech, and every thing else. Every attitude shows that your body has a soul, and is inhabited by resolution and moral sense. *I can.* A brave, hearty, soulful, manly expression. There is character, force, vigor, determination, and will in it. The words have a spirit, sparkle, and pungency about them not to be resisted or forgotten.

There is a world of meaning expressed, nailed down, epigramized, and rammed, so to speak, in those few letters. Whole lectures are there, and sermons of mighty grandeur and eloquence, on the stern and noble virtues.

We more than admire to hear the young man speak it out bravely, boldly, determined, as though it was an out-stretching of his entire nature—a reflection of his inner soul. It tells of something that is earnest, sober, serious; of something that will race and battle with the world, when the way is open for it.

I can! What a spirit, purpose, intensity, reality, in the phrase. It is a strong arm, a stout heart, a bold eye, a firm spirit, an indomitable will. We never knew a man possessed of its energy, vitality, unsubdued and energetic fire, that did not attain a place of some distinction among his fellows.

How should, we may say, how could it have been otherwise? Take Franklin, Washington, Wilberforce, Ferguson, La Place, and all the master spirits that have found a name and a place on the page of history, and where is the nation, where is the people among whom they would not be distinguished?

It could not be otherwise. It is the nature, constitution, order, necessity, the very inevitability of things and events that it should be so. *I can*, rightly and truly said, and then clinched and riveted by the manly and heroic deed, is the real secret, the true philosophy of all great men's lives. They

took *I can* for a motto, and then went forth and made of themselves and the world exactly what they pleased.

Then, young man, hear us, if it be only this once. If you would be something more than a common, prosy wayfarer in life, just put these magic words on your lips, and their musing, hopeful, expanding philosophy into your heart and arms.

Say *I can*, and do it, and you are a man whose fortune will soon be made; and you blessed with the recollection of making it yourself.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE LITTLE QUEEN.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNIE P. ADAMS.

A good king reigned once in an island, and gained the love of all his subjects. He governed them as a good father governs his family—took care to procure for them whatever was necessary; rewarded those who employed their talents in rendering themselves useful to others, and punished the idle and the wicked.

This prince had only one grief: this was to see that Mira, his only daughter, at twelve years of age, was very ignorant; so thoughtless that she forgot what she had been taught, and so proud that she had no desire to be instructed, as she thought she knew enough already.

One day Mira took it into her head to say that the kingdom would be more prosperous and happy if she had the government of it. This was repeated to the king, who immediately ordered that the princess should be sent for. Instead of being angry and reproaching his daughter, he said to her kindly:

“ You are one day to reign in this island; I think it well to try if you have the talents necessary to govern well; you may make the trial in an island near this.

“ Geography wearies you, I have been

told ; however, you are not ignorant, I hope, that the island Fortuna belongs to me. The inhabitants are laborious, industrious, very happy, and very much attached to their master. Henceforward you may be their sovereign ; I will give orders that a vessel be prepared to conduct you into your kingdom. Adieu, madam," added he, smiling, and making a low bow to Mira ; " I wish your majesty much pleasure in your little kingdom."

Mira, much surprised, did not believe the king spoke seriously ; but she soon saw that it was not in jest he proposed to her to be queen, for she learned that arrangements were being made for her departure. The king permitted her to appoint her court—that is, to choose among her acquaintances some persons to accompany her into the island.

Mira chose a dozen young persons about her own age. " They are so judicious," said she to her father, " that I assure you they can very well do without their tutors and governesses." The king, thinking differently, ordered all who had charge of the education of these children to accompany them.

Mira wished also some musicians, and a dancing-master to direct the balls. On taking leave of her father she shed a few tears ; but the pleasure of thinking that all her wishes would be gratified consoled her very soon for this separation.

" The only counsel I give you," said the king, on leaving her, " is to follow in every thing the advice of Ariste, governor of the island. He is a man whom I highly esteem, because he is enlightened, just, and good. You will do well to choose him for your prime minister—that is to say, to consult him about all that is done for the good of your subjects, and charge him with the execution of your orders."

Mira would have liked better to choose Augustus for her minister, for of all her court this young man was the most agreeable to her. He danced gracefully, sang with taste, had agreeable manners ;

but in every thing else was as ignorant as Mira ; he could not endure study, and was weary of the lessons his tutor gave him.

He had a very great fault : it was that of saying very pleasant things which he knew were not true ; ordinarily it was to please Mira that he lied thus ; he was a flatterer. For example, he often told her that she was much admired, and that it was said, there had never been a more perfect princess. He knew very well that the contrary was true ; that Mira was reproached for being so little like her father, since she spent all her time in walking, playing, seeing the world, and giving festivals.

Arrived on her island, Mira was met by a troupe of shepherds and shepherdesses, who danced, sang songs, and cried, " Long live the queen!" All were dressed in white, the young girls wore rose-colored, and the boys green ribbons ; they scattered flowers in the path of the queen, and presented her with bouquets. Mira, well pleased with her subjects, gave them some money.

Ariste conducted her into a pretty little *chateau* prepared to receive her. All the court, being a little tired with the voyage, they retired early ; but the queen ordered for the next day a ball, followed by a supper.

In the morning they walked in the little city which surrounded the *chateau*. Ariste caused the queen to notice the expression of contentment visible upon all faces.

" It is the presence of her majesty alone which causes it," said Augustus.

" Certainly she contributes to it," replied Ariste ; " but this gayety is natural to them ; the king has given them so wise laws, that they regard themselves as the happy children of the best of fathers. Joy and abundance reign equally in the villages."

" I wish to see also the inhabitants of the country," interrupted the queen.

Immediately the carriages were ordered to the nearest hamlet. The queen

seeing a fine orchard, where the trees were in blossom, wished to walk. She heard a buzzing, and demanded the cause; she was told it was that of the bees. She was then near a hive, and one of the insects stung her.

"What horrible flies!" cried she; "I feel a violent pain."

"Such hurtful insects must be destroyed," said Augustus. "You are right," said the queen; "it is not because of the evil they have just done me, but because of that they will do to my subjects."

"But," said Ariste, "they rarely sting any one, and if they did, the evil would be nothing in comparison to the advantage which is derived from the bees: your subjects, madam, can not do without them, for—"

Augustus laughed heartily. "What! can they not do without an insect? that is a child's story."

"I order them to be destroyed," said Mira.

"Your majesty will repent of it," said Ariste.

"I am resolved that my orders be executed," added she. Ariste sighed and Augustus applauded.

That evening the queen enjoyed herself greatly at the ball, which lasted till two o'clock in the morning. Among the maids of honor there were two, who, being only ten years old, were accustomed to retire early after a frugal supper. But the supper of the queen had been so fine, and the ball so amusing, that they could not persuade themselves to listen to the advice of their governesses.

The next day both of them were ill; the physician was called, and ordered remedies. When these were presented to them they refused to take them. "The queen permits us to do whatever we wish," said they, "and we have resolved to obey only her." However, they grew worse, they could neither sleep nor eat, and one of them had an increase of fever.

The queen was told that the stubbornness of the little sick girls might cause fatal consequences, and Mira was obliged to order her maids of honor to follow the counsels of their governesses. They obeyed, and a little while after their health was restored.

One day, as the queen walked in the garden of the *chateau*, she observed that the caterpillars had eaten the leaves on many trees. "Look, what very ugly insects," said she to Augustus, "see what havoc they have made here."

"I think, madam, it will be necessary to make war upon them, and to promise rewards to those who will destroy them."

"Ariste," said the queen, "will you say also that we can not do without caterpillars?"

"Your majesty remembers the bees," replied the governor; "here the case is different; the caterpillars that we see upon these trees destroy without doing any good."

"I am charmed," said the queen, "that you do not take their part, for I wish every thing called caterpillar to be destroyed; I can not endure them."

"But the destruction will not be general?" said Ariste; "your majesty is not ignorant that the silk-worm ought to be excepted?"

"Oh! what signifies a name?" said Augustus, in a low voice, to the queen; "does not your majesty see that Ariste only wishes to contradict you?"

"I wish," said Mira, "it may be with the caterpillars as with the bees, let my kingdom be immediately delivered from them."

"I like much these walks and groves," said the queen to her favorite; "but seeing green, always green, wearies me. I wish to have a bower all rose-color."

Augustus, the next day, set about gratifying the queen. He observed in the garden a bower covered with honeysuckles, and of which the trellis-work was painted green; he ordered the leaves and flowers to be torn away and the wood

painted red. Then he collected a great quantity of artificial roses, which he tied to it with ribbons of the same color.

The queen thought nothing could be prettier than this bower, and ordered dinner to be served there. The sun was very hot that day, and hardly had they been a quarter of an hour at table when some complained of headache, others of pain in the eyes; they ate nothing, and every thing was so dazzling that they could see nothing.

One of the chamberlains, more prudent than the rest of the court, advised every one to rise, and go to a dark walk, where they could refresh their eyes by looking upon the fine turf. All agreed that it would be very difficult to walk by daylight, if the leaves, instead of being green, were rose-color.

The queen enjoyed herself so well in the *chateau* that she troubled herself very little about what passed in the rest of the island; her life passed in a succession of amusements, and her greatest care was to vary them. Sometimes she walked in the city, but her presence no more excited joy. One day she perceived this. "I no longer hear 'Long live the queen!'" said she to Augustus; "what can be the reason of it? Do my subjects no longer love me?"

"If they would not love such a sovereign," said the favorite flatterer, "they would not deserve that you should take the trouble to govern them." Mira looked rather thoughtful, but Augustus, in order to divert her, spoke to her of dances and amusements. Soon she recovered her gayety, and formed the project of a new festival.

Weary of ordinary balls, she wished all her court to be dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses, and particularly recommended that the dresses should be very elegant.

"They can only be made of linen," said one to her.

"And why so?"

"Because there is no more silk in the island."

"You are surely mistaken, for many shops were full of it when I came."

"Yes, madam, but now these shops are shut, and the merchants have gone."

"For what reason?"

"Because they can no longer manufacture silk in the kingdom, since your majesty caused all the caterpillars to be destroyed."

"But what connection is there between silk and caterpillars?"

"There is a kind of caterpillar which furnishes the silk, of which beautiful stuffs are manufactured. The merchants who sold them here are sons or sons-in-law of the manufacturers, and as they could not prevail on themselves to be separated from their families, all together have quitted the island."

The evening of the same day, instead of lighting the apartments with wax candles, tallow candles were placed upon the tables.

"What does this mean!" cried the queen; "why this change?"

"Because," it was replied, "there are no more wax candles in the island."

"That is not possible," said she. "Send for Ariste."

"Have you not told me that wax candles were manufactured in my kingdom?"

"Yes, madam, formerly."

"And why are they not now?"

"Because your majesty caused all the bees to be destroyed."

Augustus began to laugh, and the queen asked, in surprise, what connection there was between bees and wax candles.

"The bees," said Ariste, "make the wax of which the candles are composed."

"And how are those now occupied who manufactured the candles?" asked the queen..

"These poor people, the materials for their work being taken from them, resolved to leave the kingdom. If your majesty should make the tour of the island, as on your first arrival, you would find it much changed."

Augustus wished to ridicule, but the

queen imposed silence upon him in a very serious tone. The next morning she sent for Ariste, and they entered her carriage together.

"You did right," said she, "to inform me of the change; no more gayety, no more songs as formerly. But what do I see? beggars! how ragged their clothes are!" The queen drew out her purse and gave them some money.

"Formerly," said Ariste, "there were no beggars here. The king caused a large house to be built for the poor; old men and the infirm were there taken care of, and the young people worked at different trades. But since your majesty has permitted all the children of the island, who were a dozen years old, to do whatever they wished, many giddy ones have quitted their father's house; others, the house of charity; and as they can not get their living, they are obliged to beg their bread."

"But," said the queen, "formerly there was a crowd of people in the principal street of this city; it is almost deserted now."

"This is because the merchants, the manufacturers, their workmen, their clerks, and their families have left the island. The tailors and the shoemakers, who made clothes and shoes for all these people, afflicted at having nothing more to do, are about in their turn to abandon the kingdom. The countrymen who furnished wheat, vegetables, milk, butter, to all those I have named, are very much to be pitied also."

"What have I done!" cried the queen; "why did I not remain in the court of my father! oh, how I am punished for my presumption! To-morrow I will quit this island. Ariste, I entreat you, prepare every thing for my departure."

The queen embarked soon after, with all her court, and arrived without accident in the capital of the great kingdom.

"What, my daughter!" cried the king, on seeing her, "have you returned?

why did you quit your kingdom? were you weary of being queen?"

"Ah! my father," said Mira, shedding tears, "never was there a sovereign more to be pitied than I, for I have rendered my subjects unhappy. The island Fortuna no longer merits this name since it has been governed by a child; it was populous when I went there; now it is almost deserted. I pray you, my father, to cause all my diamonds to be sold, and send the price of them to the inhabitants who remain in the island, to atone for a part of my faults; if I knew where the others have gone—"

"Be comforted, my daughter," said the king, embracing her, "the evil is not so great as you think; I know all. I foresaw you would commit faults, but I provided at the same time the means to repair them. Those of your subjects who have quitted the island have taken refuge in my kingdom, by order of Ariste. Care has been taken of them; they have wanted nothing, and to-morrow they shall return to their country."

"You have a kind heart, my dear Mira, and have done ill only in intending to do well. This teaches you how important it is for children to be instructed, and not to have too good an opinion of themselves. Princes, above all, ought to beware of flatterers, and to consult enlightened people. Flattery is very dangerous, and those who flatter are always contemptible. The faults of persons in private life are only hurtful to a small number of persons, but the faults of princes are injurious to all the state."

"You see also, my dear daughter, that certain things which appear hurtful at the first glance are in reality very advantageous, and thus it is necessary to bear patiently the little harm they occasion, by reason of the greater good they procure."

Mira profited by this lesson, employed the greater part of her time in study, and forbade Augustus to present himself before her, while she esteemed Ariste as an instructor and friend.

For Children.

"To aid the mind's development, and watch
The dawn of little thoughts."

THE BROKEN ROSE; OR, A LIE OF FEAR.

I was visiting my Aunt Mary. I was named for her, and as she took a great interest in me, I was anxious to do all I could to please her. She was a great favorite among the children.

One day, Kate Ray, who lived at the next door, came in to see me. The little puss was in the parlor, and we had a great frolic with her.

By-and-by I held her up to catch a fly on the window; and it was quite funny to see her try to pounce on it. On the sill was a new-blown tea-rose, which Aunt Mary thought a great deal of.

"Take care," said Kate, "or puss may jump on it; and then!" But I thought more of the fun, when suddenly she made a spring at the fly, and snapped the stem of the beautiful rose.

"What will your Aunt Mary say?" cried Kate. Oh, dear! We raised it up and tried to make it stand, but it kept toppling down; at last we made it lean against a branch, and it looked almost as well as before. "I must go now," said Kate, for there was no more fun for us.

"Had I better tell Aunt Mary, or let her find it out?" I asked myself.

"Tell her, certainly," said a voice within; "when an accident happens, always make it known to those who ought to know it: why not?"

But I was afraid, and kept delaying,

and went off to grandmother's room; then she told me how to fix my patch-work; and so the time passed on until afternoon, when a lady and her little daughter came to see Aunt Mary, and I was called into the parlor also.

"Ah, that rose!" thought I; but go I must. I had not been in long when the flowers were talked about, and Aunt Mary got up to show them her tea-rose.

"Why, it is faded, broken!" she said. "How did this happen? Mary, do you know any thing about it?"

"I felt frightened, and answered quickly, "No ma'am."

No sooner were the words out than I began to feel bad indeed. "Worse and worse," I said to myself. "Why did I not say puss and I did it? Why *didn't* I tell the truth about it?"

Now, I knew perfectly well that Aunt Mary would neither have scolded nor fretted, for I did not mean to do it. I had not been so careful as I ought to have been, but she would have forgiven me; my sin was that I had told the lie.

Aunt Mary liked to have things accounted for, so she asked every one in the house about the broken rose; nobody could tell how it was done. Pussy could not tell, and I was afraid to, and now doubly afraid lest she should ever find out.

The idea of being caught in an untruth, and by Aunt Mary, too, who was so truthful herself and so very kind to me, was dreadful. "What shall I do?" I cried; "Where shall I go? I wish I had not come here; and I thought I was going to have such a beautiful visit!"

I had no appetite for supper; my head ached, and my heart beat hard. When Aunt Mary kissed me for the night and said, in her sweet way, "Good-night, my dear child," I felt as if I wanted to fall down and die.

Two days passed away. On the third, I went up stairs to put on my things to take a walk with grand'ma; it was in the forenoon. While I was dressing, the front door opened, and Katie Ray's voice sounded in the entry. All my fears came back fresh upon me.

"She'll tell! She'll tell!" what a tumult was I in!

Presently my name was called. "I'm found out!" I cried; and without knowing exactly what I did, I ran and hid in the closet. "Mary! Mary!" they called; no Mary answered.

After awhile there were footsteps in the entry. "Oh, my mother! my mother!" I cried; "I wish my mother was here."

Somebody came into my room and walked straight to the closet door; the door opened, and there stood Aunt Mary herself.

"My dear child," she said, anxiously, "what is the matter? how came you here?" Then, for the first time, I burst into tears; and what a relief it was!

She placed me on the bed and sat down beside me, and talked to me so kindly, just like my mother. As well

as I could, I told her all. "Oh, how sorry she looked!

After awhile she spoke, and then only said, "How true what the Scriptures say: 'The fear of man bringeth a snare; but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.'

I shall never forget Aunt Mary's voice; so sweet and sorrowful! I shall never, never forget the verse.

This story we have copied from the Child's Paper, and hope that our young readers, should any of them ever be as unfortunate as Mary was, will tell the truth at once, and thus save themselves from such sorrow as she had.



LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

Angry looks can do no good,
And blows are dealt in blindness,
Words are better understood
If spoken but in kindness.

Simple love far more hath wrought,
Although by childhood mutter'd,
Than all the battles ever fought,
Or oaths that men have utter'd.

Friendship oft would longer last,
And quarrels be prevented,
If little words were let go past—
Forgiven, not resented.

Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
For angry thoughts reveal them;
Rather drown them all in tears,
Than let another feel them.

Child's Companion.



TRUTH.

"DIAMONDS are glittering, and bright and rare,
Truth is the diamond that I would wear;
Stars shine with light that is fairer than day,
Truth is the star that shall lighten my way."

Our Museum.

THE MAGIC SQUARE—AN EAST INDIAN PUZZLE.—A friend residing in Bombay writes as follows:

I observe in the STUDENT a department called the MUSEUM, in which are inserted puzzles, enigmas, etc. It has occurred to me that I have in a book various kinds of magic charms, figures, incantations, etc., as practised among classes of the natives of this country, some of which may possibly be worthy of a place in the Museum.

Yours, very sincerely, E. BURGESS.

He has our warmest thanks for his very acceptable favors. We insert one of the Magic Squares; larger ones may be made from the same rule.

PUZZLE.—Take any odd number whatever—square it, and write the series of figures from one to the square of the number taken, in a square whose side is indicated by the number taken, in such a manner that the figures added horizontally, perpendicularly, or diagonally, shall equal the same sum.

Example.—Take the number 5—its square is 25—write the figures from 1 to 25 in a square made up of twenty-five smaller squares in such a manner that, added perpendicularly, horizontally, or diagonally, the sum shall be the same, that is, one-fifth of the sum of the series of numbers—1 to 25—and so of the numbers 7, 9, 11, etc.

Rule.—Begin by placing 1 in the middle square at the top, then, in filling up, observe these directions according to the position of the square just filled, viz.: Proceed diagonally upward to the right, or if you can not do this go to the square on the opposite side of the parallelogram in the next line at the right, or next line above; or if you can not do this, take the square immediately below.

17	24	1	8	15
23	5	7	14	16
4	6	13	20	22
10	18	19	21	3
11	18	25	2	9

These figures can be varied in at least *four* different ways. If the number 7 be taken, they can be varied *six* different ways; if 9 be taken, they can be varied *eight* different ways, perhaps more.

CHANGES IN NAMES.—The oldest names of places in some parts of the United States are of French origin. It is curious to observe in what a ludicrous way some of them have been “done into English;” for instance, “Bois-brûlé,” (burnt-wood), *Bottom*, is now called “Bob-a-Ruley’s Bottom.” The very pretty name Mere-dosia, a town on the Illinois river, comes from “Marais d’ Ogée,” (Ogée’s Marsh.)

Dr. O. W. HOLMES, the witty poet of Boston, is thus epitaphized in the Boston Courier:

“ Most men we mourn,
Whose biers we follow after;
Holmes *breathes his last*,
And then we die of laughter.”

TO PURIFY WATER.—“Nine ounces,” says the *Scientific American*, “of pure, fresh lime, dissolved in 40 gallons of water, will purify 560 gallons of hard water; the precipitate is chalk. It takes 16 hours for the water to settle, and all the impurities to fall to the bottom of the vessel which contains the water. This is a useful fact in chemistry, and not extensively known.”

ENIGMA
From H. H. Holm.

I am composed of twenty-three letters.
My 12, 6, 22, 15, 5, 19, is a useful vegetable.
My 11, 14, 15, 18, 18, 15, is a lake in North America.
My 17, 4, 8, 5, 20, 18, 8, 23, is one of the United States.
My 7, 10, 4, 21, is an adverb of time.
My 1, 16, 20, 9, 18, 2, 15, is a country in Europe.
My whole is that part of Ohio in which I reside.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS AND ENIGMAS.

Enigma in January number—“South Carolina,” the name of the State.

Question in February number—The four parts of the stone would weigh, respectively, 1, 8, 9, and 27 pounds.

Enigma in March number—“The Temple of Diana at Ephesus.”

Ans. to Lord Byron’s Puzzle—The letter “h.”

Editor's Chbr.

A FEW WORDS TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

WITH the present number closes the SIXTH volume of THE STUDENT; hence, this is a fitting occasion for a few words, retrospective and prospective. You who have been our companions for the past year, and more emphatically those who have welcomed and encouraged us from our first editorial line until the present, know full well that our aim, through the columns of The Student, has been pleasing, yet practical and useful instruction. We have endeavored to instill into the minds of our readers pure principles and noble aspirations. How faithfully this has been performed, and how successfully accomplished, we leave for others to decide.

We have been encouraged in our duties by those whose approval we highly prize, and our magazine has increased in circulation, and now visits all parts of our own country, and has even found friends in England, South America, in the West Indies, and in the distant regions of Asia. It was but a few days since that we were quite surprised, yet much gratified, on receiving a packet from Bombay, in India, containing some curiosities for Our Museum, and words of commendation. A few of the curiosities may be found in this number.

Thus, it seems that The Student has become a missionary in India. Well, may rich blessings attend it wherever it goes, and those who bid it welcome to their homes be made better and happier from its society. This is our earnest desire.

But let us turn for a moment to the future. With the next number commences a *new volume—the seventh*. The term of subscriptions of several hundreds of our subscribers will close with this number. Of these we now inquire, shall we continue to send it to you another year? This you can answer in the affirmative by forwarding the amount of your subscription, and if convenient with that of some of your friends also.

In regard to The Student, we will only add, that ALL that it heretofore has been we shall strive to make it in the future; and as improvement is our constant aim, we hope to render it still more acceptable and useful.

SUBJECTS CONTINUED.—We did hope to be

able to close all the articles which were continued in numbers, in the present volume; and particularly the series on Physiology and Hygiène. But owing to the continued illness of Dr. Newman we are compelled to postpone them for the present. Some new subjects will be introduced in the next volume, among others, articles on Geology, with illustrations. These, we think, will be found interesting.

A WORD TO TRUSTEES AND TOWN SUPERINTENDENTS.—The following excellent hints by C. R. Coburn, we copy from the New York Teacher :

“ As this is the time for employing teachers for the summer schools, perhaps a few words upon this subject will not be out of place.

“ First. Trustees should, if possible, secure the services of those who have taught in their districts before, if they were successful, and the majority of employers are satisfied with them. There is at all times a great loss to the educational interests of districts, by a change of teachers, consequently good teachers should be continued in the same schools as long as possible.

“ Secondly. Let town superintendents be particular in granting license to teachers. None but well qualified teachers should ever be honored with the teacher’s diploma. Let not the plea that ‘she will answer for our school if she is not very well qualified, the school is backward, and we can not afford to pay for a good teacher,’ prevail, and, as it were, extort a certificate from you; the interests of the schools of your towns are, to a great extent, in your hands.

“ Thirdly. Teachers should consider well the responsibilities they are about to assume, especially those who have never taught. Let them look well to the spirit that moved them to make choice of teaching for a business. If it was the spirit of selfishness, if they teach merely because they prefer teaching to performing manual labor, or because they get a few more shillings a week, they had better seek other employment.

“ Fellow-laborers, consider that the materials upon which you labor are not wood, or enduring marble, but mind, immortal, progressive, ever-enduring mind, thinking, propelling, undying

spirit. Reflect that you are making impressions that shall remain, and continue to exert an influence when every thing earthly shall have passed away. With these feelings, go forth to discharge the important duties that you have assumed. Labor to make yourselves useful, and you will be respected. Your remuneration at the present time may bear no proportion to the labor performed; still, falter not, if you are faithful your reward is sure."

To Subscribers.—The term for which some of our subscribers have paid us closes with the present number. To such, according to our usual practice, we shall *not* forward the number for the new volume until the subscription is renewed. However, we hope those who have long been acquainted with the work will not only continue that acquaintance, but induce many others to join them. Let clubs be formed at every post-office in the Union, and the work be introduced into our schools, that its influence for good may be more widely extended. Now is the time to engage in that work, at the commencement of a new volume.

BOUNDED VOLUMES.—The Student for 1850, 1851, and 1852, bound in muslin, may be had at the office of publication, at \$1 25 per year.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—Those who take an interest in education, and desire that the young may be supplied with interesting, elevating, and instructive reading, and especially those who write to do good, are respectfully invited to send contributions for the columns of *The Student*.

A perusal of our prospectus, with the examination of a few numbers, will enable one to judge very well of the character and style of articles that will most probably suit us. Specimen numbers will be sent free, to those who may desire to examine the work.

How to MAKE CHILDREN READ SLOWLY.—The following hints on this subject, from the *Massachusetts Teacher*, we commend to the attention of all teachers :

" Ask the pupil to look at as many words as, from their connection, he thinks it desirable to speak without a pause; then ask him to look from the book to you and speak them. After this, let him look on the page for the next phrase, or proposition, or so much as should be spoken without any pause, and again look up to you and speak it. Continue this through the paragraph; and then let the pupil read the same from the

book, taking care to make the same pauses as before. The habit will be broken up before many days have passed.

" Most persons have observed that, in animated speech, the speaker enunciates at once, and with considerable rapidity, so much as the mind well receives at once; after which, follows a pause more or less protracted, according to the importance of what has been uttered. The method we have spoken of above, no doubt, originated from observing this fact."

Literary Utilities.

THE METROPOLITAN GLEE-BOOK; or Alpine Glee Singer Volume second. A new collection of Glee Choruses, Opera Choruses, and Four Part Songs, from the most popular authors; to which is added the most favorite choruses from Handel's *Oratorio of the Messiah*. By Wm. B. Bradbury. Published by Newman & Ivison, 199 Broadway, New York.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Bradbury's former works will need no other recommendation of this, than that it surpasses them all. We know of no glee book so well adapted, both in arrangement, and style, and variety of music, as the work now before us.

FRESH FLOWERS FOR CHILDREN. By a Mother. With Engravings from designs by Billings. New Edition with additions. 16mo, 176 pages. Published by James Munroe & Co., Boston and Cambridge, Mass.

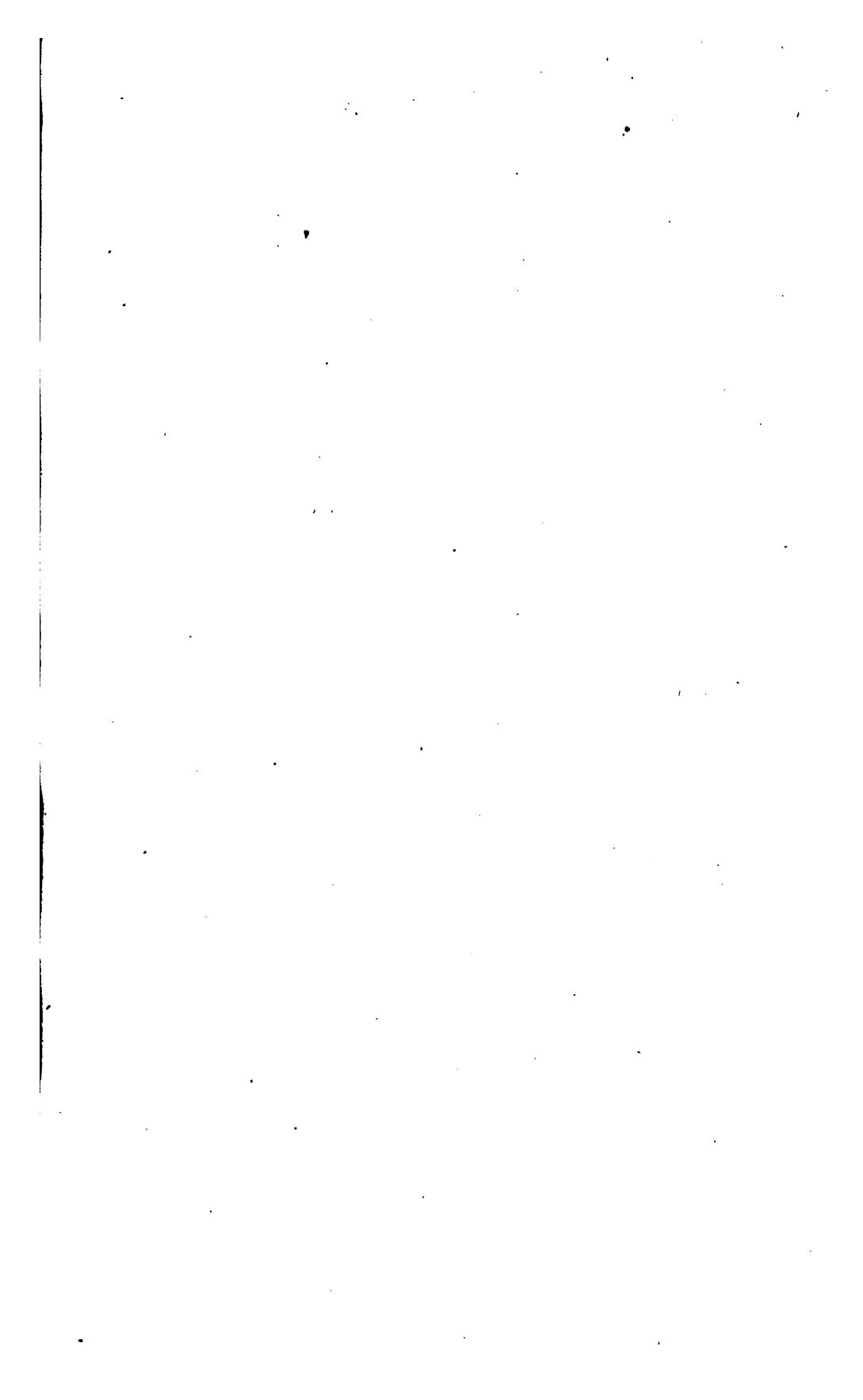
Seldom have we seen a volume of poetry for the young so full of pleasant influences and heart instruction as the one now before us. The songs and ballads of which it is composed are full of the true teachings of a mother's heart, and breathe forth that winning power which none but a true woman can exert over the young. Would that this little volume might be read by every child in our land.

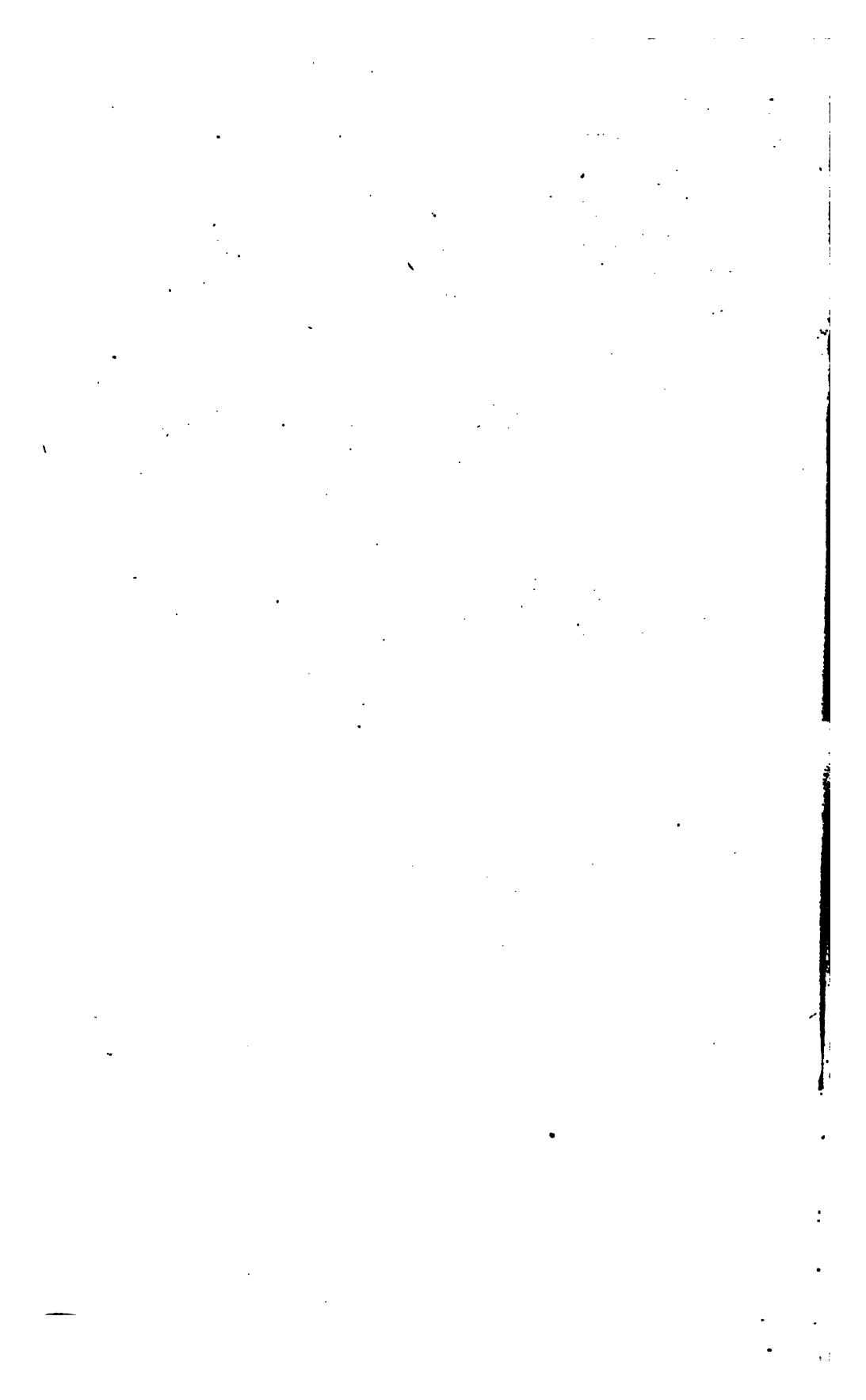
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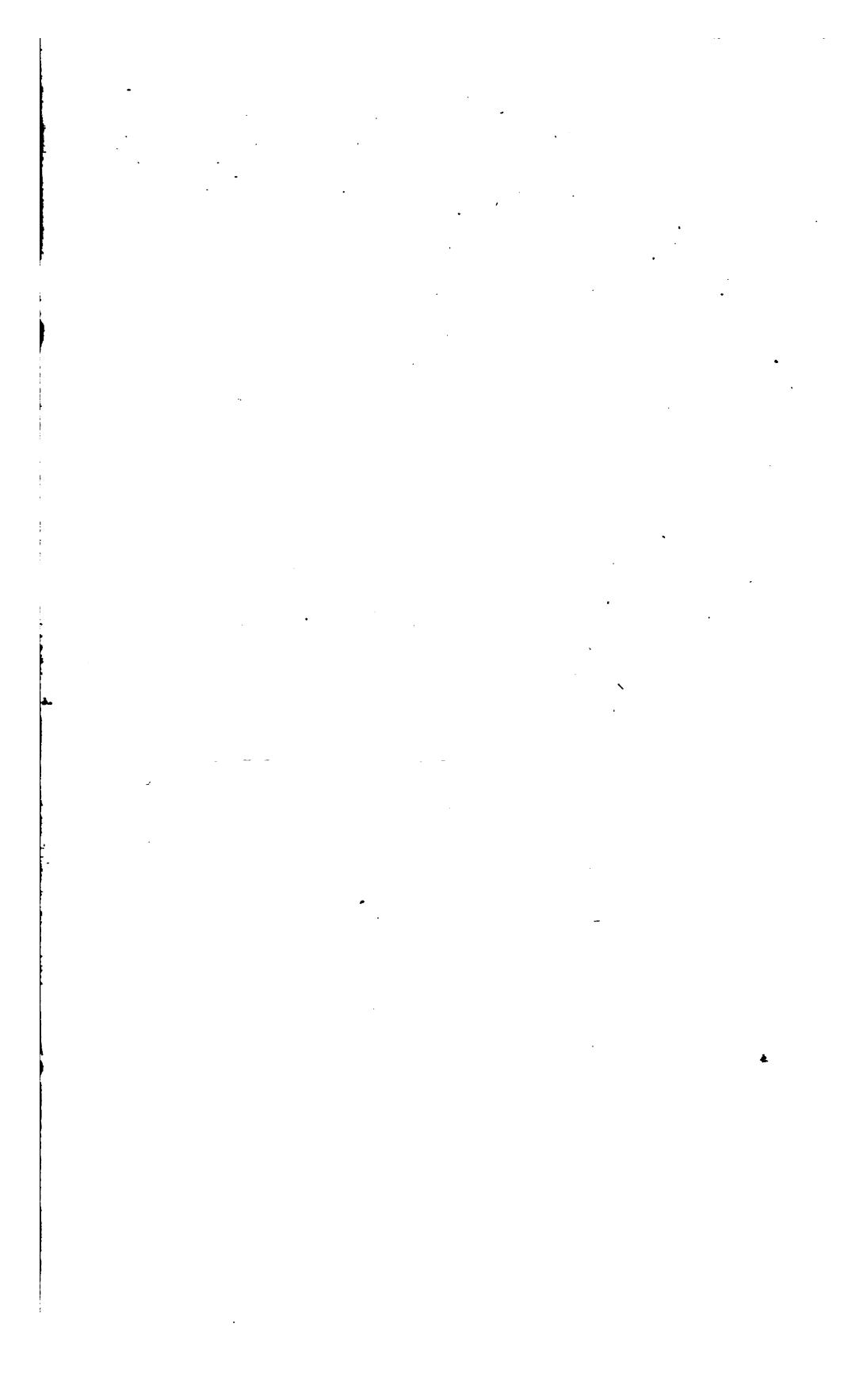
This work is full of instruction on subjects common to every-day life, but of which the young are uninformed. It embraces agriculture, manufactures, arts, commerce, natural history, and the sciences generally. Though each subject is treated briefly, yet it gives much interesting information. It is a little juvenile Encyclopedia, worthy a place in every family and school library.

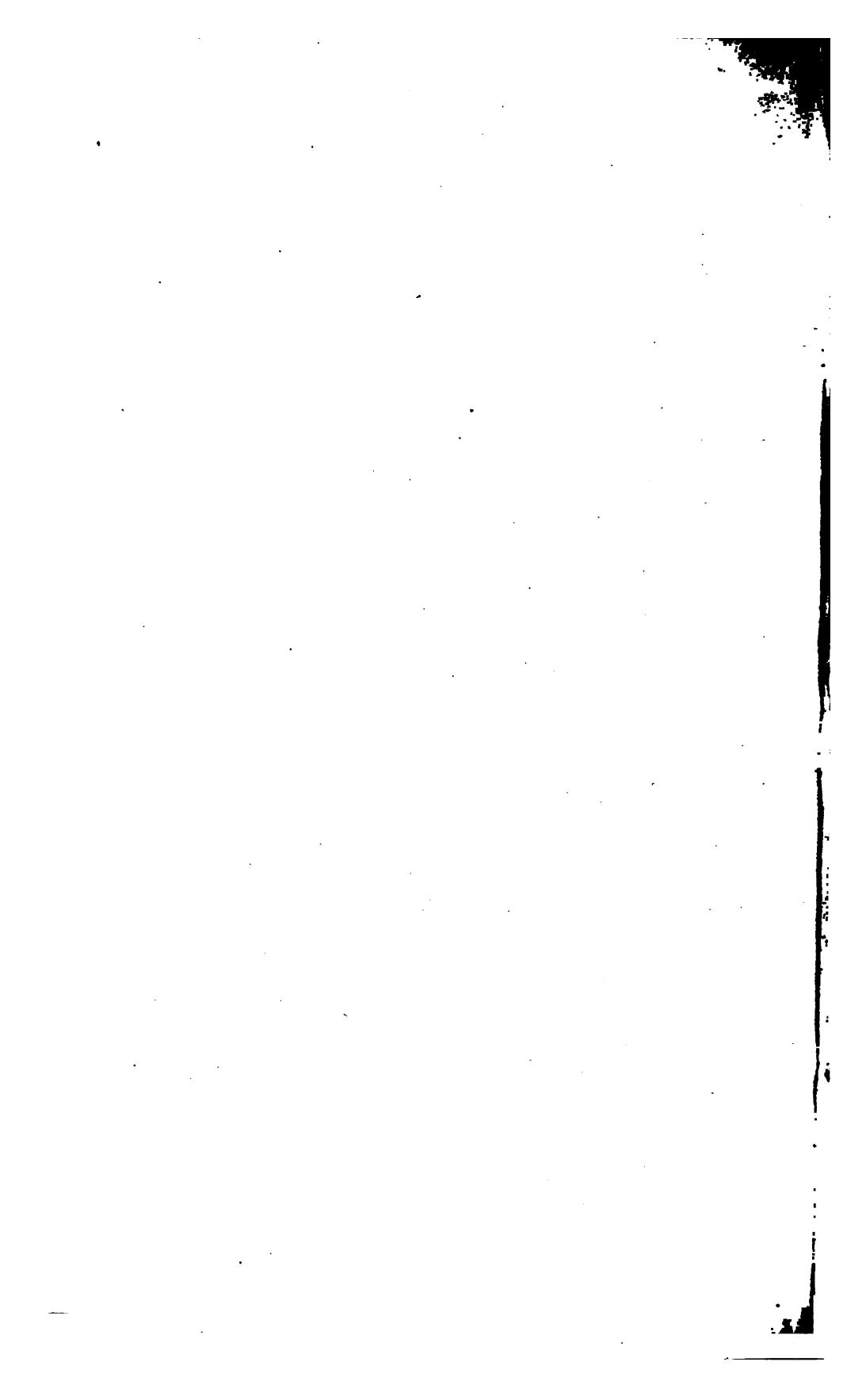
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